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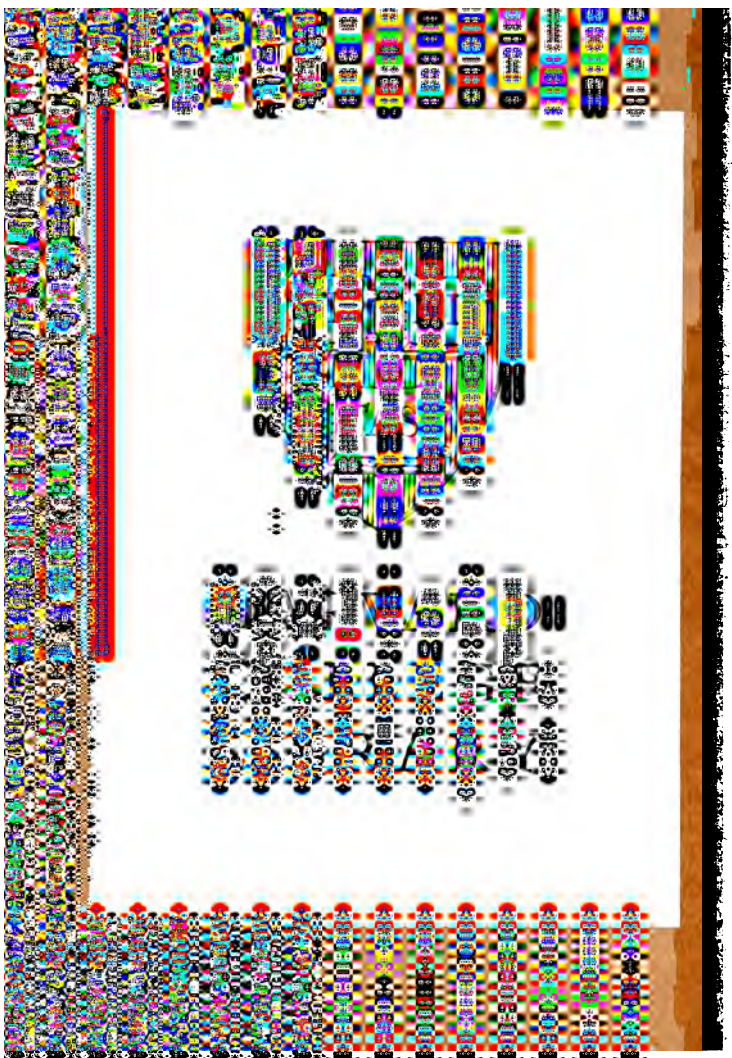
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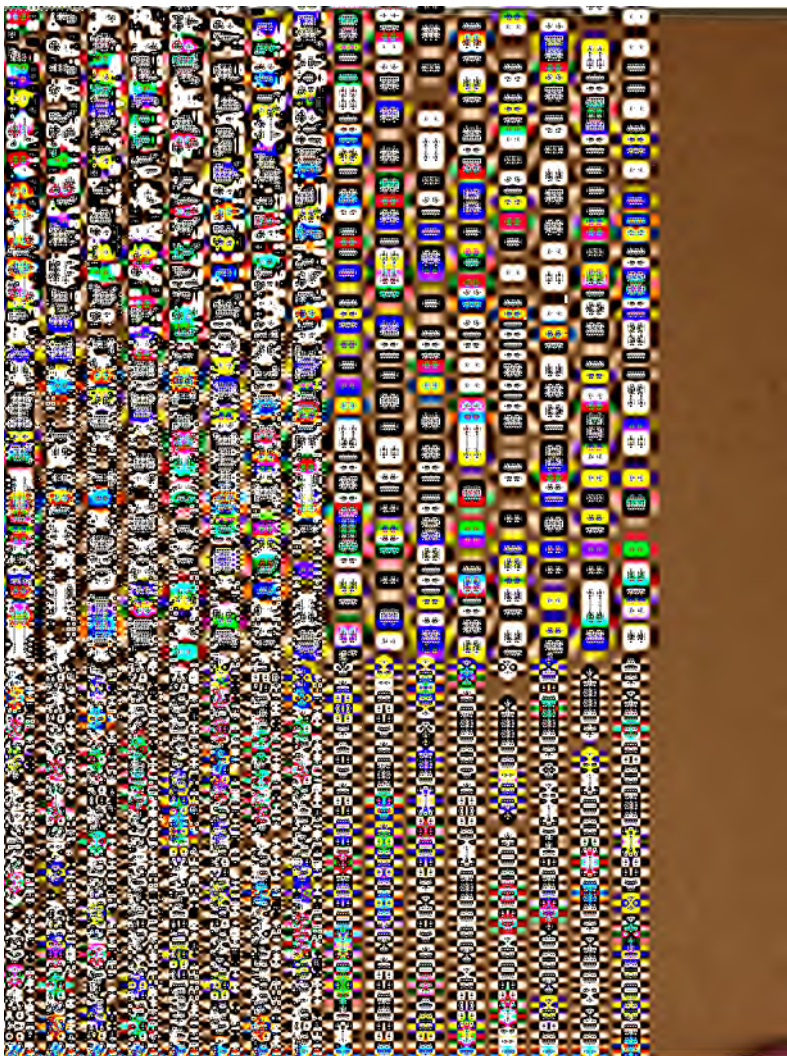
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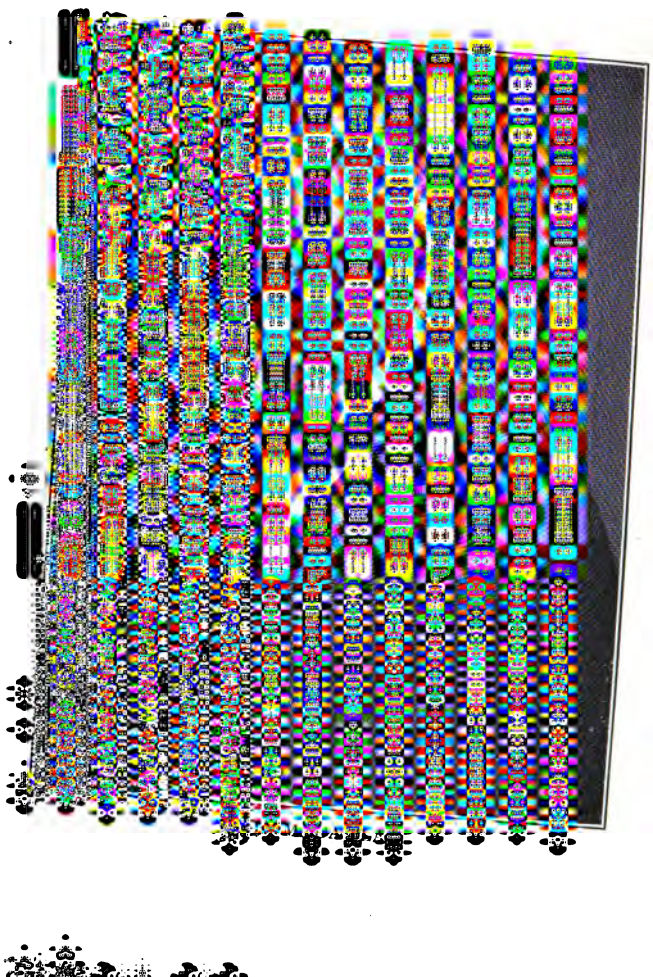


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SELECTIONS
FROM
SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN'S
LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY
TOGETHER WITH
MACAULAY'S
SPEECHES ON COPYRIGHT

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
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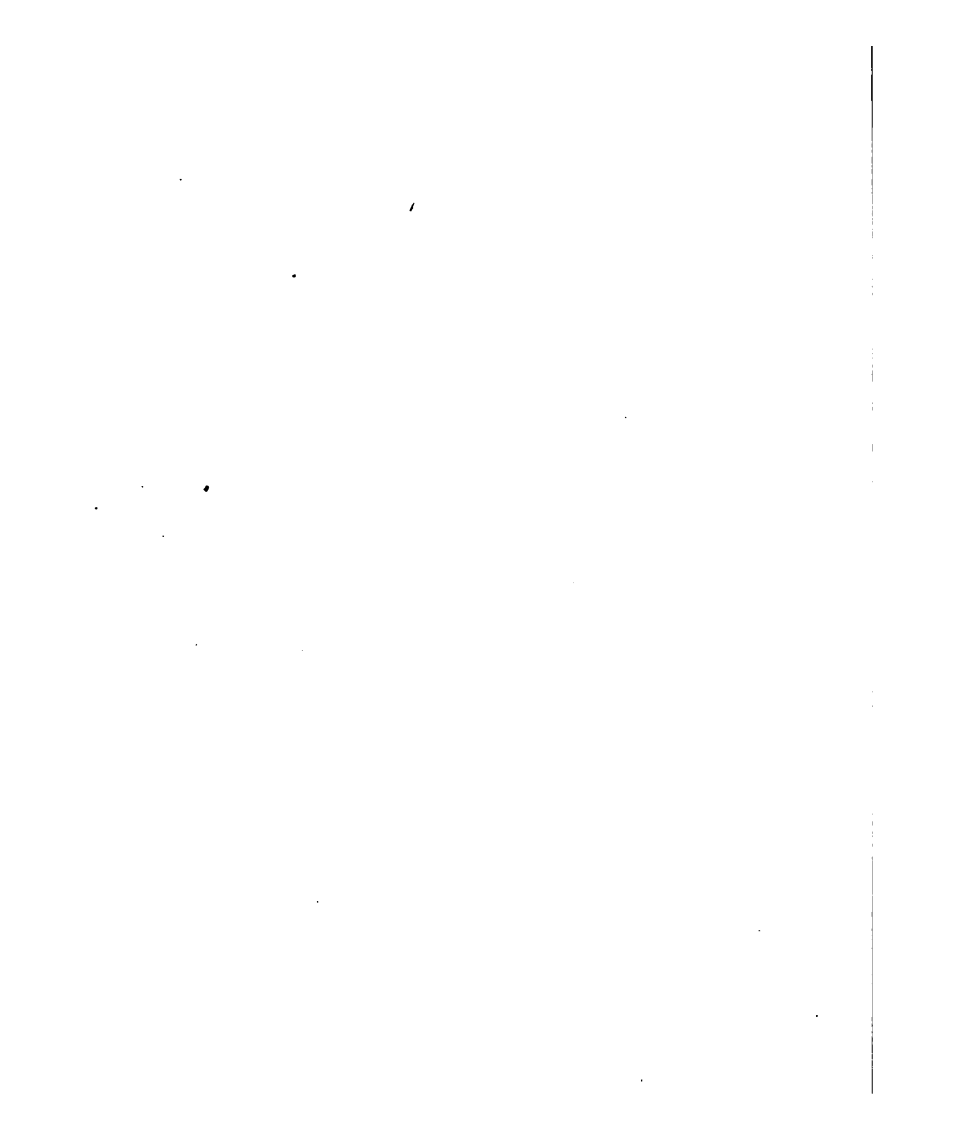
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PREFATORY NOTE

HE who has attempted to abridge a long book knows how frequently his judgment falters. It is difficult to decide what to omit and what to include, yet both are important. In making the present text I have endeavored to produce an abridgment that gives a connected life of Macaulay without doing violence to the author's work; one that is interesting reading; and one that meets the needs of students for whose use the *Life and Letters* has suffered curtailment.

So far as the notes are concerned, it has been my aim to include in them only such information as the student cannot readily find for himself. I have also deliberately avoided giving "helps" and "suggestions" to teachers. The wide-awake, resourceful teacher has methods of his own better fitted for his purpose than any an editor can give him.

J. W. B.



INTRODUCTION

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

LESLIE STEPHEN, himself a writer of biographies, more than one of which is in its kind almost a perfect model, somewhere says that Boswell's *Life of Johnson* has been a lasting and pervasive influence on the writing of biography. The truth of this assertion is manifest to him who knows how biography was written before Boswell's time, and who has read on in this species of literature since that inimitable masterpiece made its appearance. Forster, Lockhart, Froude, Lord Hallam Tennyson, Leonard Huxley, and Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the subject of this sketch, to name only a few, have indubitably felt the inspiring touch of Boswell, and have shared with him in varying degrees the secret of his power, the imparting of life and personality to him whose career he has commemorated.

The Right Honorable Sir George Otto Trevelyan was born July 20, 1838, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, in the same house where his illustrious uncle whose biography he has so well and so faithfully written was born thirty-eight years before. His father, Sir Charles Trevelyan, was for several years in the government service in India; and it was there he met and married Miss Hannah More Macaulay, who had accompanied her brother thither when he had been appointed a member of the Supreme Council by the English government. When Macaulay returned to England in 1838, the Trevelyans returned also; and it was not until 1859, the year of Macaulay's

death, that they went back to India upon Trevelyan's appointment to the important post of the governorship of Madras. During these twenty and odd years in London, Macaulay and the Trevelyan's were intimately associated in their home life, as many pages in the *Life* lovingly testify, and in politics, Trevelyan being Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The future biographer consequently grew to manhood with an intimate insight into his honored uncle's life and character.

Sir George Trevelyan received his preparatory training at the great public school of Harrow, and his collegiate education at Trinity College, Cambridge, the alma mater of his uncle. Here he distinguished himself, especially in the classics, ranking second in the first class of the classical tripos, and afterwards becoming Scholar and Honorary Fellow. His *Horace at Athens*, a drama in verse on college topics, offended some of the university dignitaries and is said to have cost him a Fellowship.

The greater part of Sir George Trevelyan's mature life has been given to the service of his government. In 1862 he engaged in the Indian service which he quit when he was elected to Parliament for Tynemouth in 1865. In 1868 he was returned for Hawick Burghs and served this constituency without interruption until 1886. In the year of his election for Hawick Burghs he was appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1880 Secretary of the Admiralty. In 1882 he was tendered the undesirable position of Chief Secretary for Ireland, a position in which his predecessor, Lord Frederick Cavendish, had lost his life, and one from which he knew he would come "amidst the malignant mockery of multitudes." He accepted the place, however, and administered the affairs of Ireland with a spirit of earnestness,

self-restraint, and disinterestedness, from which that stricken country derived much material benefit and moral uplift.

In 1884 he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster with a seat in the Cabinet. He was made Secretary for Scotland in 1886 and again in 1892. He resigned his seat in Parliament in 1897. Among the political measures that he advocated during his long parliamentary career may be mentioned suffrage for women, reform of the army, and either a sweeping reform of the House of Lords or the abolition of that body. The most important of his measures, however, was doubtless that of the extension of household suffrage to the counties of England. As a politician and statesman it has been said of him that all that he has said and done has shown the "unmistakable tokens of an ingrained disinterestedness."

But politics alone has not claimed all of his attention, for he has done good work in letters. Besides the college *jeu d'esprit* mentioned above, he wrote *Ladies in Parliament*, a humorous political pamphlet in verse. During his stay in India he wrote for *Macmillan's Magazine* "Letters of a Competition Wallah," and later published *Cawnpore*, an account of that terrible English tragedy in India. The work for which he is best known, however, and in which we are directly interested is the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, first published in 1876. In 1880 came the *Early History of Charles James Fox*, while as lately as 1905 there was finished in three volumes the notable historical work, *The American Revolution*. His statesmanship and literary ability have won for him the degrees of LL.D., D.C.L., and D.L.

In 1869 Trevelyan married Miss Caroline Philips. His sons continue to uphold the name of the family both

in politics and in literature. The eldest, Charles Philips, entered Parliament for the Elland division of Yorkshire in 1899, and in 1908 was appointed parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education; while George Macaulay Trevelyan has distinguished himself as a brilliant historical writer in such works as *England in the Age of Wycliffe*, *England under the Stuarts*, and two books on Garibaldi.

Sir George Trevelyan is still living and resides in London. He has also a fine estate of twenty thousand acres where he spends much of his time enjoying country life and its pursuits.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF COPYRIGHT

GREAT BRITAIN

BEFORE Caxton set up his famous printing press at Westminster in 1476, the question of ownership in productions of the mind had perhaps seldom arisen. Prior to that date, in England, as on the continent, books had been written and copies made of the original text by monks and other churchmen, for books and learning in the Middle Ages were almost entirely in the hands of the clergy. With the advent of the printing press, however, and the consequent rapid multiplication of books, the control of the output, or rather the control of the content of the output, became a serious problem for the clergy, who, at this particular time, were interested above all things else in keeping their teachings free from the taint of heresy.

But, as is well known, in the next reign after the establishment of Caxton's press, heresy had crept in to the extent that the English king, Henry Eighth, overthrew

the authority of the Catholic church and "turned the cowls adrift." England for many years was torn with religious discord. Henry persecuted both Catholics and Protestants as best served his own immediate ends, Edward was intensely Protestant, Mary intensely Catholic, and Elizabeth, again, Protestant, but more sanely and diplomatically so. It was only natural that these various conflicting religious and political opinions should find reflection in the writings of the day, which were now being multiplied at a rapidly increasing rate. Some control of this production was necessary. Accordingly, there was established in 1557 in London under royal charter what is familiarly known as the Stationers' Company. This organization was effected, in the first place, as has just been intimated, to secure political and ecclesiastical control of the production of the press, and in the second place, for it was Elizabeth's policy to grant monopolies, to allow the company itself to regulate the rapidly growing trade in books and printing of all kinds. To what extent the output was effectively controlled may be seen from the provisions that no one, except those who had monopolies or privileges of printing certain books, could print anything for sale in England who did not belong to the Stationers' Company, and that every member of the company must enter in the register of the company the name of any book or copy he desired to print and receive from it a license to do so.

The Stationers' Company, however, did not control the entire book trade, for Elizabeth granted various privileges and monopolies in printing certain books. For example, one person had the exclusive right to print law books; another, Primers; a third, Bibles, the Book of Common Prayer, etc. Some of these monopolies were granted

for a specified number of years for a specified book, a very close analogy to the principle of modern copyright.

It is manifest that in all these regulations the author himself does not appear. As a matter of fact, the author had no right and was at the mercy of the bookseller, for the only form of copyright at that time was the "entry" in the Stationers' register. The Stationer who made this "entry" had the sole right to print the work so entered. Furthermore, he was not at all scrupulous as to the manner in which he obtained a manuscript, and it was quite usual for an author to see his work surreptitiously and incorrectly printed, and often in a form garbled almost beyond recognition. Ordinarily, a note was prefixed by the printer in which he took all the credit to himself for putting the work into the hands of the reading public. For such injustice the author had neither recompense at the hands of the printer nor redress by law.

Such a state of affairs continued for more than a century after the chartering of the Stationers' Company. It was not until 1662 that a measure passed Parliament known as the Licensing Act, by the terms of which no work could be printed without the consent of the owner of the work. This led to the established usage of purchase and sale of copyrights. The Licensing Act lasted only seventeen years,* but it had in this time shown the justice and value of protecting products of the mind, and it was the sense of this loss of protection that ultimately led to the passage, in 1709, of the first law in England really governing the subject of copyright.

The Copyright Act, as this law was called, had as its purpose, first, the stopping of the practice on the part of some men of printing the written productions of others without their consent; and secondly, the encouraging

of writing and printing useful books. By this law an author was given protection for fourteen years which might be extended to fourteen more. Moreover, the author of a book already printed, who had not transferred to another the right to reprint the book, was given the sole privilege of reprinting this work for a period of twenty-one years. Registration in Stationers' Hall was necessary for the protection of the law. It was provided further that if any one thought the book too high in price, he might appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury and other officials who were authorized to fix a reasonable price.

The next important date in the development of copyright is 1801. In this year there was passed a law which, besides inflicting additional penalties over those in vogue for infringement of copyright privilege, added a second term of fourteen years to the author's copyright, provided he were still living at the expiration of the first term. This law also forbade the importation for sale of any book which had been originally written or published in the United Kingdom but which had been reprinted elsewhere. In 1814 another change was made to the effect that one full term of twenty-eight years from the date of first publication was given the author or his assignees in place of two terms of fourteen years each, and that "if the author be living at the end of that period, for the residue of his natural life."

We pass on to the Copyright Act of 1842, the debate on which produced the two memorable speeches by Lord Macaulay, which not only "added to Hansard what are by common consent allowed to be its most readable pages," but which changed the face of copyright legislation in England, the status of which is so well described by Sir George Otto Trevelyan in his *Life and Letters of Lord*

Macaulay (see *Selections*, pp. 165-166). This act was virtually a repeal of all previous laws on the subject, and is in fact the basis of the present copyright laws in England. We cannot go into this act in detail. Its purpose, as the preamble states, was to encourage the production of "literary matter of lasting benefit to the world," and its main clause is "that the copyright in every book which shall after the passing of this Act be published in the lifetime of its author shall endure for the natural life of such author, and for the further term of seven years, commencing at the time of his death, and shall be the property of such author and his assignees; provided always that if the said term of seven years shall expire before the end of forty-two years from the first publication of such book the copyright shall in that case endure for such period of forty-two years; and that the copyright of every book which shall be published after the death of its author shall endure for the term of forty-two years from the first publication thereof, and shall be the property of the proprietor of the author's manuscript from which such book shall be first published and his assigns." The copyright had to be registered in Stationers' Hall. It may reasonably be said that with this act the right of a man to the possession of the product of his brain received its first adequate protection and recognition.

Changes in copyright law in England since 1842 have been in the direction of extension, until at the present time almost every sort of literary product and practically every species of composition into which the writer has put the labor of his mind are protected. Newspapers, together with special and leading articles, current stock and bond quotations, etc., catalogues, private letters, lectures, titles, musical and dramatic compositions,

photographs, etc., all enjoy the protection of law. The copyright of artistic productions, however, has been cared for under separate laws. Practically the only restrictions over copyright material are that the publications must be innocent and that they cannot be of immoral or irreligious tendency.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT

Prior to the Bern Convention in 1887, copyright privileges of foreign authors in Great Britain had rested on reciprocal relations of Great Britain with various foreign countries, the same rights being given the foreign author in England that the English author enjoyed in the country of the foreigner. By the Bern Convention, however, this cumbrous system gave way to the simple one of extending to authors and publishers of any of the countries of the Union rights identical with those given native authors. Parties to this Union signing September 5, 1887, were the British Empire, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Tunis, and Hayti.

AMERICAN COPYRIGHT LAW

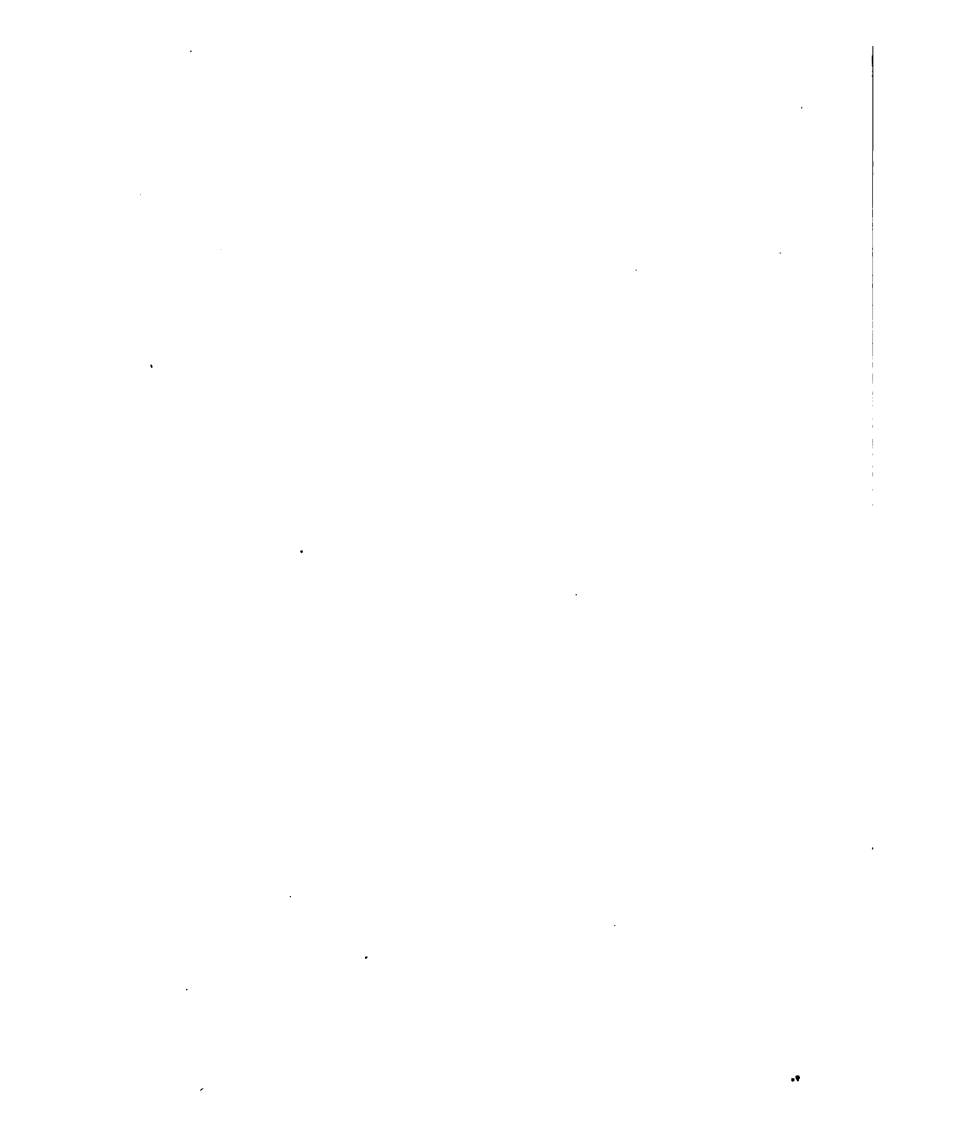
The chief dates relating to copyright in the United States are 1790, 1870, 1891, and 1909. Previous to the law of 1891, copyright had been granted only to "citizens or residents of the United States," the term "resident" meaning any one living in this country with the intention of making it his permanent home. The foreign author, it is readily seen, had absolutely no privilege of copyright, and foreign books were published promiscuously in this

country. The same conditions obtained in England with reference to American productions. Such unrestricted piracy could work only harm. Original production was thereby discouraged, and the United States with her young and undeveloped literary genius was seriously handicapped. Finally, after a long struggle on the part of authors and legitimate publishers, Congress was prevailed upon to pass the law of 1891 in which the principle of international copyright was recognized and accepted.

This law, however, was very defective. In the first place, the book copyrighted must be "manufactured," that is, the type-setting, printing, and binding must be done in the United States, and no consideration was given a work originally written in any language other than English; in the second place, the tenure of copyright was only twenty-eight years, with an extension of fourteen years. Various acts amending this law were passed in 1893, 1895, and 1897, the latter establishing a Bureau of Copyrights under the jurisdiction of the Library of Congress. Finally, in 1909, Congress passed the law now in existence.

The main features of the present law, without going into detail, are: a tenure of twenty-eight years with an additional term of the same number of years; the right extended to a foreign author to have his work copyrighted, if he is living in this country at the time of the first publication of his work, or if he is a resident of a country which grants the United States copyright privilege on the same basis that it grants its own authors; and the clause relating to the manufacture of books, that is, that the type-setting and the printing and binding be in accordance with the act of 1891, except that the requirements of type-setting do not obtain where the "original text of a book of foreign origin (is) in a language or languages

other than English." It is to be regretted, however, that this clause prevents the United States being a party to the Bern Union. So far as international privileges are concerned, only those nations that meet the United States under conditions of reciprocity relating to copyright enjoy the privileges arising therefrom in this country. In this way, however, an American work by being copyrighted in Great Britain secures privileges in all countries governed by the Bern Convention. It remains for the United States to repeal the manufacturing clause in her present law, and thereby put intellectual property on the same broad footing that it enjoys in Europe.



SELECTIONS FROM LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY

CHAPTER I

1800-1818

HE who undertakes to publish the memoirs of a distinguished man may find a ready apology in the custom of the age. If we measure the effective demand for biography by the supply, the person commemorated need possess but a very moderate reputation, and have played no exceptional part, in order to carry the reader through many hundred pages of anecdote, dissertation, and correspondence. To judge from the advertisements of our circulating libraries, the public curiosity is keen with regard to some who did nothing worthy of special note, and others who acted so continuously in the face of the world that, when their course was run, there was little left for the world to learn about them. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that a desire exists to hear something authentic about the life of a man who has produced works which are universally known, but which bear little or no indication of the private history and the personal qualities of the author.

This was in a marked degree the case with Lord Macaulay. His two famous contemporaries in English literature have, consciously or unconsciously, told their own story in their books. Those who could see between the lines in "David Copperfield" were aware that they had before them the most delightful of autobiographies: and all who knew how to read Thackeray^o could trace him

in his novels through every stage in his course, on from the day when as a little boy, consigned to the care of English relatives and school-masters, he left his mother on the steps of the landing-place at Calcutta. The dates
5 and names were wanting: but the man was there; while the most ardent admirers of Macaulay will admit that a minute study of his literary productions left them, as far as any but an intellectual knowledge of the writer himself was concerned, very much as it found them. A consum-
10 mate master of his craft, he turned out works which bore the unmistakable marks of the artificer's hand, but which did not reflect his features. It would be almost as hard to compose a picture of the author from his "History," his "Essays," and his "Lays," as to evolve an idea of
15 Shakspeare from "Henry the Fifth" and "Measure for Measure."

But, besides being a man of letters, Lord Macaulay was a statesman, a jurist, and a brilliant ornament of society, at a time when to shine in society was a distinc-
20 tion which a man of eminence and ability might justly value. In these several capacities, it will be said, he was known well, and known widely. But in the first place, as these pages will show, there was one side of his life (to him, at any rate, the most important) of which even the
25 persons with whom he mixed most freely and confidentially in London drawing-rooms, in the Indian council-chamber, and in the lobbies and on the benches of the House of Commons, were only in part aware. And in the next place, those who have seen his features and heard his
30 voice are few already, and become yearly fewer: while, by a rare fate in literary annals, the number of those who read his books is still rapidly increasing. For every one who sat with him in private company or at the transaction

of public business, for every ten who have listened to his oratory in Parliament or from the hustings, there must be tens of thousands whose interest in history and literature he has awakened and informed by his pen, and who would gladly know what manner of man it was that has 5 done them so great a service.

At Rothley Temple° in a room paneled from ceiling to floor, like every corner of the ancient mansion, with oak almost black from age — looking eastward across the park, and southward through an ivy-shaded window into 10 a little garden — Lord Macaulay was born. It was on the 25th of October, 1800, the day of St. Crispin,° the anniversary of Agincourt° (as he liked to say), that he opened his eyes on a world which he was destined so thoroughly to learn and so intensely to enjoy. His father 15 was as pleased as a father could be; but fate seemed determined that Zachary Macaulay should not be indulged in any great share of personal happiness. The next morning a spinning-jenny set off in a cottage as he was riding past. His horse started and threw him: both arms 20 were broken; and he spent in a sick-room the remainder of the only holiday worth the name which (as far as can be traced in the family records) he ever took during his married life. Owing to this accident, the young couple were detained at Rothley into the winter, and the child 25 was baptized, in the private chapel which formed part of the house, on the 26th of November, 1800, by the names of Thomas Babington, the Rev. Aulay Macaulay and Mr. and Mrs. Babington acting as sponsors.°

The two years which followed were passed in a house in 30 Birchin Lane, where the Sierra Leone Company° had its office. The only place where the child could be taken for exercise, and what might be called air, was Drapers'

Garden, which lies behind Throgmorton Street and within a hundred yards of the Stock Exchange. To this dismal yard, containing as much gravel as grass, and frowned upon by a board of rules and regulations almost as large
5 as itself, his mother used to convoy the nurse and the little boy through the crowds that toward noon swarmed along Cornhill and Threadneedle Street, and thither she would return after a due interval to escort them back to Birchin Lane. So strong was the power of association
10 upon Macaulay's mind that in after-years Drapers' Garden was among his favorite haunts. Indeed, his habit of roaming for hours through and through the heart of the City (a habit that never left him as long as he could roam at all), was due in part to the recollection
15 which caused him to regard that region as native ground.

Baby as he was when he quit it, he retained some impression of his earliest home. He remembered standing up at the nursery window by his father's side, looking at a cloud of black smoke pouring out of a tall chimney. He asked if
20 that was hell: an inquiry that was received with a grave displeasure which at the time he could not understand. The kindly father must have been pained almost against his own will at finding what feature of his stern creed it was that had embodied itself in so very material a shape
25 before his little son's imagination. When, in after-days, Mrs. Macaulay was questioned as to how soon she began to detect in the child a promise of the future, she used to say that his sensibilities and affections were remarkably developed at an age which to her hearers appeared
30 next to incredible. He would cry for joy on seeing her after a few hours' absence, and (till her husband put a stop to it) her power of exciting his feelings was often made an exhibition to her friends. She did not regard this

precocity as a proof of cleverness, but, like a foolish young mother, only thought that so tender a nature was marked for early death.

The next move which the family made was into as healthy an atmosphere, in every sense, as the most careful parent could wish to select. Mr. Macaulay took a house in the High Street of Clapham, in the part now called the Pavement, on the same side as the Plow Inn, but some doors nearer to the Common. It was a roomy, comfortable dwelling, with a very small garden behind, and in front a very small one indeed. Here the boy passed a quiet and most happy childhood. From the time that he was three years old he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread-and-butter in his hand. A very clever woman who then lived in the house as parlor-maid told how he used to sit in his nankeen frock, perched on the table by her as she was cleaning the plate, and expounding to her out of a volume as big as himself. He did not care for toys, but was very fond of taking his walk, when he would hold forth to his companion, whether nurse or mother, telling interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had been reading in language far above his years. His memory retained without effort the phraseology of the book which he had been last engaged on, and he talked, as the maid said, "quite printed words," which produced an effect that appeared formal, and often, no doubt, exceedingly droll. Mrs. Hannah More ° was fond of relating how she called at Mr. Macaulay's, and was met by a fair, pretty, slight child, with abundance of light hair, about four years of age, who came to the front door to receive her, and tell her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in

he would bring her a glass of old spirits: a proposition which greatly startled the good lady, who had never aspired beyond cowslip-wine. When questioned as to what he knew about old spirits he could only say that
5 Robinson Crusoe often had some. About this period his father took him on a visit to Lady Waldegrave at Strawberry Hill,^o and was much pleased to exhibit to his old friend the fair, bright boy, dressed in a green coat with red collar and cuffs, a frill at the throat, and white
10 trousers. After some time had been spent among the wonders of the Orford Collection, of which he ever after carried a catalogue in his head, a servant who was waiting upon the company in the great gallery spilled some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was all kindness and
15 compassion, and when, after a while, she asked how he was feeling, the little fellow looked up in her face, and replied, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated."

But it must not be supposed that his quaint manners proceeded from affectation or conceit; for all testimony
20 declares that a more simple and natural child never lived, or a more lively and merry one. He had at his command the resources of the Common. That delightful wilderness of gore bushes, and poplar groves, and gravel-pits, and ponds great and small, was to little Tom
25 Macaulay a region of inexhaustible romance and mystery. He explored its recesses; he composed, and almost believed, its legends; he invented for its different features a nomenclature which has been faithfully preserved by two generations of children. A slight ridge intersected
30 by deep ditches toward the west of the Common, the very existence of which no one above eight years old would notice, was dignified with the title of the Alps; while the elevated island, covered with shrubs, was regarded

with infinite awe, as being the nearest approach within the circuit of his observation to a conception of the majesty of Sinai. Indeed, at this period his infant fancy was much exercised with the threats and terrors of the Law. He had a little plot of ground at the back of the house, 5 marked out as his own by a row of oyster-shells, which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle, and said, very solemnly, "Cursed be Sally; for it is written, Cursed is he 10 that removeth his neighbor's landmark."°

While still the merest child, he was sent as a day-scholar to Mr. Greaves, a shrewd Yorkshireman with a turn for science, who at one time had charge of almost the entire rising generation of the Common. Mrs. Macaulay ex- 15 plained to Tom that he must learn to study without the solace of bread-and-butter, to which he replied, "Yes, mama, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter." But, as a matter of fact, no one ever crept more unwillingly to school. Each several afternoon he made 20 piteous entreaties to be excused returning after dinner, and was met by the unvarying formula, "No, Tom, if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go."

His reluctance to leave home had more than one side to it. Not only did his heart stay behind, but the regular lessons of the class took him away from occupations which in his eyes were infinitely more delightful and important; for these were probably the years of his greatest literary activity. As an author he never again had more facility, or anything like so wide a range. In September, 30 1808, his mother writes: "My dear Tom continues to show marks of uncommon genius. He gets on wonderfully in all branches of his education, and the extent of

his reading, and of the knowledge he has derived from it, is truly astonishing in a boy not yet eight years old. He is at the same time as playful as a kitten. To give you some idea of the activity of his mind, I will mention
5 a few circumstances. You will believe that to him we never appear to regard anything he does as anything more than a school-boy's amusement. He took it into his head to write a compendium of universal history about a year ago, and he really contrived to give a tolerably
10 connected view of the leading events from the Creation to the present time, filling about a quire of paper. He told me one day that he had been writing a paper which Henry Daly was to translate into Malabar, to persuade the people of Travancore° to embrace the Christian religion. On
15 reading it, I found it to contain a very clear idea of the leading facts and doctrines of that religion, with some strong arguments for its adoption. He was so fired with reading Scott's 'Lay' and 'Marmion,'° the former of which he got entirely, and the latter almost entirely, by
20 heart, merely from his delight in reading them, that he determined on writing himself a poem in six cantos which he called 'The Battle of Cheviot.' After he had finished about three of the cantos, of about one hundred and twenty lines each, which he did in a couple of days, he
25 became tired of it. I make no doubt he would have finished his design, but as he was proceeding with it the thought struck him of writing an heroic poem to be called 'Olaus the Great; or, The Conquest of Mona,' in which he might introduce in prophetic song the future fortunes
30 of the family — among others, those of the hero° who aided in the fall of the tyrant of Mysore, after having long suffered from his tyranny; and of another of his race° who had exerted himself for the deliverance of the

wretched Africans. He has just begun it." Two cantos are extant, of which there are several exemplars, in every stage of caligraphy from the largest round-hand downward, a circumstance which is apparently due to the desire on the part of each of the little Macaulays to possess a copy of the great family epic. The opening stanzas, each of which contains more lines than their author counted years, go swinging along with plenty of animation and no dearth of historical and geographical allusion.

Day set on Cambria's hills supreme, 10
And, Menai, on thy silver stream.
The star of day had reached the West.
Now in the main it sunk to rest.
Shone great Eleindyn's castle tall :
Shone every battery, every hall : 15
Shone all fair Mona's verdant plain ;
But chiefly shone the foaming main.°

It is worthy of note that the voluminous writings of his childhood, dashed off at headlong speed in the odds and ends of leisure from school-study and nursery routine, 20 are not only perfectly correct in spelling and grammar, but display the same lucidity of meaning and scrupulous accuracy in punctuation and the other minor details of the literary art, which characterize his mature works.

Nothing could be more judicious than the treatment 25 that Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay at this time adopted toward their boy. They never handed his productions about, or encouraged him to parade his powers of conversation or memory. They abstained from any word or act which might foster in him a perception of his own genius with as 30 much care as a wise millionaire expends on keeping his son ignorant of the fact that he is destined to be richer

than his comrades. "It was scarcely ever," writes one who knew him well from the very first, "that the consciousness was expressed by either of his parents of the superiority of their son over other children. Indeed with his father I never remember any such expression. What I most observed myself was his extraordinary command of language. When he came to describe to his mother any childish play, I took care to be present, when I could, that I might listen to the way in which he expressed himself, often scarcely exceeded in his later years. Except this trifle, I remember him only as a good-tempered boy, always occupied, playing with his sisters without assumption of any kind." One effect of this early discipline showed itself in his freedom from vanity and susceptibility. Another result was his habitual overestimate of the average knowledge possessed by mankind. Judging others by himself, he credited the world at large with an amount of information which certainly few have the ability to acquire or the capacity to retain. If his parents had not been so diligent in concealing from him the difference between his own intellectual stores and those of his neighbors, it is probable that less would have been heard of Lord Macaulay's school-boy achievements.

The system pursued at home was continued at Barley Wood, the place where the Misses More resided from 1802 onward. Mrs. Macaulay gladly sent her boy to a house where he was encouraged without being spoiled, and where he never failed to be a welcome guest. The kind old ladies made a real companion of him, and greatly relished his conversation; while at the same time, with their ideas on education, they would never have allowed him even if he had been so inclined, to forget that he was a child. Mrs. Hannah More, who had the rare gift of know-

ing how to live with both old and young, was the most affectionate and the wisest of friends, and readily undertook the superintendence of his studies, his pleasures, and his health. She would keep him with her for weeks, listening to him as he read prose by the ell, declaimed poetry by the hour, and discussed and compared his favorite heroes, ancient, modern, and fictitious, under all points of view and in every possible combination: coaxing him into the garden under pretense of a lecture on botany; sending him from his books to run round the grounds, or play at cooking in the kitchen; giving him Bible-lessons which invariably ended in a theological argument, and following him with her advice and sympathy through his multifarious literary enterprises. It is pleasant to know that to Mrs. Hannah More was due the commencement of what eventually became the most readable of libraries. When he was six years old, she writes: "Though you are a little boy now, you will one day, if it please God, be a man; but long before you are a man I hope you will be a scholar. I therefore wish you to purchase such books as will be useful and agreeable to you *then*, and that you employ this very small sum in laying a little tiny corner-stone for your future library."

Zachary Macaulay's circumstances during these years were good, and constantly improving. For some time he held the post of secretary to the Sierra Leone Company, with a salary of £500 per annum. He subsequently entered into partnership with a nephew, and the firm did a large business as African merchants under the names of Macaulay and Babington. The position of the father was favorable to the highest interests of his children. A boy has the best chance of being well brought up in a household where there is solid comfort combined with

thrift and simplicity; and the family was increasing too fast to leave any margin for luxurious expenditure. Before the eldest son had completed his thirteenth year he had three brothers and five sisters.

- 5 In the course of 1812 it began to be evident that Tom had got beyond the educational capabilities of Clapham; and his father seriously contemplated the notion of removing to London in order to place him as a day-scholar at Westminster. Thorough as was the consideration which
10 the parents gave to the matter, their decision was of more importance than they could at the time foresee. If their son had gone to a public school, it is more than probable that he would have turned out a different man and have done different work. So sensitive and home-loving a boy
15 might for a while have been too depressed to enter fully into the ways of the place; but, as he gained confidence, he could not have withstood the irresistible attractions which the life of a great school exercises over a vivid, eager nature, and he would have sacrificed to passing
20 pleasures and emulations a part, at any rate, of those years which, in order to be what he was, it was necessary that he should spend wholly among his books. Westminster or Harrow^o might have sharpened his faculties for dealing with affairs and with men, but the world at
25 large would have lost more than he could by any possibility have gained. If Macaulay had received the usual education of a young Englishman, he might in all probability have kept his seat for Edinburgh, but he could hardly have written the essay on Von Ranke,^o or the description
30 of England in the third chapter of the "History."

Mr. Macaulay ultimately fixed upon a private school, kept by the Rev. Mr. Preston, at Little Shelford, a village in the immediate vicinity of Cambridge. Shelford

was strongly under the influence of the neighboring university: an influence which Mr. Preston, himself an ex-fellow of Trinity, wisely encouraged. The boys were penetrated with Cambridge ambitions and ways of thought, and frequent visitors brought to the table, where master and pupils dined in common, the freshest Cambridge gossip of the graver sort.

Little Macaulay received much kindness from Dean Milner, the president of Queen's College. The dean, who had boundless good-will for all his fellow-creatures at every period of life, provided that they were not Jacobins^o or skeptics, recognized the promise of the boy, and entertained him at his college residence on terms of friendliness and almost of equality. After one of these visits, he writes to Mr. Macaulay: "Your lad is a fine fellow.¹⁵ He shall stand before kings.^o He shall not stand before mean men."^o

The commencement of the second half-year at school, perhaps the darkest season of a boy's existence, was marked by an unusually severe and prolonged attack of home-sickness. It would be cruel to insert the first letter written after the return to Shelford from the summer holidays. That which follows it is melancholy enough.

Shelford, August 14th, 1813. ²⁵

MY DEAR MAMA, — I must confess that I have been a little disappointed at not receiving a letter from home to-day. I hope, however, for one to-morrow. My spirits are far more depressed by leaving home than they were last half-year. Every thing brings home to my recollection. Every thing I read, or see, or hear, brings it to my mind. You told me I should be happy when I once came here, but not an hour passes in which I do not shed tears

at thinking of home. Every hope, however unlikely to be realized, affords me some small consolation. The morning on which I went, you told me that possibly I might come home before the holidays. If you can confirm
5 this hope, believe me when I assure you that there is nothing which I would not give for one instant's sight of home. Tell me in your next, expressly, if you can, whether or no there is any likelihood of my coming home before the holidays. If I could gain papa's leave, I should select
10 my birthday on October 25th as the time which I should wish to spend at that home which absence renders still dearer to me. I think I see you sitting by papa just after his dinner, reading my letter, and turning to him, with an inquisitive glance, at the end of the paragraph. I
15 think too that I see his expressive shake of the head at it. Oh, may I be mistaken! You can not conceive what an alteration a favorable answer would produce in me. If your approbation of my request depends upon my advancing in study, I will work like a cart-horse. If
20 you should refuse it, you will deprive me of the most pleasing illusion which I ever experienced in my life. Pray do not fail to write speedily.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

T. B. MACAULAY.

25 In the course of the year 1814 Mr. Preston removed his establishment to Aspenden Hall, near Buntingford, in Hertfordshire — a large old-fashioned mansion, standing amidst extensive shrubberies and a pleasant, undulating domain, sprinkled with fine timber. Here Macaulay
30 spent four most industrious years, doing less and less in the class-room as time went on, but enjoying the rare advantage of studying Greek and Latin by the side of such a

scholar as Malden. The two companions were equally matched in age and classical attainments, and at the university maintained a rivalry so generous as hardly to deserve the name. Each of the pupils had his own chamber, which the others were forbidden to enter under the penalty 5 of a shilling fine. This prohibition was in general not very strictly observed, but the tutor had taken the precaution of placing Macaulay in the room next his own: a proximity which rendered the position of an intruder so exceptionally dangerous that even Malden could not 10 remember having once passed his friend's threshold during the whole of their stay at Aspenden.

In this seclusion, removed from the delight of family intercourse (the only attraction strong enough to draw him from his books), the boy read widely, unceasingly, 15 more than rapidly. The secret of his immense acquirements lay in two invaluable gifts of nature: an unerring memory, and the capacity for taking in at a glance the contents of a printed page. During the first part of his life he remembered whatever caught his fancy, without 20 going through the process of consciously getting it by heart. As a child, during one of the numerous seasons when the social duties devolved upon Mr. Macaulay, he accompanied his father on an afternoon call, and found on a table the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which he had 25 never before met with. He kept himself quiet with his prize while the elders were talking, and on his return home sat down upon his mother's bed, and repeated to her as many cantos as she had the patience or the strength to listen to. At one period of his life he was known to say 30 that, if by some miracle of vandalism all copies of "Paradise Lost" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" were destroyed off the face of the earth, he would undertake to reproduce

them both from recollection whenever a revival of learning came. In 1813, while waiting in a Cambridge coffee-room for a post-chaise which was to take him to his school, he picked up a county newspaper containing two such specimens of provincial poetical talent as in those days might be read in the corner of any weekly journal. He looked them once through, and never gave them a thought for forty years, at the end of which time he repeated them both without missing, or, as far as he knew, changing, a single word.

Macaulay's extraordinary faculty of assimilating printed matter at first sight remained the same through life. To the end he read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as any one else could turn the leaves. "He seemed to read through the skin," said one who had often watched the operation. And this speed was not in his case obtained at the expense of accuracy. Any thing which had once appeared in type, from the highest effort of genius down to the most detestable trash that ever consumed ink and paper manufactured for better things, had in his eyes an authority which led him to look upon misquotation as a species of minor sacrilege. With these endowments, sharpened by an insatiable curiosity, from his fourteenth year onward he was permitted to roam almost at will over the whole expanse of literature.

He was not unpopular among his fellow-pupils, who regarded him with pride and admiration, tempered by the compassion which his utter inability to play at any sort of game would have excited in every school, private or public alike. He troubled himself very little about the opinion of those by whom he was surrounded at Aspenden. It required the crowd and the stir of a university to call

forth the social qualities which he possessed in so large a measure. The tone of his correspondence during these years sufficiently indicates that he lived almost exclusively among books. His letters, which had hitherto been very natural and pretty, began to smack of the library, and please less than those written in early boyhood. His pen was overcharged with the metaphors and phrases of other men, and it was not till maturing powers had enabled him to master and arrange the vast masses of literature which filled his memory that his native force could display itself freely through the medium of a style which was all his own.

Aspenden Hall, August 23d, 1815.

MY DEAR MAMA, — You perceive already in so large a sheet and so small a hand the promise of a long, a very 15 long letter; longer, as I intend it, than all the letters which you send in a half-year together. I have again begun my life of sterile monotony, unvarying labor, the dull return of dull exercises in dull uniformity of tediousness. But do not think that I complain. 20

My mind to me a kingdom is.
Such perfect joy therein I find
As doth exceed all other bliss
That God or nature hath assigned.°

* * * * *

Hear what I have read since I came here. Hear and wonder. I have in the first place read Boccaccio's "Decameron,"° a tale of a hundred cantos. He is a wonderful writer. I prefer him infinitely to Chaucer. I have likewise read "Gil Blas," with unbounded admiration of the abilities of Le Sage.° Malden and I have read "Thal- 30 aba" together, and are proceeding to the "Curse of Ke-

hama."° Do not think, however, that I am neglecting more important studies than either Southey or Boccaccio. I have read the greater part of the "History of James I.," and Mrs. Montague's° essay on Shakspeare, and a great deal of Gibbon.° I never devoured so many books in a fortnight.

I conclude with sending my love to papa, Selina, Jane, John ("but he is not there," as Fingal° pathetically says, when in enumerating his sons who should accompany him to the chase he inadvertently mentions the dead Ryno), Henry, Fanny, Hannah, Margaret, and Charles.

Valete.

T. B. MACAULAY.

This exhaustive enumeration of his brothers and sisters invites attention to that home where he reigned supreme. Lady Trevelyan thus describes their life at Clapham: "I think that my father's strictness was a good counterpoise to the perfect worship of your uncle by the rest of the family. To us he was an object of passionate love and devotion. To us he could do no wrong. His unruffled sweetness of temper, his unflinching flow of spirits, his amusing talk, all made his presence so delightful that his wishes and his tastes were our law. He hated strangers, and his notion of perfect happiness was to see us all working round him while he read aloud a novel, and then to walk all together on the Common, or, if it rained, to have a frightfully noisy game of hide-and-seek. I have often wondered how our mother could ever have endured our noise in her little house. My earliest recollections speak of the intense happiness of the holidays, beginning with finding him in papa's room in the morning; the awe at the idea of his having reached home in the dark after we were in bed, and the Saturnalia° which at once set in;

no lessons; nothing but fun and merriment for the whole six weeks. In the year 1816 we were at Brighton for the summer holidays, and he read to us 'Sir Charles Grandison.'° It was always a habit in our family to read aloud every evening. Among the books selected, I can recall 5 Clarendon,° Burnet,° Shakspeare (a great treat when my mother took the volume), Miss Edgeworth,° Mackenzie's 'Lounger' and 'Mirror,'° and, as a standing dish, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Review*.° Poets, too, especially Scott and Crabbe,° were constantly chosen. 10 Poetry and novels, except during Tom's holidays, were forbidden in the daytime, and stigmatized as 'drinking drams in the morning.'"

Morning or evening, Mr. Macaulay disapproved of novel-reading; but, too indulgent to insist on having his 15 own way in any but essential matters, he lived to see himself the head of a family in which novels were more read and better remembered than in any household of the United Kingdom. The first warning of the troubles that were in store for him was an anonymous letter ad- 20 dressed to him as editor of the *Christian Observer*,° defending works of fiction, and eulogizing Fielding and Smollett.° This he incautiously inserted in his periodical, and brought down upon himself the most violent objurgations from scandalized contributors, one of whom informed the pub- 25 lic that he had committed the obnoxious number to the flames, and should thenceforward cease to take in the magazine. The editor replied with becoming spirit, although by that time he was aware that the communication, the insertion of which in an unguarded moment had 30 betrayed him into a controversy for which he had so little heart, had proceeded from the pen of his son. Such was young Macaulay's first appearance in print, if we except the

index to the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer*, which he drew up during his Christmas holidays of 1814.

Zachary Macaulay was no common fanatic. It is difficult to understand when it was that he had time to
 5 pick up his knowledge of general literature, or how he made room for it in a mind so crammed with facts and statistics relating to questions of the day, that when Wilberforce^o was at a loss for a piece of information he used to say, "Let us look it out in Macaulay." His private
 10 papers, which are one long register of unbroken toil, do nothing to clear up the problem. Highly cultivated, however, he certainly was, and his society was in request with many who cared little for the objects which to him were every thing. Even now, when he has been in his
 15 grave for more than the third of a century, it seems almost an act of disloyalty to record the public services of a man who thought that he had done less than nothing if his exertions met with praise, or even with recognition. The nature and value of those services may be estimated from
 20 the terms in which a very competent judge, who knew how to weigh his words, spoke of the part which Mr. Macaulay played in one only of his numerous enterprises — the suppression of slavery and the slave-trade. "That God had called him into being to wage war with this gigan-
 25 tic evil became his immutable conviction. During forty successive years he was ever burdened with this thought. It was the subject of his visions by day and of his dreams by night. To give them reality he labored as men labor for the honors of a profession or for the subsistence of
 30 their children. In that service he sacrificed all that a man may lawfully sacrifice — health, fortune, repose, favor, and celebrity. He died a poor man, though wealth was within his reach. He devoted himself to the severest

toil, amidst allurements to luxuriate in the delights of domestic and social intercourse, such as few indeed have encountered. He silently permitted some to usurp his hardly earned honors, that no selfish controversy might desecrate their common cause. He made no effort to obtain the praises of the world, though he had talents to command, and a temper peculiarly disposed to enjoy them. He drew upon himself the poisoned shafts of calumny, and, while feeling their sting as generous spirits only can feel it, never turned a single step aside from his path to propitiate or to crush the slanderers."

Lady Trevelyan writes: "I think, with all the love and reverence with which your uncle regarded his father's memory, there mingled a shade of bitterness that he had not met quite the encouragement and appreciation from him which he received from others. But such a son as he was! Never a disrespectful word or look, always anxious to please and amuse, and at last he was the entire stay and support of his father's declining years.

"Your uncle was of opinion that the course pursued by his father toward him during his youth was not judicious. But here I am inclined to disagree with him. There was no want of proof of the estimation in which his father held him, corresponding with him from a very early age as with a man, conversing with him freely, and writing of him most fondly. But, in the desire to keep down any conceit, there was certainly in my father a great outward show of repression and depreciation. Then the faults of your uncle were peculiarly those that my father had no patience with. Himself precise in his arrangements, writing a beautiful hand, particular about neatness, very accurate and calm, detesting strong expressions, and remarkably self-controlled — while his eager,

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impetuous boy, careless of his dress, always forgetting to wash his hands and brush his hair, writing an execrable hand, and folding his letters with a great blotch for a seal, was a constant care and irritation. Many letters
5 to your uncle have I read on these subjects. Sometimes a specimen of the proper way of folding a letter is sent to him (those were the sad days before envelopes were known), and he is desired to repeat the experiment till he succeeds. General Macaulay's fastidious nature
10 led him to take my father's line regarding your uncle, and my youthful soul was often vexed by the constant reprimands for venial transgressions. But the great sin was the idle reading, which was a thorn in my father's side that never was extracted. In truth, he really acknowl-
15 edged to the full your uncle's abilities, and felt that if he could only add his own *morale*, his unwearied industry, his power of concentrating his energies on the work in hand, his patient, painstaking calmness, to the genius and fervor which his son possessed, then a being might
20 be formed who could regenerate the world. Often in later years I have heard my father, after expressing an earnest desire for some object, exclaim, 'If I had only Tom's power of speech!' But he should have remembered that all gifts are not given to one, and that perhaps such
25 a union as he coveted is even impossible. Parents must be content to see their children walk in their own path, too happy if through any road they attain the same end, the living for the glory of God and the good of man."

From a marvelously early date in Macaulay's life, public
30 affairs divided his thoughts with literature, and, as he grew to manhood, began more and more to divide his aspirations. His father's house was much used as a centre of consultation by members of Parliament who

lived in the suburbs on the Surrey side of London, and the boy could hardly have heard more incessant, and assuredly not more edifying political talk if he had been brought up in Downing Street.^o Wilberforce and his followers had a lesson to teach. In public life, as in private, they habitually had the fear of God before their eyes. To refrain from gambling and ball-giving, to go much to church and never to the theatre, was not more at variance with the social customs of the day than it was the exception in the political world to meet with men ¹⁰ who looked to the facts of the case, and not to the wishes of the minister. Confidence and respect, and (what in the House of Commons is their unvarying accompaniment) power, were gradually, and to a great extent involuntarily, accorded to this group of members. They ¹⁵ were not addicted to crotchets, nor to the obtrusive and unseasonable assertion of conscientious scruples. The occasions on which they made proof of independence and impartiality were such as justified and dignified their temporary renunciation of party ties. A boy who, like ²⁰ young Macaulay, was admitted to the intimacy of politicians such as these, and was accustomed to hear matters of state discussed exclusively from a public point of view without any after-thought of ambition, or jealousy, or self-seeking, could hardly fail to grow up a patriotic and ²⁵ disinterested man. "What is far better and more important than all is this, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world would not ³⁰ bribe him to neglect her interests." Thus said Sydney Smith,^o who of all his real friends was the least inclined to overpraise him.

CHAPTER II

1818-1824

IN October, 1818, Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Henry Sykes Thornton, the eldest son of the member for Southwark, was his companion throughout his university career. The young
5 men lived in the same lodgings, and began by reading with the same tutor: a plan which promised well, because, in addition to what was his own by right, each had the benefit of the period of instruction paid for by the other. But two hours were much the same as one to Macaulay,
10 in whose eyes algebra and geometry were so much additional material for lively and interminable argument. Thornton reluctantly broke through the arrangement, and eventually stood highest among the Trinity wranglers^o of his year: an elevation which he could hardly have
15 attained if he had pursued his studies in company with one who regarded every successive mathematical proposition as an open question.

After no long while he removed within the walls of Trinity, and resided first in the centre rooms of Bishop's
20 Hostel, and subsequently in the Old Court between the Gate and the Chapel. The door which once bore his name is on the ground-floor, to the left hand as you face the staircase. In more recent years under-graduates

who are accustomed to be out after lawful hours have claimed a right of way through the window which looks toward the town; to the great annoyance of any occupant who is too good-natured to refuse the accommodation to others, and too steady to need it himself. This power of surreptitious entry had not been discovered in Macaulay's days; and indeed he would have cared very little for the privilege of spending his time outside walls which contained within them as many books as even he could read, and more friends than even he could talk to. Wanting nothing beyond what his college had to give, he reveled in the possession of leisure and liberty, in the almost complete command of his own time, in the power of passing at choice from the most perfect solitude to the most agreeable company. He keenly appreciated a society which cherishes all that is genuine, and is only too outspoken in its abhorrence of pretension and display: a society in which a man lives with those whom he likes and with those only; choosing his comrades for their own sake, and so indifferent to the external distinctions of wealth and position that no one who has entered fully into the spirit of college life can ever unlearn its priceless lesson of manliness and simplicity.

Of all his places of sojourn during his joyous and shining pilgrimage through the world, Trinity, and Trinity alone, had any share with his home in Macaulay's affection and loyalty. To the last he regarded it as an ancient Greek or a mediæval Italian felt toward his native city. As long as he had place and standing there, he never left it willingly or returned to it without delight. The only step in his course about the wisdom of which he sometimes expressed misgiving was his preference of a London to a Cambridge life. The only dignity that in his later days

he was known to covet was an honorary fellowship which would have allowed him again to look through his window upon the college grass-plots, and to sleep within sound of the splashing of the fountain; again to breakfast on 5 commons, and dine beneath the portraits of Newton and Bacon on the daïs of the hall; again to ramble by moonlight round Neville's cloister discoursing the picturesque but somewhat exoteric philosophy which it pleased him to call by the name of metaphysics. From the door 10 of his rooms, along the wall of the chapel, there runs a flagged pathway which affords an acceptable relief from the rugged pebbles that surround it. Here, as a bachelor of arts, he would walk, book in hand, morning after morning, throughout the long vacation, reading with the same 15 eagerness and the same rapidity whether the volume was the most abstruse of treatises, the loftiest of poems, or the flimsiest of novels. That was the spot where in his failing years he specially loved to renew the feelings of the past, and some there are who can never revisit it 20 without the fancy that there, if anywhere, his dear shade must linger.

He was fortunate in his contemporaries. Among his intimate friends were the two Coleridges — Derwent, the son, and Henry Nelson, who was destined to be the 25 son-in-law of the poet.^o Hyde Villiers, whom an untimely death alone prevented from taking an equal place in a trio of distinguished brothers, was of his year, though not of his college. In the year below were the young men who now bear the titles of Lord Grey, Lord Belper, 30 and Lord Romilly; and after the same interval came Moultrie, who in his "Dream of Life," with a fidelity which he himself pronounced to have been obtained at some sacrifice of grace, has told us how the heroes of his

time looked and lived, and Charles Villiers, who still delights our generation by showing us how they talked. Then there was Praed, fresh from editing the *Etonian*, as a product of collective boyish effort unique in its literary excellence and variety; and Sidney Walker, Praed's 5 gifted school-fellow, whose promise was blighted by premature decay of powers; and Charles Austin, whose fame would now be more in proportion to his extraordinary abilities had not his unparalleled success as an advocate tempted him before his day to retire from the toils of a 10 career of whose rewards he already had enough.

With his vigor and fervor, his depth of knowledge and breadth of humor, his close reasoning illustrated by an expansive imagination, set off, as these gifts were, by the advantage, at that period of life so irresistible, of some 15 experience of the world at home and abroad, Austin was indeed a king among his fellows. "The impression he gave was that of boundless strength, together with talents which, combined with such apparent force of will and character, seemed capable of dominating the world." 20 He certainly was the only man who ever succeeded in dominating Macaulay. Brimming over with ideas that were soon to be known by the name of Utilitarian,^o a panegyrist of American institutions, and an unsparing assailant of ecclesiastical endowments and hereditary 25 privileges, he effectually cured the young under-graduate of his Tory opinions, which were never more than skin-deep, and brought him nearer to Radicalism than he ever was before or since.

The day and the night together were too short for one 30 who was entering on the journey of life amidst such a band of travelers. So long as a door was open or a light burning in any of the courts, Macaulay was always in the

mood for conversation and companionship. Unfailing in his attendance at lecture and chapel, blameless with regard to college laws and college discipline, it was well for his virtue that no curfew was in force within the precincts of Trinity. He never tired of recalling the days when he supped at midnight on milk-punch and roast turkey, drank tea in floods at an hour when older men are intent upon any thing rather than on the means of keeping themselves awake, and made little of sitting over the fire till the bell rang for morning chapel in order to see a friend off by the early coach. In the license of the summer vacation, after some prolonged and festive gathering, the whole party would pour out into the moonlight and ramble for mile after mile through the country till the noise of their wide-flowing talk mingled with the twittering of the birds in the hedges which bordered the Cotton pathway or the Madingley road.

It is not only that the witnesses of these scenes unanimously declare that they have never since heard such conversation in the most renowned of social circles. The partiality of a generous young man for trusted and admired companions may well color his judgment over the space of even half a century. But the estimate of university contemporaries was abundantly confirmed by the outer world. While on a visit to Lord Lansdowne at Bowood, Austin and Macaulay happened to get upon college topics one morning at breakfast. When the meal was finished they drew their chairs to either end of the chimney-piece, and talked at each other across the hearth-rug as if they were in a first-floor room in the Old Court of Trinity. The whole company, ladies, artists, politicians, and diners-out, formed a silent circle round the two Cantabs,^o and, with a short break for lunch, never

stirred till the bell warned them that it was time to dress for dinner.

Macaulay's intense enjoyment of all that was stirring and vivid around him undoubtedly hindered him in the race for university honors; though his success was sufficient to inspire him at the time, and to give him abiding pleasure in the retrospect. He twice gained the chancellor's medal for English verse, and Trinity men find it difficult to understand how it was that he missed getting one of the three silver goblets given for the best English 10 declamations of the year. If there is one thing which all Macaulay's friends and all his enemies admit it is that he could declaim English. His own version of the affair was that the senior dean, a relative of the victorious candidate, sent for him, and said, "Mr. Macaulay, as you have 15 not got the first cup, I do not suppose that you will care for either of the others." He was consoled, however, by the prize for Latin declamation, and in 1821 he established his classical repute by winning a Craven university scholarship. 20

Macaulay was not chosen a fellow until his third trial, nominally for the amazing reason that his translations from Greek and Latin, while faithfully representing the originals, were rendered into English that was ungracefully bald and inornate. The real cause was, beyond 25 all doubt, his utter neglect of the special study of the place: a liberty which Cambridge seldom allows with impunity even by her most favored sons. He used to profess deep and lasting regret for his early repugnance to scientific subjects; but the fervor of his penitence in after-years was 30 far surpassed by the heartiness with which he inveighed against mathematics as long as it was his business to learn them.

Cambridge, Wednesday. (Postmark, 1818.)

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

* * * * *

I can scarcely bear to write on mathematics or mathematicians. Oh for words to express my abomination of
 5 that science, if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing arts may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties in numbers and figures! Oh that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity, so that I were exempted from this miserable
 10 study! "Discipline" of the mind! Say rather starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be. I feel myself becoming a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms. Farewell, then, Homer and Sophocles and Cicero.

15 Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy forever reigns. Hail, horrors, hail,
 Infernal world! °

* * * * *

Again, and with affectionate love to my father, farewell
 wishes your most miserable and mathematical son,
 20 T. B. MACAULAY.

When the tripos of 1822 made its appearance, his name did not grace the list. In short, to use the expressive vocabulary of the University, Macaulay was gulfed: a mishap which disabled him from contending for the chan-
 25 cellor's medals, then the crowning trophies of a classical career.

Macaulay detested the labor of manufacturing Greek and Latin verse in cold blood as an exercise. He defined

a scholar as one who reads Plato° with his feet on the fender. When already well on his third year, he writes: "I never practiced composition a single hour since I have been at Cambridge." "Soak your mind with Cicero," was his constant advice to students at that time of life when writing Latin prose is the most lucrative of accomplishments. The advantage of this precept was proved in the fellowship examination of the year 1824, when he obtained the honor which in his eye was the most desirable that Cambridge had to give.

10

Trinity College, Cambridge, October 1st, 1824.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I was elected Fellow this morning, shall be sworn in to-morrow, and hope to leave Cambridge on Tuesday for Rothley Temple. The examiners speak highly of the manner in which I acquitted myself, and I₁₅ have reason to believe that I stood first of the candidates.

I need not say how much I am delighted by my success, and how much I enjoy the thought of the pleasure which it will afford to you, my mother, and our other friends. Till I become a master of arts next July, the pecuniary₂₀ emolument which I shall derive will not be great. For seven years from that time it will make me almost an independent man.

* * * * *

Yours most affectionately,

T. B. M. ₂₅

The delight of the young man at finding himself one of the sixty masters of an ancient and splendid establishment; the pride with which he signed his first order for the college plate, and dined for the first time at the high table in his own right; the reflection that these privileges₃₀

were the fruit, not of favor or inheritance, but of personal industry and ability, were matters on which he loved to dwell long after the world had loaded him with its most envied prizes.

- 5 A letter written during the later years of his life expresses Macaulay's general views on the subject of university honors. "If a man brings away from Cambridge self-knowledge, accuracy of mind, and habits of strong intellectual exertion, he has gained more than if he had
10 made a display of showy superficial Etonian scholarship, got three or four Brown's medals, and gone forth into the world a school-boy, and doomed to be a school-boy to the last. After all, what a man does at Cambridge is, in itself, nothing. If he makes a poor figure in life, his hav-
15 ing been senior wrangler^o or university scholar is never mentioned but with derision. If he makes a distinguished figure, his early honors merge in those of a later date. I hope that I do not overrate my own place in the estimation of society. Such as it is, I would not give a half-
20 penny to add to the consideration which I enjoy all the consideration that I should derive from having been senior wrangler. But I often regret, and even acutely, my want of a senior wrangler's knowledge of physics and mathematics; and I regret still more some habits of mind
25 which a senior wrangler is pretty certain to possess." Like all men who know what the world is, he regarded the triumphs of a college career as of less value than its disappointments. Those are most to be envied who soonest learn to expect nothing for which they have not worked
30 hard, and who never acquire the habit (a habit which an unbroken course of university successes too surely breeds), of pitying themselves overmuch if ever, in after-life, they happen to work in vain.

CHAPTER III

1824-1830

MACAULAY was called to the bar in 1826, and joined the Northern Circuit at Leeds. On the evening that he first appeared at mess, when the company were retiring for the night, he was observed to be carefully picking out the longest candle. An old king's counsel, who noticed that 5 he had a volume under his arm, remonstrated with him on the danger of reading in bed, upon which he rejoined with immense rapidity of utterance: "I always read in bed at home; and if I am not afraid of committing parricide and matricide and fratricide, I can hardly be expected 10 to pay any special regard to the lives of the bagmen of Leeds." And, so saying, he left his hearers staring at one another, and marched off to his room, little knowing that before many years were out he would have occasion to speak much more respectfully of the Leeds bagmen. 15

He did not seriously look to the bar as a profession. No persuasion would induce him to return to his chambers in the evening, according to the practice then in vogue. After the first year or two of the period during which he called himself a barrister he gave up even the pretense 20 of reading law, and spent many more hours under the gallery of the House of Commons than in all the courts together. The person who knew him best said of him: "Throughout life he never really applied himself to any pursuit that was against the grain." Nothing is more 25 characteristic of the man than the contrast between his

unconquerable aversion to the science of jurisprudence at the time when he was ostensibly preparing himself to be an advocate, and the zest with which, on his voyage to India, he mastered that science, in principle and detail, 5 as soon as his imagination was fired by the prospect of the responsibilities of a lawgiver.

Meanwhile he was busy enough in fields better adapted than the law to his talents and his temperament. He took a part in the meeting of the Antislavery Society 10 held at Freemasons' Tavern, on the 25th of June, 1824, with the Duke of Gloucester in the chair. The *Edinburgh Review* described his speech as "a display of eloquence so signal for rare and matured excellence, that the most practiced orator may well admire° how it should have 15 come from one who then for the first time addressed a public assembly."

Those who know what the annual meeting of a well-organized and disciplined association is may imagine the whirlwind of cheers which greeted the declaration that 20 the hour was at hand when "the peasant of the Antilles° will no longer crawl in listless and trembling dejection round a plantation from whose fruits he must derive no advantage, and a hut whose door yields him no protection; but, when his cheerful and voluntary labor is per- 25 formed, he will return with the firm step and erect brow of a British citizen from the field which is his freehold to the cottage which is his castle."

Surer promise of aptitude for political debate was afforded by the skill with which the young speaker turned 30 to account the recent trial for sedition, and death in prison, of Smith,° the Demerara missionary: an event which was fatal to slavery in the West Indies in the same degree as the execution of John Brown° was its death-

blow in the United States. "When this country has been endangered, either by arbitrary power or popular delusion, truth has still possessed one irresistible organ, and justice one inviolable tribunal. That organ has been an English press, and that tribunal an English jury. But in those 5 wretched islands we see a press more hostile to truth than any censor, and juries more insensible to justice than any Star Chamber.^o In those islands alone is exemplified the full meaning of the most tremendous of the curses denounced against the apostate Hebrews, 'I will curse 10 your blessings.'^o We can prove this assertion out of the mouth of our adversaries. We remember, and God Almighty forbid that we ever should forget, how, at the trial of Mr. Smith, hatred regulated every proceeding, was substituted for every law, and allowed its victim no 15 sanctuary in the house of mourning, no refuge in the very grave. Against the members of that court-martial the country has pronounced its verdict. But what is the line of defense taken by its advocates? It has been solemnly and repeatedly declared in the House of Commons 20 that a jury composed of planters would have acted with far more injustice than did this court: this court, which has never found a single lawyer to stake his professional character on the legality of its proceedings. The argument is this. Things have doubtless been done which 25 should not have been done. The court-martial sat without a jurisdiction; it convicted without evidence; it condemned to a punishment not warranted by law. But we must make allowances. We must judge by comparison. 'Mr. Smith ought to have been very thankful that 30 it was no worse. Only think what would have been his fate if he had been tried by a jury of planters!' Sir, I have always lived under the protection of the British

laws, and therefore I am unable to imagine what could be worse: but, though I have small knowledge, I have a large faith: I by no means presume to set any limits to the possible injustice of a West Indian judicature. And
 5 since the colonists maintain that a jury composed of their own body not only possibly might, but necessarily must, have acted with more iniquity than this court-martial, I certainly shall not dispute the assertion, though I am utterly unable to conceive the mode."

10 That was probably the happiest half-hour of Zachary Macaulay's life. "My friend," said Wilberforce, when his turn came to speak, "would doubtless willingly bear with all the base falsehoods, all the vile calumnies, all the detestable artifices which have been aimed against him,
 15 to render him the martyr and victim of our cause, for the gratification he has this day enjoyed in hearing one so dear to him plead such a cause in such a manner." Keen as his pleasure was, he took it in his own sad way. From the first moment to the last, he never moved a muscle
 20 of his countenance, but sat with his eyes fixed on a piece of paper, on which he seemed to be writing with a pencil. While talking with his son that evening, he referred to what had passed only to remark that it was ungraceful in so young a man to speak with folded arms in the presence
 25 of royalty.

In 1823 the leading members of the cleverest set of boys who ever were together at a public school found themselves collected once more at Cambridge. Of the former staff of the *Etonian*, Praed, Moultrie, Derwent
 30 Coleridge, and, among others, Mr. Edmond Beales, so well known to our generation as an ardent politician, were now in residence at King's or Trinity. Mr. Charles Knight, too enterprising a publisher to let such a quantity

of youthful talent run to waste, started a periodical, which was largely supported by under-graduates and bachelors of arts, among whom the veterans of the Eton press formed a brilliant, and, as he vainly hoped, a reliable nucleus of contributors.

Knight's *Quarterly Magazine* is full of Macaulay, and of Macaulay in the attractive shape which a great author wears while he is still writing to please no one but himself. He unfortunately did not at all please his father, who indeed disapproved of the whole publication from beginning to end, with the exception of an article on West Indian slavery which his son had inserted with the most filial intention, but which, it must be allowed, was not quite in keeping with the general character of the magazine.

It is not the province of biography to dilate upon works which are already before the world, and the results of Macaulay's literary labor during the years 1823 and 1824 have been, perhaps, only too freely reproduced in the volumes which contain his miscellaneous writings. It is, however, worthy of notice that among his earlier efforts in literature his own decided favorite was "the conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the great civil war." But an author, who is exempt from vanity, is inclined to rate his own works rather according as they are free from faults than as they abound in beauties: and Macaulay's readers will very generally give the preference to two fragmentary sketches of Roman and Athenian society which sparkle with life, and humor, and a masculine, vigorous fancy that had not yet learned to obey the rein. Their crude but genuine merit suggests a regret that he did not in after-days enrich the *Edinburgh Review* with a couple of articles on classical subjects, as a sample of that ripened scholarship which

produced the "Prophecy of Capys,"^o and the episode relating to the Phalaris controversy^o in the essay on "Sir William Temple."

Rothley Temple, October 7th, 1824.

5 MY DEAR FATHER, — As to Knight's magazine, I really do not think that, considering the circumstances under which it is conducted, it can be much censured. Every magazine must contain a certain quantity of mere ballast, of no value but as it occupies space. The general tone and spirit of the work will stand a comparison, in
10 a moral point of view, with any periodical publication not professedly religious. I will venture to say that nothing has appeared in it, at least since the first number, from the pen of any of my friends, which can offend the most
15 fastidious. Knight is absolutely in our hands, and most desirous to gratify us all, and me in particular. When I see you in London I will mention to you a piece of secret history which will show you how important our connection with this work may possibly become.

20 Yours affectionately,

T. B. M.

The "piece of secret history" above referred to was beyond a doubt the commencement of Macaulay's connection with the *Edinburgh Review*. That famous periodical, which for three-and-twenty-years had shared in
25 and promoted the rising fortunes of the Liberal cause, had now attained its height — a height unequalled before or since — of political, social, and literary power. To have the entry of its columns was to command the most direct channel for the spread of opinions, and the shortest
30 road to influence and celebrity. But already the anxious eye of the master seemed to discern symptoms of decline.

Jeffrey,^o in Lord Cockburn's phrase, was "growing feverish about new writers." In January, 1825, he says, in a letter to a friend in London: "Can you not lay your hands on some clever young man who would write for us? The original supporters of the work are getting old, and either too busy or too stupid, and here the young men are mostly Tories." Overtures had already been made to Macaulay, and that same year his article on Milton appeared in the August number.

The effect on the author's reputation was instantaneous.¹⁰ Like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous.^o The beauties of the work were such as all men could recognize, and its very faults pleased. The redundancy of youthful enthusiasm, which he himself unsparingly condemns in the preface to his collected¹⁵ essays, seemed graceful enough in the eyes of others, if it were only as a relief from the perverted ability of that elaborate libel on our great epic poet which goes by the name of Dr. Johnson's "Life of Milton."^o Murray declared that it would be worth the copyright of "Childe²⁰ Harold" to have Macaulay on the staff of the *Quarterly*. The family breakfast-table in Bloomsbury was covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every quarter of London, and his father groaned in spirit over the conviction that thenceforward the law would be less to him²⁵ than ever. A warm admirer of Robert Hall,^o Macaulay heard with pride how the great preacher, then well-nigh worn out with that long disease,^o his life, was discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning, by aid of grammar and dictionary, enough Italian to enable him to verify³⁰ the parallel between Milton and Dante.^o But the compliment that of all others came most nearly home — the only commendation of his literary talent which even in

the innermost domestic circle he was ever known to repeat — was the sentence with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his manuscript, "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style."

- 5 Macaulay's outward man was never better described than in two sentences of Praed's Introduction to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. "There came up a short manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waistcoat-pocket. Of regular beauty he had
10 little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good-humor, or both, you do not regret its absence." This picture, in which every touch is correct, tells all that there is to be told. He had a massive head, and features of a powerful and rugged cast;
15 but so constantly lighted up by every joyful and ennobling emotion that it mattered little if, when absolutely quiescent, his face was rather homely than handsome. While conversing at table, no one thought him otherwise than good-looking; but when he rose, he was seen to be
20 short and stout in figure. "At Holland House," the other day," writes his sister Margaret, in September, 1831, "Tom met Lady Lyndhurst for the first time. She said to him, 'Mr. Macaulay, you are so different to what I expected. I thought you were dark and thin, but you
25 are fair, and, really, Mr. Macaulay, you are fat.'" He at all times sat and stood straight, full, and square; and in this respect Woolner, in the fine statue at Cambridge, has missed what was undoubtedly the most marked fact in his personal appearance. He dressed badly, but
30 not cheaply. His clothes, though ill put on, were good, and his wardrobe was always enormously overstocked. Later in life he indulged himself in an apparently inexhaustible succession of handsome embroidered waist-

coats, which he used to regard with much complacency. He was unhandy to a degree quite unexampled in the experience of all who knew him. When in the open air, he wore perfectly new dark kid gloves, into the fingers of which he never succeeded in inserting his own more than 5 halfway. After he had sailed for India, there were found in his chambers between fifty and sixty strops, hacked into strips and splinters, and razors without beginning or end. About the same period he hurt his hand, and was reduced to send for a barber. After the operation, he 10 asked what was to pay. "Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person who shaves you." "In that case," said Macaulay, "I should give you a great gash on each cheek."

During an epoch when, at our principal seats of educa- 15 tion, athletic pursuits are regarded as a leading object of existence, rather than as a means of health and recreation, it requires some boldness to confess that Macaulay was utterly destitute of bodily accomplishments, and that he viewed his deficiencies with supreme indifference. 20 He could neither swim, nor row, nor drive, nor skate, nor shoot. He seldom crossed a saddle, and never willingly. When in attendance at Windsor,^o as a cabinet minister, he was informed that a horse was at his disposal. "If her majesty wishes to see me ride," he said, "she must 25 order out an elephant." The only exercise in which he can be said to have excelled was that of threading crowded streets with his eyes fixed upon a book. He might be seen in such thoroughfares as Oxford Street and Cheap- side walking as fast as other people walked, and reading 30 a great deal faster than anybody else could read. As a pedestrian he was, indeed, above the average. Till he had passed fifty, he thought nothing of going on foot from

the Albany to Clapham, and from Clapham on to Greenwich, and, while still in the prime of life, he was forever on his feet indoors as well as out.

His faults were such as give annoyance to those who
 5 dislike a man rather than anxiety to those who love him. Vehemence, overconfidence, the inability to recognize that there are two sides to a question or two people in a dialogue, are defects which during youth are perhaps inseparable from gifts like those with which he was en-
 10 dowed. Moultrie, speaking of his under-graduate days, tells us that

To him

There was no pain like silence — no constraint
 So dull as unanimity. He breathed
 15 An atmosphere of argument, nor shrunk
 From making, where he could not find, excuse
 For controversial fight.

At Cambridge he would say of himself that whenever anybody enunciated a proposition all possible answers to it
 20 rushed into his mind at once, and it was said of him by others that he had no politics except the opposite of those held by the persons with whom he was talking. To that charge, at any rate, he did not long continue liable. He left college a stanch and vehement Whig, eager to maintain
 25 against all comers and at any moment that none but Whig opinions had a leg to stand upon. His cousin, George Babington, a rising surgeon, with whom at one time he lived in the closest intimacy, was always ready to take up the Tory cudgels. The two friends "would
 30 walk up and down the room, crossing each other for hours, shouting one another down with a continuous simultaneous storm of words, until George at length yielded to arguments and lungs combined. Never, so far as I

remember, was there any loss of temper. It was a fair, good-humored battle, in not very mannerly lists."

Even as a very young man nine people out of ten liked nothing better than to listen to him, which was fortunate; because in his early days he had scanty respect of persons, 5 either as regarded the choice of his topics or the quantity of his words. But with his excellent temper, and entire absence of conceit, he soon began to learn consideration for others in small things as well as in great. By the time he was fairly launched in London, he was agreeable in com- 10 pany as well as forcible and amusing.

So loyal and sincere was Macaulay's nature that he was unwilling to live upon terms of even apparent intimacy with people whom he did not like, or could not esteem; and, as far as civility allowed, he avoided their advances, 15 and especially their hospitality. He did not choose, he said, to eat salt^o with a man for whom he could not say a good word in all companies. He was true throughout life to those who had once acquired his regard and respect. He loved to place his purse, his influence, and his talents 20 at the disposal of a friend; and any one whom he called by that name he judged with indulgence, and trusted with a faith that would endure almost any strain. If his confidence proved to have been egregiously misplaced, which he was always the last to see, he did not resort to 25 remonstrance or recrimination. He was never known to take part in any family quarrel, or personal broil of any description whatsoever. His conduct in this respect was the result of self-discipline, and did not proceed from any want of sensibility. "He is very sensitive," said his sister 30 Margaret, "and remembers long, as well as feels deeply, anything in the form of slight." Indeed, at college his friends used to tell him that his leading qualities were

"generosity and vindictiveness." Courage he certainly did not lack. During the years when his spirit was high, and his pen cut deep, and when the habits of society were different from what they are at present, more than one
5 adversary displayed symptoms of a desire to meet him elsewhere than on paper. On these occasions, while showing consideration for his opponent, he evinced a quiet but very decided sense of what was due to himself which commanded the respect of all who were implicated,
10 and brought difficulties that might have been grave to an honorable and satisfactory issue.

He reserved his pugnacity for quarrels undertaken on public grounds and fought out, with the world looking on as umpire. In the lists of criticism and of debate it can-
15 not be denied that, as a young man, he sometimes deserved the praise which Dr. Johnson pronounced upon a good hater. He had no mercy for bad writers, and notably for bad poets, unless they were in want of money; in which case he became, within his means, the most open-handed
20 of patrons. He was too apt to undervalue both the heart and the head of those who desired to maintain the old system of civil and religious exclusion, and who grudged political power to their fellow-countrymen, or at any rate to those of their fellow-countrymen whom he was himself
25 prepared to enfranchise. Independent, frank, and proud almost to a fault, he detested the whole race of jobbers and time-servers, parasites and scandal-mongers, led-captains, led-authors, and led-orators.

When Macaulay went to college, he was justified in
30 regarding himself as one who would not have to work for his bread. His father, who believed himself to be already worth a hundred thousand pounds, had statedly declared to the young man his intention of making him, in a modest

way, an eldest son^o; and had informed him that, by doing his duty at the university, he would earn the privilege of shaping his career at choice. In 1818 the family removed to London, and set up an establishment on a scale suited to their improved circumstances in Cadogan Place, which, 5 in everything except proximity to Bond Street,^o was then hardly less rural than Clapham. But the prosperity of the house of Macaulay Babington was short-lived. The senior member of the firm gave his whole heart, and five-sixths of his time, to objects unconnected with his busi- 10 ness; and he had selected a partner who did not possess the qualities necessary to compensate for his own deficiencies. In 1819, the first indications of possible disaster begin to show themselves in the letters to and from Cambridge; while waiting for a fellowship, Macaulay was glad to make 15 a hundred guineas by taking pupils^o; and, as time went on, it became evident that he was to be an eldest son only in the sense that throughout the coming years of difficulty and distress his brothers and sisters would depend mainly upon him for comfort, guidance, and support. 20 He acknowledged the claim cheerfully, lovingly, and indeed almost unconsciously. It was not in his disposition to murmur over what was inevitable, or to plume himself upon doing what was right. He quietly took up the burden which his father was unable to bear; and, before many 25 years had elapsed, the fortunes of all for whose welfare he considered himself responsible were abundantly assured. In the course of the efforts which he expended on the accomplishment of this result, he unlearned the very notion of framing his method of life with a view to his own pleasure; 30 and such was his high and simple nature that it may well be doubted whether it ever crossed his mind that to live wholly for others was a sacrifice at all.

He resided with his father in Cadogan Place, and accompanied him when, under the pressure of pecuniary circumstances, he removed to a less fashionable quarter of the town. In 1823 the family settled in 50 Great Ormond Street. Here the Macaulays remained till 1831. "Those were to me," says Lady Trevelyan, "years of intense happiness. There might be money troubles, but they did not touch us." The fun that went on here was of a jovial, and sometimes uproarious, description. Even when the family was by itself, the school-room and the drawing-room were full of young people; and friends and cousins flocked in numbers to a resort where so much merriment was perpetually on foot. There were seasons during the school holidays when the house overflowed with noise and frolic from morning to night; and Macaulay, who at any period of his life could literally spend whole days in playing with children, was master of the innocent revels.^o Games of hide-and-seek, that lasted for hours, with shouting, and the blowing of horns up and down the stairs and through every room, were varied by ballads, which, like the scalds of old, he composed during the act of recitation, while the others struck in with the chorus. He had no notion whatever of music, but an infallible ear for rhythm. His knack of improvisation he at all times exercised freely. The verses which he thus produced, and which he invariably attributed to an anonymous author whom he styled "the Judicious Poet," were exclusively for home consumption. Some of these effusions illustrate a sentiment in his disposition which was among the most decided, and the most frequently and loudly expressed. Macaulay was only too easily bored, and those whom he considered fools he by no means suffered gladly.

The chambers in which he ought to have been spending

his days, and did actually spend his nights, between the years 1829 and 1834, were within five minutes' walk of the house in Great Ormond Street. His Trinity fellowship brought him in nearly three hundred pounds annually, and the *Edinburgh Review* almost as much again. In 5 January, 1828, Lord Lyndhurst^o made him a commissioner of bankruptcy. His means were more than sufficient for his wants, but too small and far too precarious for the furtherance of the political aspirations which now were uppermost in his mind. "Public affairs," writes Lady 10 Trevelyan, "were become intensely interesting to him. Canning's^o accession to power, then his death, the repeal of the Test Act,^o the emancipation of the Catholics, all in their turn filled his heart and soul. He himself longed to be taking his part in Parliament, but with a very hopeless longing. 15

"In February, 1830, I was staying at Mr. Wilberforce's, at Highwood Hill, when I got a letter from your uncle, inclosing one from Lord Lansdowne,^o who told him that he had been much struck by the articles on Mill,^o and that he wished to be the means of first introducing their author 20 to public life by proposing to him to stand for the vacant seat at Calne. Lord Lansdowne expressly added that it was your uncle's high moral and private character which had determined him to make the offer, and that he wished in no respect to influence his votes, but to leave him quite 25 at liberty to act according to his conscience."

And so, on the eve of the most momentous conflict that ever was fought out by speech and vote within the walls of a senate-house, the young recruit went gayly to his post in the ranks of that party whose coming fortunes he 30 was prepared loyally to follow, and the history of whose past he was destined eloquently, and perhaps imperishably, to record.

CHAPTER IV

1830-1832

THROUGHOUT the last two centuries of our history there never was a period when a man conscious of power, impatient of public wrongs, and still young enough to love a fight for its own sake, could have entered Parliament with
5 a fairer prospect of leading a life worth living, and doing work that would requite the pains, than at the commencement of the year 1830.

From 1790 onward, our country had, with a short interval, been governed on declared reactionary principles. To profess liberal views was to be hopelessly
10 excluded from posts of emolument, from all functions of dignity, from the opportunities of business, from the amenities of society. Political animosity and political favoritism made themselves felt in departments of life
15 which had hitherto been free from their encroachments. Whig merchants had a difficulty in getting money for their paper, and Whig barristers in obtaining acceptance for their arguments. Whig statesmen, while enjoying that security for life and liberty which even in the worst days
20 of our recent history has been the reward of eminence, were powerless in the Commons and isolated in the Lords. No motive but disinterested conviction kept a handful of veterans steadfast round a banner which was never raised except to be swept contemptuously down by the disciplined and overwhelming strength of the ministerial
25 phalanx. Argument and oratory were alike unavailing

under a constitution which was, indeed, a despotism of privilege. The county representation of England was an anomaly, and the borough representation little better than a scandal.

While the will of the nation was paralyzed within the senate, effectual care was taken that its voice should not be heard without. The press was gagged in England, and throttled in Scotland. Every speech, or sermon, or pamphlet, the substance of which a crown lawyer could torture into a semblance of sedition, sent its author to the jail, the hulks, or the pillory. In any place of resort where an informer could penetrate, men spoke their minds at imminent hazard of ruinous fines and protracted imprisonment. It was vain to appeal to Parliament for redress against the tyranny of packed juries and panic-driven magistrates. Sheridan^o endeavored to retain for his countrymen the protection of Habeas Corpus,^o but he could only muster forty-one supporters. Exactly as many members followed Fox^o into the lobby when he opposed a bill which, interpreted in the spirit that then actuated our tribunals, made attendance at an open meeting summoned for the consideration of Parliamentary Reform a service as dangerous as night-poaching and far more dangerous than smuggling. Only ten more than that number ventured to protest against the introduction of a measure,^o still more inquisitorial in its provisions and ruthless in its penalties, which rendered every citizen who gave his attention to the removal of public grievances liable at any moment to find himself in the position of a criminal—that very measure in behalf of which Bishop Horsley had stated in the House of Peers that he did not know what the mass of the people of any country had to do with the laws except to obey them.

Amidst a population which had once known freedom, and was still fit to be intrusted with it, such a state of matters could not last forever. Justly proud of the immense success that they had bought by their resolution, 5 their energy, and their perseverance, the ministers regarded the fall of Napoleon as a party triumph which could only serve to confirm their power. But the last cannon-shot that was fired on the 18th of June, 1815,^o was in truth the death-knell of the Golden Age of Toryism. When the 10 passion and ardor of the war gave place to the discontent engendered by a protracted period of commercial distress, the opponents of progress began to perceive that they had to reckon, not with a small and disheartened faction, but with a clear majority of the nation led by the most enlightened and the most eminent of its sons. Agitators and incendiaries retired into the background, as will always be 15 the case when the country is in earnest; and statesmen who had much to lose, but were not afraid to risk it, stepped quietly and firmly to the front.

20 In the face of such unanimity of purpose, guided by so much worth and talent, the ministers lost their nerve, and, like all rulers who do not possess the confidence of the governed, began first to make mistakes and then to quarrel among themselves. Throughout the years of 25 Macaulay's early manhood the ice was breaking fast. He was still quite young when the concession of Catholic emancipation^o gave a moral shock to the Tory party from which it never recovered until the old order of things had finally passed away. It was his fortune to enter into 30 other men's labors after the burden and heat of the day had already been borne, and to be summoned into the field just as the season was at hand for gathering in a ripe and long-expected harvest of beneficent legislation.

On the 5th of April, 1830, he addressed the House of Commons on the second reading of Mr. Robert Grant's bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities.^o Addressing himself to his task with an absence of pretension such as never fails to conciliate the good-will of the House toward 5 a maiden speech, he put clearly and concisely enough the arguments in favor of the bill — arguments which, obvious and almost commonplace as they appear under this straightforward treatment, had yet to be repeated during a space of six-and-thirty years before they commended 10 themselves to the judgment of our Upper Chamber.

He was on his legs once again, and once only, during his first session ; doing more for future success in Parliament by his silence than he could have effected by half a dozen brilliant perorations. A crisis was rapidly approaching 15 when a man gifted with eloquence, who by previous self-restraint had convinced the House that he did not speak for speaking's sake, might rise almost in a day to the very summit of influence and reputation.

When the new Parliament met on the 26th of October, 20 it was already evident that the Government was doomed. Where the elections were open, Reform had carried the day. Parliament adjourned over Christmas, and on the 1st of March, 1831, Lord John Russell^o introduced the Reform Bill.^o 25

On the evening of that day Macaulay made the first of his Reform speeches. When he sat down, the Speaker sent for him, and told him that, in all his prolonged experience, he had never seen the House in such a state of excitement. Even at this distance of time, it is impos- 30 sible to read aloud the last thirty sentences^o without an emotion which suggests to the mind what must have been their effect when declaimed by one who felt every word

that he spoke, in the midst of an assembly agitated by hopes and apprehensions such as living men have never known or have long forgotten. Sir Thomas Denman,^o who rose later on in the discussion, said, with universal acceptance, that the orator's words remained tingling in the ears of all who heard them, and would last in their memories as long as they had memories to employ. That sense of proprietorship in an effort of genius which the House of Commons is ever ready to entertain effaced for a while all distinctions of party. Portions of the speech, said Sir Robert Peel,^o "were as beautiful as anything I have ever heard or read. It reminded one of the old times." The names of Fox, Burke,^o and Canning were during that evening in everybody's mouth; and Macaulay heard with delight a knot of old members illustrating their criticisms by recollections of Lord Plunket.^o He had reason to be pleased; for he had been thought worthy of the compliment which the judgment of Parliament reserves for a supreme occasion.

The unequivocal success of his first speech into which he had thrown his full power decided for some time to come the tenor of Macaulay's career. During the next three years he devoted himself to Parliament, entering with zest into the animated and many-sided life of the House of Commons. He enjoyed the ease, the freedom, the hearty good-fellowship, that reign within the precincts of our national senate. He recognized that spirit of noble equality, so prevalent among its members, which takes little or no account of wealth, or title, or, indeed, of reputation won in other fields, but which ranks a man according as the value of his words, and the weight of his influence.

If to live intensely be to live happily, Macaulay had an enviable lot during those stirring years; and if the old song-

writers had reason on their side when they celebrated the charms of a light purse, he certainly possessed that element of felicity. Among the earliest economical reforms undertaken by the new Government was a searching revision of our bankruptcy jurisdiction, in the course of which his commissionership was swept away without leaving him a penny of compensation. "I voted for the Bankruptcy Court Bill," he said, in answer to an inquisitive constituent. "There were points in that bill of which I did not approve, and I only refrained from stating those points because an office of my own was at stake." When this source fell dry he was for a while a poor man; for a member of Parliament° who has others to think of besides himself is anything but rich on sixty or seventy pounds a quarter as the produce of his pen, and a college income which has only a few more months to run. At a time when his Parliamentary fame stood at its highest he was reduced to sell the gold medals which he had gained at Cambridge; but he was never for a moment in debt; nor did he publish a line prompted by any lower motive than the inspiration of his political faith or the instinct of his literary genius. He had none but pleasant recollections connected with the period when his fortunes were at their lowest. From the secure prosperity of after-life he delighted in recalling the time when, after cheering on the fierce debate for twelve or fifteen hours together, he would walk home by daylight to his chambers, and make his supper on a cheese which was a present from one of his Wiltshire° constituents, and a glass of the audit ale° which reminded him that he was still a fellow of Trinity.

With political distinction came social success more rapid and more substantial, perhaps, than has ever been achieved by one who took so little trouble to win or to

retain it. The circumstances of the time were all in his favor. Never did our higher circles present so much that would attract a new-comer, and never was there more readiness to admit within them all who brought the honorable credentials of talent and celebrity. In 1831 the exclusiveness of birth was passing away, and the exclusiveness of fashion had not set in. The Whig party, during its long period of depression, had been drawn together by the bonds of common hopes, and endeavors, and disappointments; and personal reputation, whether literary, political, or forensic, held its own as against the advantages of rank and money to an extent that was never known before and never since. Macaulay had been well received in the character of an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, and his first great speech in the House of Commons at once opened to him all the doors in London that were best worth entering. Brought up, as he had been, in a household which was perhaps the strictest and the homeliest among a set of families whose creed it was to live outside the world, it put his strength of mind to the test when he found himself courted and observed by the most distinguished and the most formidable personages of the day. Lady Holland listened to him with unwonted deference, and scolded him with a circumspection that was in itself a compliment. Rogers° spoke of him with friendliness and to him with positive affection, and gave him the last proof of his esteem and admiration by asking him to name the morning for a breakfast-party. He was treated with almost fatherly kindness by the able and worthy man who is still remembered by the name of Conversation Sharp.° Indeed, his deference for the feelings of all whom he liked and respected, which an experienced observer could detect beneath the eagerness of his manner and the

volubility of his talk, made him a favorite among those of a generation above his own. He bore his honors quietly, and enjoyed them with the natural and hearty pleasure of a man who has a taste for society, but whose ambitions lie elsewhere. For the space of three seasons he dined 5 out almost nightly, and spent many of his Sundays in those suburban residences which, as regards the company and the way of living, are little else than sections of London removed into a purer air.

Before very long his habits and tastes began to incline 10 in the direction of domesticity, and even of seclusion: and, indeed, at every period of his life he would gladly desert the haunts of those whom Pope and his contemporaries used to term "the great," to seek the cheerful and cultured simplicity of his home, or the conversation 15 of that one friend who had a share in the familiar confidence which Macaulay otherwise reserved for his nearest relatives. This was Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis, whose reports of the proceedings in King's Bench,^o extending over a whole generation, have established and perpetuated 20 his name as that of an acute and industrious lawyer. He was older than Macaulay by four years. Though both fellows of the same college, they missed each other at the university, and it was not until 1827, on the northern circuit, that their acquaintance began. "Macaulay 25 has joined," writes Mr. Ellis: "an amusing person; somewhat boyish in his manner, but very original." The young barristers had in common an insatiable love of the classics^o; and similarity of character, not very perceptible on the surface, soon brought about an intimacy which 30 ripened into an attachment as important to the happiness of both concerned as ever united two men through every stage of life and vicissitude of fortune.

During the first half of his life, Macaulay spent months of every year at the seat of his uncle, Mr. Babington,^o who kept open house for his nephews and nieces throughout the summer and autumn. Rothley Temple, which
 5 lies in a valley beyond the first ridge that separates the flat, unattractive country immediately round Leicester from the wild and beautiful scenery of Charnwood Forest, is well worth visiting as a singularly unaltered specimen of an old English home. The stately trees; the grounds,
 10 half park and half meadow; the cattle grazing up to the very windows; the hall, with its stone pavement rather below than above the level of the soil, hung with armor rude and rusty enough to dispel the suspicion of its having
 passed through a collector's hands; the low ceilings;
 15 the dark oak wainscot, carved after primitive designs, that covered every inch of wall in bedroom and corridor; the general air which the whole interior presented of having been put to rights at the date of the Armada^o and left alone ever since — all this antiquity contrasted
 20 quaintly, but prettily enough, with the youth and gayety that lighted up every corner of the ever-crowded though comfortable mansion. In wet weather there was always a merry group sitting on the staircase or marching up and down the gallery; and wherever the noise and fun were
 25 most abundant, wherever there were to be heard the loudest laughter and the most vehement expostulation, Macaulay was the centre of a circle which was exclaiming at the levity of his remarks about the Blessed Martyr;^o disputing with him on the comparative merits of Pascal,^o
 30 Racine, Corneille, Molière, and Boileau^o; or checking him as he attempted to justify his godparents by running off a list of all the famous Thomases in history. The place is full of his memories. His favorite walk was a

mile of field-road and lane which leads from the house to a lodge on the highway; and his favorite point of view in that walk was a slight acclivity whence the traveler from Leicester catches his first sight of Rothley Temple, with its background of hill and greenwood. He is remembered as sitting at the window in the hall, reading Dante to himself, or translating it aloud as long as any listener cared to remain within ear-shot. He occupied, by choice, a very small chamber on the ground-floor, through the window of which he could escape unobserved while afternoon callers were on their way between the front door and the drawing-room. On such occasions he would take refuge in a boat moored under the shade of some fine oaks which still exist, though the ornamental water on whose bank they stood has since been converted into dry land. 15

A journal kept at intervals by Margaret Macaulay, some extracts from which have here been arranged in the form of a continuous narrative, affords a pleasant and faithful picture of her brother's home-life during the years 1831 and 1832. With an artless candor from which his reputation will not suffer, she relates the alternations of hope and disappointment through which the young people passed when it began to be a question whether or not he would be asked to join the Administration. 20

"I think I was about twelve when I first became very fond of my brother, and from that time my affection for him has gone on increasing during a period of seven years. I shall never forget my delight and enchantment when I first found that he seemed to like talking to me. His manner was very flattering to such a child, for he always took as much pains to amuse me, and to inform me on any thing I wished to know, as he could have done to the greatest person in the land. I have heard him express 30

great disgust toward those people who, lively and agreeable abroad, are a dead-weight in the family circle. I think the remarkable clearness of his style proceeds in some measure from the habit of conversing with very 5 young people, to whom he has a great deal to explain and impart.

"He reads his works to us in the manuscript, and when we find fault, as I very often do, with his being too severe upon people, he takes it with the greatest kindness, and 10 often alters what we do not like. I hardly ever, indeed, met with a sweeter temper than his. He is rather hasty, and when he has not time for an instant's thought he will sometimes return a quick answer, for which he will be sorry the moment he has said it. But in a conversation 15 of any length, though it may be on subjects that touch him very nearly, and though the person with whom he converses may be very provoking and extremely out of temper, I never saw him lose his. He never uses this superiority, as some do, for the purpose of irritating an- 20 other still more by coolness, but speaks in a kind, good-natured manner, as if he wished to bring the other back to temper without appearing to notice that he had lost it.

"*March 24th, 1831.* — By Tom's account, there never was such a scene of agitation as the House of Commons 25 presented at the passing of the second reading of the Reform Bill the day before yesterday, or rather yesterday, for they did not divide till three or four in the morning. When dear Tom came the next day he was still very much excited, which I found to my cost, for when I went out to 30 walk with him, he walked so very fast that I could scarcely keep up with him at all. With sparkling eyes he described the whole scene of the preceding evening in the most graphic manner.

" 'I suppose the ministers are all in high spirits,' said 35 mamma. 'In spirits, ma'am? I'm sure I don't know. In bed, I'll answer for it.' Mamma asked him for franks, that she might send his speech to a lady° who, though of

high Tory principles, is very fond of Tom, and has left him in her will her valuable library. 'Oh no,' he said, 'don't send it. If you do, she'll cut me off with a prayer-book.'

"Tom is very much improved in his appearance during 5 the last two or three years. His figure is not so bad for a man of thirty as for a man of twenty-two. He dresses better, and his manners, from seeing a great deal of society, are very much improved. When silent and occupied in thought, walking up and down the room, as he always 10 does, his hands clenched, and muscles working with the intense exertion of his mind, strangers would think his countenance stern; but I remember a writing-master of ours, when Tom had come into the room and left it again, saying, 'Ladies, your brother looks like a lump of good 15 humor!'

"*March 30th, 1831.* — I said that I was surprised at the great accuracy of his information, considering how desultory his reading had been. 'My accuracy as to facts,' he said, 'I owe to a cause which many men would not 20 confess. It is due to my love of castle-building. The past is, in my mind, soon constructed into a romance.' He then went on to describe the way in which from his childhood his imagination had been filled by the study of history. 'With a person of my turn,' he said, 'the minute 25 touches are of as great interest, and perhaps greater, than the most important events. Spending so much time as I do in solitude, my mind would have rusted by gazing vacantly at the shop-windows. As it is, I am no sooner in the streets than I am in Greece, in Rome, in the midst 30 of the French Revolution. Precision in dates, the day or hour in which a man was born or died, becomes absolutely necessary. A slight fact, a sentence, a word, are of importance in my romance. "Pepys Diary" ° formed almost inexhaustible food for my fancy. I seem to know 35 every inch of Whitehall. ° I go in at Hans Holbein's ° gate, and come out through the matted gallery. The

conversations which I compose between great people of the time are long, and sufficiently animated: in the style, if not with the merits, of Sir Walter Scott's. The old parts of London, which you are sometimes surprised at my knowing so well, those old gates and houses down by the river, have all played their part in my stories.' He spoke, too, of the manner in which he used to wander about Paris,° weaving tales of the Revolution, and he thought that he owed his command of language greatly to this habit.

"September, 1831. — Walking in the streets with Tom and Hannah, and talking about the hard work the heads of his party had got now, I said: 'How idle they must think you, when they meet you here in the busy part of the day!' 'Yes, here I am,' said he, 'walking with two unidea'd girls.'° However, if one of the ministry says to me, 'Why walk you here all the day idle?' I shall say, 'Because no man has hired me.'"

"February 12th, 1832. — This evening Tom came in, Hannah and I being alone. He was in high boyish spirits. He had seen Lord Lansdowne in the morning, who had requested to speak with him. His lordship said that he wished to have a talk about his taking office, not with any particular thing in view, as there was no vacancy at present and none expected, but that he should be glad to know his wishes in order that he might be more able to serve him in them.

"Tom, in answer, took rather a high tone. He said he was a poor man, but that he had as much as he wanted, and, as far as he was personally concerned, had no desire for office. At the same time he thought that, after the Reform Bill had passed, it would be absolutely necessary that the Government should be strengthened; that he was of opinion that he could do it good service; that he approved of its general principles, and should not be unwilling to join it.

"March 15th, 1832. — I have just been looking round

our little drawing-room, as if trying to impress every inch of it on my memory, and thinking how in future years it will rise before my mind as the scene of many hours of light-hearted mirth: how I shall again see him, lolling indolently on the old blue sofa, or strolling round 5 the narrow confines of our room. With such a scene will come the remembrance of his beaming countenance, happy, affectionate smile, and joyous laugh; while, with every one at ease around him, he poured out the stores of his full mind in his own peculiarly beautiful and expressive 10 language, more delightful here than anywhere else, because more perfectly unconstrained. The name which passes through this little room in the quiet, gentle tones of sisterly affection is a name which will be repeated through distant generations, and go down to posterity 15 linked with eventful times and great deeds."

The last words here quoted will be very generally regarded as the tribute of a sister's fondness. Many, who readily admit that Macaulay's name will go down to posterity linked with eventful times and great deeds, 20 make that admission with reference to times not his own, and deeds in which he had no part except to commemorate them with his pen. To him, as to others, a great reputation of a special order brought with it the consequence that the credit which he deserved for what he had done 25 well was overshadowed by the renown of what he did best. The world, which has forgotten that Newton excelled as an administrator and Voltaire° as a man of business, remembers somewhat faintly that Macaulay was an eminent orator, and, for a time at least, a strenuous 30 politician. The universal voice of his contemporaries during the first three years of his parliamentary career testifies to the leading part which he played in the House of Commons so long as with all his heart he cared, and with

all his might he tried, to play it. Jeffrey (for it is well to adduce none but first-rate evidence) says, in his account of an evening's discussion on the second reading of the Reform Bill: "Not a very striking debate. There was
5 but one exception, and it was a brilliant one. I mean Macaulay, who surpassed his former appearance in closeness, fire, and vigor, and very much improved the effect of it by a more steady and graceful delivery. It was prodigiously cheered, as it deserved, and, I think,
10 puts him clearly at the head of the great speakers, if not the debaters, of the House." And again, on the 17th of of December: "Macaulay made, I think, the best speech he has yet delivered; the most condensed, at least, and with the greatest weight of matter. It contained, indeed,
15 the only argument to which any of the speakers who followed him applied themselves." Sir James Mackintosh° writes from the library of the House of Commons, "Macaulay and Stanley° have made two of the finest speeches ever spoken in Parliament;" and a little further
20 on he classes together the two young orators as "the chiefs of the next, or rather of this, generation."

To gain and keep the position that Mackintosh assigned him, Macaulay possessed the power, and in early days did not lack the will. He was prominent on the parliamen-
25 tary stage, and active behind the scenes; the soul of every honorable project which might promote the triumph of his principles and the ascendancy of his party.

The combination of public spirit, political instinct, and legitimate self-assertion which was conspicuous in Macau-
30 lay's character, pointed him out to some whose judgment had been trained by long experience of affairs as a more than possible leader in no remote future; and it is not for his biographer to deny that they had grounds for their

conclusion. The prudence, the energy, the self-reliance, which he displayed in another field might have been successfully directed to the conduct of an executive policy and the management of a popular assembly. Macaulay never showed himself deficient in the qualities which enable a man to trust his own sense; to feel responsibility, but not to fear it; to venture where others shrink; to decide while others waver; with all else that belongs to the vocation of a ruler in a free country. But it was not his fate: it was not his work: and the rank which he might have claimed among the statesmen of Britain was not ill exchanged for the place which he occupies in the literature of the world.

To Hannah More Macaulay.

London, May 30th, 1831. 15

Well, my dear, I have been to Holland House. I took a glass coach, and arrived, through a fine avenue of elms, at the great entrance toward seven o'clock. The house is delightful — the very perfection of the old Elizabethan style — a considerable number of very large and very 20 comfortable rooms, rich with antique carving and gilding, but carpeted and furnished with all the skill of the best modern upholsterers. The library is a very long room — as long, I should think, as the gallery at Rothley Temple — with little cabinets for study branching out of it, warmly 25 and snugly fitted up, and looking out on very beautiful grounds. The collection of books is not, like Lord Spencer's, curious; but it contains almost every thing that one ever wished to read. I found nobody there when I arrived but Lord Russell, the son of the Marquess of 30 Tavistock. We are old House of Common friends; so we had some very pleasant talk, and in a little while in

- came Allen, who is warden of Dulwich College, and who lives almost entirely at Holland House. He is certainly a man of vast information and great conversational powers. Some other gentlemen dropped in, and we chatted till
- 5 Lady Holland made her appearance. Lord Holland dined by himself on account of his gout. We sat down to dinner in a fine long room, the wainscot of which is rich with gilded coronets, roses, and portcullises. There were Lord Albemarle, Lord Alvanley, Lord Russell,
- 10 Lord Mahon — a violent Tory, but a very agreeable companion and a very good scholar. There was Cradock, a fine fellow, who was the Duke of Wellington's aid-de-camp in 1815, and some other people whose names I did not catch. What, however, is more to the purpose, there
- 15 was a most excellent dinner. I have always heard that Holland House is famous for its good cheer, and certainly the reputation is not unmerited. After dinner Lord Holland was wheeled in and placed very near me. He was extremely amusing and good-natured.
- 20 In the drawing-room I had a long talk with Lady Holland about the antiquities of the house, and about the purity of the English language wherein she thinks herself a critic. I happened, in speaking about the Reform Bill, to say that I wished that it had been possible to form a few com-
- 25 mercial constituencies, if the word constituency were admissible. "I am glad you put that in," said her ladyship. "I was just going to give it you. It is an odious word. Then there is *talented*, and *influential*, and *gentlemanly*. I never could break Sheridan of *gentlemanly*,
- 30 though he allowed it to be wrong." We talked about the word *talents* and its history. I said that it had first appeared in theological writing, that it was a metaphor taken from the parable in the New Testament, and that it had

gradually passed from the vocabulary of divinity into common use. I challenged her to find it in any classical writer on general subjects before the Restoration, or even before the year 1700. I believe that I might safely have gone down later. She seemed surprised by this theory, 5 never having, so far as I could judge, heard of the parable of the talents. I did not tell her, though I might have done so, that a person who professes to be a critic in the delicacies of the English language ought to have the Bible at his fingers' ends. 10

She is certainly a woman of considerable talents and great literary acquirements. To me she was excessively gracious; yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all that I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she 15 keeps her guests. It is to one "Go," and he goeth; and to another "Do this," and it is done. "Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay." "Lay down that screen, Lord Russell; you will spoil it." "Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the picture of Bonaparte." Lord Holland 20 is, on the other hand, all kindness, simplicity, and vivacity. He talked very well both on politics and on literature. He asked me in a very friendly manner about my father's health, and begged to be remembered to him.

When my coach came, Lady Holland made me promise 25 that I would on the first fine morning walk out to breakfast with them and see the grounds; and, after drinking a glass of very good iced lemonade, I took my leave, much amused and pleased. The house certainly deserves its reputation for pleasantness, and her ladyship used me, 30 I believe, as well as it is her way to use any body.

Ever yours,

T. B. M.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London, June 1st, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER, — My last letter was a dull one. I mean this to be very amusing. My last was about Basinghall Street,^o attorneys, and bankrupts. But for this — take it dramatically in the German style.

Fine morning. Scene, the great entrance of Holland House.

Enter MACAULAY, and TWO FOOTMEN in livery.

First Footman. Sir, may I venture to demand your
10 name?

Macaulay. Macaulay, and thereto I add M.P.
And that addition, even in these proud halls,
May well insure the bearer some respect.

Second Footman. And art thou come to breakfast with
15 our lord?

Macaulay. I am; for so his hospitable will,
And hers — the peerless dame ye serve — hath bade.

First Footman. Ascend the stair, and thou above shalt
find,

20 On snow-white linen spread, the luscious meal.

(Exit MACAULAY upstairs.)

In plain English prose, I went this morning to breakfast at Holland House. The day was fine, and I arrived at twenty minutes after ten. After I had lounged a short
25 time in the dining-room, I heard a gruff, good-natured voice asking, "Where is Mr. Macaulay? Where have you put him?" and in his arm-chair Lord Holland was wheeled in. He took me round the apartments, he riding, and I walking. He gave me the history of the most remarkable portraits in the library, where there is, by-the-
30 bye, one of the few bad pieces of Lawrence^o that I have seen — a head of Charles James Fox, an ignominious

failure. Lord Holland said that it was the worst ever painted of so eminent a man by so eminent an artist. There is a very fine head of Machiavelli,^o and another of Earl Grey, a very different sort of man. I observed a portrait of Lady Holland, painted some thirty years ago. 5 I could have cried to see the change. She must have been a most beautiful woman. She still looks, however, as if she had been handsome, and shows in one respect great taste and sense : she does not rouge at all, and her costume is not youthful, so that she looks as well in the morning as 10 in the evening. We came back to the dining-room. Our breakfast party consisted of my lord and lady, myself, Lord Russell, and Luttrell. You must have heard of Luttrell. I met him once at Rogers's; and I have seen him, I think, in other places. He is a famous wit — the 15 most popular, I think, of all the professed wits — a man who has lived in the highest circles, a scholar, and no contemptible poet. He wrote a little volume of verse entitled "Advice to Julia" — not first-rate, but neat, lively, piquant, and showing the most consummate knowl- 20 edge of fashionable life.

We breakfasted on very good coffee, and very good tea, and very good eggs, butter kept in the midst of ice, and hot rolls. Lady Holland told us her dreams; how she had dreamed that a mad dog bit her foot, and how she set 25 off to Brodie, and lost her way in St. Martin's Lane, and could not find him. She hoped, she said, the dream would not come true. I said that I had had a dream which admitted of no such hope, for I had dreamed that I heard Pollock speak in the House of Commons, that the speech 30 was very long, and that he was coughed down. This dream of mine diverted them much.

After breakfast Lady Holland offered to conduct me to

There is a seat near the spot which is called Rogers's seat. The poet loves, it seems, to sit there. A very elegant inscription by Lord Holland is placed over it :

Here Rogers sat ; and here forever dwell
With me those pleasures which he sung so well. 5

Very neat and condensed, I think. Another inscription by Luttrell hangs there. Luttrell adjured me with mock pathos to spare his blushes ; but I am author enough to know what the blushes of authors mean. So I read the lines, and very pretty and polished they were, but too many to be remembered from one reading.

Having gone round the grounds, I took my leave, very much pleased with the place. Lord Holland is extremely kind. But that is of course ; for he is kindness itself. Her ladyship too, which is by no means of course, is all graciousness and civility. But, for all this, I would much rather be quietly walking with you : and the great use of going to these fine places is to learn how happy it is possible to be without them. Indeed, I care so little for them that I certainly should not have gone to-day, but that I thought that I should be able to find materials for a letter which you might like.

Farewell.

T. B. MACAULAY.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London, July 6th, 1831. 25

MY DEAR SISTER, — I have been so busy during the last two or three days that I have found no time to write to you. I have now good news for you. I spoke yesterday night with a success beyond my utmost expectations. I am half ashamed to tell you the compliments which I 30

have received ; but you well know that it is not from vanity, but to give you pleasure, that I tell you what is said about me. . . . I delivered my speech much more slowly than any that I have before made, and it is, in consequence, 5 better reported than its predecessors, though not well. I send you several papers. You will see some civil things in the leading articles of some of them. My greatest pleasure in the midst of all this praise is to think of the pleasure which my success will give to my father and my 10 sisters. It is happy for me that ambition has in my mind been softened into a kind of domestic feeling, and that affection has at least as much to do as vanity with my wish to distinguish myself. This I owe to my dear mother, and to the interest which she always took in my childish suc- 15 cesses. From my earliest years the gratification of those whom I love has been associated with the gratification of my own thirst for fame, until the two have become inseparably joined in my mind.

Ever yours,

T. B. M.

CHAPTER V

1832-1834

DURING the earlier half of the year 1832 the vessel of Reform was still laboring heavily; but long before she was through the breakers, men had begun to discount the treasures which she was bringing into port. The time was fast approaching when the country would be called upon to choose its first Reformed Parliament. As if the spectacle of what was doing at Westminster did not satisfy their appetite for political excitement, the constituencies of the future could not refrain from anticipating the fancied pleasures of an electoral struggle. Impatient to exercise their privileges, and to show that they had as good an eye for a man as those patrons of nomination seats whose discernment was being vaunted nightly in a dozen speeches from the opposition benches of the House of Commons, the great cities were vying with each other to seek representatives worthy of the occasion and of themselves. The Whigs of Leeds, already provided with one candidate in a member of the great local firm of the Marshalls, resolved to seek for another among the distinguished politicians of their party. As early as October, 1831, Macaulay had received a requisition from that town, and had pledged himself to stand as soon as it had been elevated into a parliamentary borough. The Tories, on their side, brought forward Mr. Michael Sadler, who, smarting from the lash of the *Edinburgh Review*, infused into the contest an amount of personal bitterness that, for his own sake, might better have been spared; and, during more than a twelvemonth to come, Macaulay lived the life of a can-

didate whose own hands are full of public work at a time when his opponent has nothing to do except to make himself disagreeable. But, having once undertaken to fight the battle of the Leeds Liberals, he fought it stoutly and 5 cheerily, and would have been the last to claim it as a merit, that, with numerous opportunities of a safe and easy election at his disposal, he remained faithful to the supporters who had been so forward to honor him with their choice.

- 10 The old system died hard ; but in May, 1832, came its final agony. The Reform Bill had passed the Commons, and had been read a second time in the Upper House. The bill was read for a third time by a majority of five to one on the 4th of June. On the 5th it received the last 15 touches in the Commons; and on the 7th it became an act, in very much the same shape, after such and so many vicissitudes, as it wore when Lord John Russell first presented it to Parliament.

- Macaulay, whose eloquence had signalized every stage 20 of the conflict, and whose printed speeches are, of all its authentic records, the most familiar to readers of our own day, was not left without his reward. He was appointed one of the commissioners of the Board of Control, which, for three quarters of a century, from 1784 25 onward, represented the crown in its relations to the East Indian directors. His duties, like those of every individual member of a commission, were light or heavy as he chose to make them ; but his own feeling with regard to those duties must not be deduced from the playful allusions 30 contained in letters dashed off during the momentary leisure of an overbusy day for the amusement of two girls who barely numbered forty years between them. His speeches and essays teem with expressions of a far deeper

than official interest in India and her people; and his minutes remain on record to prove that he did not affect the sentiment for a literary or oratorical purpose. The attitude of his own mind with regard to our Eastern empire is depicted in the passage on Burke, in the essay on Warren Hastings, which commences with the words "His knowledge of India," and concludes with the sentence "Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London." That passage,^o unsurpassed as it is in force of language and splendid fidelity of detail ¹⁰ by any thing that Macaulay ever wrote or uttered, was inspired, as all who knew him could testify, by sincere and entire sympathy with that great statesman of whose humanity and breadth of view it is the merited, and not inadequate, panegyric. ¹⁵

In Margaret Macaulay's journal there occurs more than one mention of her brother's occasional fits of contrition on the subject of his own idleness; but these regrets and confessions must be taken for what they are worth, and for no more. He worked much harder than he gave him- ²⁰ self credit for. His nature was such that whatever he did was done with all his heart and all his power, and he was constitutionally incapable of doing it otherwise. He always underestimated the tension and concentration of mind which he brought to bear upon his labors, as com- ²⁵ pared with that which men in general bestow on whatever business they may have in hand; and toward the close of life this honorable self-deception no doubt led him to draw far too largely upon his failing strength, under the impression that there was nothing unduly severe in the ³⁰ efforts to which he continued to brace himself with ever-increasing difficulty.

During the eighteen months that he passed at the Board

of Control he had no time for relaxation, and very little for the industry which he loved the best. Giving his days to India, and his nights to the inexorable demands of the Treasury whip, he could devote a few hours to the *Edinburgh Review* only by rising at five when the rules of the House of Commons had allowed him to get to bed betimes on the previous evening. Yet, under these conditions, he contrived to provide Mr. Napier^o with the highly finished articles on Horace Walpole^o and Lord Chatham,^o 10 and to gratify a political opponent who was destined to be a life-long friend by his kindly criticism and spirited summary of Lord Mahon's^o "History of the War of the Succession in Spain."

To Hannah and Margaret Macaulay.

15

London, July 2d, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTERS, — I am, I think, a better correspondent than you two put together. I will venture to say that I have written more letters by a good many than I have received, and this with India and the *Edinburgh* 20 *Review* on my hands; the "Life of Mirabeau"^o to be criticised; the Rajah of Travancore to be kept in order; and the bad money, which the Emperor of the Burmese has had the impudence to send us by way of tribute, to be exchanged for better. You have nothing to do but to be 25 good, and write. Make no excuses, for your excuses are contradictory. If you see sights, describe them; for then you have subjects. If you stay at home, write; for then you have time. Remember that I never saw the cemetery, or the railroad. Be particular, above all, in your accounts 30 of the Quakers.^o I enjoin this especially on Nancy; for from Meg I have no hope of extracting a word of truth. I dined yesterday at Holland House: all lords except

myself. Lady Holland was very gracious, and praised my article on Burleigh to the skies.

* * * * *

Here I end my letter ; a great deal too long already for so busy a man to write, and for such careless correspondents to receive. T. B. M. 5

To Hannah and Margaret Macaulay.

London, July 6th, 1832.

Be you Foxes, be you Pitts,
You must write to silly chits.
Be you Tories, be you Whigs, 10
You must write to sad young gigs.

On whatever board you are —
Treasury, Admiralty, War,
Customs, Stamps, Excise, Control — 15
Write you must, upon my soul.

So sings the Judicious Poet : and here I sit in my parlor, looking out on the Thames, and divided, like Garrick in Sir Joshua's picture,^o between Tragedy and Comedy — a letter to you, and a bundle of papers about Hyderabad,^o and the firm of Palmer & Co., late bankers to the Nizan. 20

Poor Sir Walter Scott^o is going back to Scotland by sea to-morrow. All hope is over ; and he has a restless wish to die at home. He is many thousand pounds worse than nothing. Last week he was thought to be so near his end that some people went, I understand, to sound Lord 25 Althorp about a public funeral. Lord Althorp said, very like himself, that if public money was to be laid out, it would be better to give it to the family than to spend it in one day's show. The family, however, are said to be not ill off. 30

I am delighted to hear of your proposed tour, but not so well pleased to be told that you expect to be bad correspondents during your stay at Welsh inns. Take pens and ink with you, if you think that you shall find none at The
 5 Bard's Head, or The Glendower Arms.^o But it will be too bad if you send me no letters during a tour which will furnish so many subjects. Why not keep a journal, and minute down in it all that you see and hear? and remember that I charge you, as the venerable circle charged
 10 Miss Byron,^o to tell me of every person who "regards you with an eye of partiality."

What can I say more? as the Indians end their letters. Did not Lady Holland tell me of some good novels? I remember "Henry Masterton," three volumes, an amusing
 15 story and a happy termination. Smuggle it in, next time that you go to Liverpool, from some circulating library; and deposit it in a lock-up place out of the reach of them that are clothed in drab; and read it together at the curling hour.

My article on Mirabeau will be out in the forthcoming
 20 number. I am not a good judge of my own compositions, I fear; but I think that it will be popular. A Yankee has written to me to say that an edition of my works is about to be published in America with my life prefixed, and that he shall be obliged to me to tell him when I was born,
 25 whom I married, and so forth. I guess I must answer him slick right away. For, as the Judicious Poet observes,

Though a New England man lolls back in his chair,
 With a pipe in his mouth, and his legs in the air,
 Yet surely an Old England man such as I
 30 To a kinsman by blood should be civil and spry.

How I run on in quotation! But when I begin to cite the verses of our great writers I never can stop. Stop I must, however. Yours,
 T. B. M.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London, September 20th, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER, — I am at home again from Leeds, where every thing is going on as well as possible. I, and most of my friends, feel sanguine as to the result. About 5 half my day was spent in speaking, and hearing other people speak; in squeezing and being squeezed; in shaking hands with people whom I never saw before, and whose faces and names I forget within a minute after being introduced to them. The rest was passed in conversation 10 with my leading friends, who are very honest, substantial manufacturers. They feed me on roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding; at night they put me into capital bedrooms; and the only plague which they give me is that they are always begging me to mention some food or wine for which 15 I have a fancy, or some article of comfort and convenience which I may wish them to procure.

I am living here by myself, with no society, or scarcely any, except my books. I read a play of Calderon^o before I breakfast; then look over the newspaper; frank letters; 20 scrawl a line or two to a foolish girl in Leicestershire; and walk to my office. There I stay till near five, examining claims of money-lenders on the native sovereigns of India, and reading Parliamentary papers. I am beginning to understand something about the Bank, and hope, 25 when next I go to Rothley Temple, to be a match for the whole firm of Mansfield and Babington on questions relating to their own business. When I leave the board, I walk for two hours; then I dine; and I end the day quietly over a basin of tea and a novel.

Ever yours,

T. B. M.

30

The town of Leeds was alive with the agitation of a turbulent but not very dubious contest. Macaulay's relations with the electors whose votes he was courting are too characteristic to be omitted altogether from the story of his life, though the style of his speeches and manifestoes is more likely to excite the admiring envy of modern members of Parliament than to be taken as a model for their communications to their own constituents. This young politician, who depended on office for his bread, and on a seat in the House of Commons for office, adopted from the first an attitude of high and almost peremptory independence which would have sat well on a prime minister in his grand climacteric. The following letter (some passages of which have been here omitted and others slightly condensed) is strongly marked in every line with the personal qualities of the writer :

London, August 3d, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am truly happy to find that the opinion of my friends at Leeds on the subject of canvassing agrees with that which I have long entertained. The practice of begging for votes is, as it seems to me, absurd, pernicious, and altogether at variance with the true principles of representative government. The suffrage of an elector ought not to be asked, or to be given, as a personal favor. It is as much for the interest of constituents to choose well as it can be for the interest of a candidate to be chosen. To request an honest man to vote according to his conscience is superfluous. To request him to vote against his conscience is an insult. My conduct is before the electors of Leeds. My opinions shall on all occasions be stated to them with perfect frankness. If they approve that conduct, if they concur in

those opinions, they ought, not for my sake, but for their own, to choose me as their member. To be so chosen I should indeed consider as a high and enviable honor; but I should think it no honor to be returned to Parliament by persons who, thinking me destitute of the requisite qualifications, had yet been wrought upon by cajolery and importunity to poll for me in despite of their better judgment.

I wish to add a few words touching a question which has lately been much canvassed; I mean the question of pledges. 10 In this letter, and in every letter which I have written to my friends at Leeds, I have plainly declared my *opinions*. But I think it, at this conjuncture, my duty to declare that I will give *no pledges*. I will not bind myself to make or to support any particular motion. My opinion is, that 15 electors ought at first to choose cautiously; then to confide liberally; and, when the term for which they have selected their member has expired, to review his conduct equitably, and to pronounce on the whole taken together. 20

If the people of Leeds think proper to repose in me that confidence which is necessary to the proper discharge of the duties of a representative, I hope that I shall not abuse it. If it be their pleasure to fetter their members by positive promises, it is in their power to do so. I can only 25 say that on such terms I can not conscientiously serve them.

I hope, and feel assured, that the sincerity with which I make this explicit declaration will, if it deprive me of the votes of my friends at Leeds, secure to me what I value far 30 more highly, their esteem. Believe me ever, my dear sir,

Your most faithful servant, T. B. MACAULAY.

This frank announcement, taken by many as a slight, and by some as a downright challenge, produced remonstrances which, after the interval of a week, were answered by Macaulay in a second letter; worth reprinting, if it were only for the sake of his fine parody upon the popular cry which for two years past had been the watch-word of Reformers.

I was perfectly aware that the avowal of my feelings on the subject of pledges was not likely to advance my interest
 10 at Leeds. I was perfectly aware that many of my most respectable friends were likely to differ from me; and therefore I thought it the more necessary to make, uninvited, an explicit declaration of my feelings. If ever there was a time when public men were in an especial measure
 15 bound to speak *the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*, to the people, this is that time. Nothing is easier than for a candidate to avoid unpopular topics as long as possible, and when they are forced on him, to take refuge in evasive and unmeaning phrases. Nothing is
 20 easier than for him to give extravagant promises while an election is depending, and to forget them as soon as the return is made. I will take no such course. I do not wish to obtain a single vote on false pretenses. Under the old system I have never been the flatterer of the great.
 25 Under the new system I will not be the flatterer of the people. The truth, or what appears to me to be such, may sometimes be distasteful to those whose good opinion I most value. I shall nevertheless always abide by it, and trust to their good sense, to their second thoughts,
 30 to the force of reason, and the progress of time. If, after all, their decision should be unfavorable to me, I shall submit to that decision with fortitude and good humor.

It is not necessary to my happiness that I should sit in Parliament; but it is necessary to my happiness that I should possess, in Parliament or out of Parliament, the consciousness of having done what is right.

Just before the general election Hyde Villiers died, and the secretaryship to the Board of Control became vacant. Macaulay succeeded his old college friend in an office that gave him weighty responsibility, defined duties, and, as it chanced, exceptional opportunities for distinction. About the same time, an event occurred which touched him more nearly than could any possible turn of fortune in the world of politics. His sisters, Hannah and Margaret, had for some months been almost domesticated among a pleasant nest of villas which lie in the southern suburb of Liverpool, on Dingle Bank. The young ladies were the guests of Mr. John Cropper, who belonged to the Society of Friends. Before the visit was over, Margaret became engaged to the brother of her host, Mr. Edward Cropper, a man in every respect worthy of the personal esteem and the commercial prosperity which have fallen to his lot.

There are many who will be surprised at finding in Macaulay's letters, both now and hereafter, indications of certain traits in his disposition with which the world, knowing him only through his political actions and his published works, may perhaps be slow to credit him; but which, taking his life as a whole, were predominant in their power to affect his happiness and give matter for his thoughts. Those who are least partial to him will allow that his was essentially a virile intellect. He wrote, he thought, he spoke, he acted, like a man. The public regarded him as an impersonation of vigor, vivacity, and

self-reliance ; but his own family, together with one, and probably only one of his friends, knew that his affections were only too tender and his sensibilities only too acute. Others may well be loath to parade what he concealed ;
 5 but a portrait of Macaulay from which those features were omitted would be imperfect to the extent of misrepresentation ; and it must be acknowledged that, where he loved, he loved more entirely, and more exclusively, than was well for himself. It was improvident in him to con-
 10 centrate such intensity of feeling upon relations who, however deeply they were attached to him, could not always be in a position to requite him with the whole of their time and the whole of their heart. He suffered much for that improvidence ; but he was too just and too kind to
 15 permit that others should suffer with him ; and it is not for one who obtained by inheritance a share of his inestimable affection to regret a weakness to which he considers himself by duty bound to refer.

How keenly Macaulay felt the separation from his
 20 sister it is impossible to do more than indicate. He never again recovered that tone of thorough boyishness which had been produced by a long, unbroken habit of gay and affectionate intimacy with those younger than himself ; indulged in without a suspicion on the part of any con-
 25 cerned that it was in its very nature transitory and precarious. For the first time he was led to doubt whether his scheme of life was indeed a wise one ; or, rather, he began to be aware that he had never laid out any scheme of life at all. But with that unselfishness which was the
 30 key to his character and to much of his career, (resembling in its quality what we sometimes admire in a woman, rather than what we ever detect in a man,) he took successful pains to conceal his distress from those over whose

happiness it otherwise could not have failed to cast a shadow.

"The attachment between brothers and sisters," he writes in November, 1832, "blameless, amiable, and delightful as it is, is so liable to be superseded by other 5 attachments that no wise man ought to suffer it to become indispensable to him. That women shall leave the home of their birth, and contract ties dearer than those of consanguinity, is a law as ancient as the first records of the history of our race, and as unchangeable as the con- 10 stitution of the human body and mind. To repine against the nature of things, and against the great fundamental law of all society, because, in consequence of my own want of foresight, it happens to bear heavily on me, would be the basest and most absurd selfishness. 15

"I have still one more stake to lose. There remains one event for which, when it arrives, I shall, I hope, be prepared. From that moment, with a heart formed, if ever any man's heart was formed, for domestic happiness, I shall have nothing left in this world but ambition. There 20 is no wound, however, which time and necessity will not render endurable: and, after all, what am I more than my fathers — than the millions and tens of millions who have been weak enough to pay double price for some fa- 25 vorite number in the lottery of life, and who have suffered double disappointment when their ticket came up a blank?"

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

Leeds, December 12th, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER, — The election here is going on as 30 well as possible. To-day the poll stands thus: Marshall, 1804 . . . Macaulay, 1792 . . . Sadler, 1353.

The probability is that Sadler will give up the contest. If he persists, he will be completely beaten. The voters are under 4000 in number; those who have already polled are 3100; and about 500 will not poll at all. Even if we
 5 were not to bring up another man, the probability is that we should win. On Sunday morning early I hope to be in London; and I shall see you in the course of the day.

I had written thus far when your letter was delivered to me. I am sitting in the midst of two hundred friends,
 10 all mad with exultation and party spirit, all glorying over the Tories, and thinking me the happiest man in the world. And it is all that I can do to hide my tears, and to command my voice, when it is necessary for me to reply to their congratulations. Dearest, dearest sister, you alone
 15 are now left to me. Whom have I on earth but thee? But for you, in the midst of all these successes, I should wish that I were lying by poor Hyde Villiers. But I can not go on. I am wanted to write an address to the electors; and I shall lay it on Sadler pretty heavily. By
 20 what strange fascination is it that ambition and resentment exercise such power over minds which ought to be superior to them? I despise myself for feeling so bitterly toward this fellow as I do. But the separation from dear Margaret has jarred my whole temper. I am cried up
 25 here to the skies as the most affable and kind-hearted of men, while I feel a fierceness and restlessness within me quite new and almost inexplicable. Ever yours,

T. B. M.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

30

London, June 14th, 1833.

MY DEAR SISTER, — I do not know what you may have been told. I may have grumbled, for aught I know, at

not having more letters from you ; but as to being angry, you ought to know by this time what sort of anger mine is when you are its object.

You have seen the papers, I dare say, and you will perceive that I did not speak yesterday night.⁵ The House was thin. The debate was languid. Grant's speech had done our work sufficiently for one night ; and both he and Lord Althorp advised me to reserve myself for the second reading.

What have I to tell you ? I will look at my engage-¹⁰ment-book, to see where I am to dine. Friday, June 14th, Lord Grey ; Saturday, June 15th, Mr. Boddington ; Sunday, June 16th, Mr. S. Rice ; Saturday, June 22d, Sir R. Inglis ; Thursday, June 27th, the Earl of Ripon ; Satur-¹⁵day, June 29th, Lord Morpeth.

Read, and envy, and pine, and die. And yet I would give a large slice of my quarter's salary, which is now nearly due, to be at the Dingle. I am sick of lords with no brains in their heads, and ladies with paint on their cheeks, and poli-²⁰tics, and politicians, and that reeking furnace of a House.

But why plague ourselves about politics when we have so much pleasanter things to talk of ? "The Parson's Daughter : " don't you like "The Parson's Daughter ? " What a wretch Harbottle was ! And Lady Frances, what a sad worldly woman ! But Mrs. Harbottle, dear ²⁵suffering angel ! And Emma Lovel, all excellence ! Dr. MacGopus you doubtless like ; but you probably do not admire the Duchess and Lady Catherine. There is a regular coze over a novel for you ! But, if you will have my opinion, I think it Theodore Hook's³⁰ worst performance ; a set of fools making themselves miserable by their own nonsensical fancies and suspicions. Let me hear your opinion ; for I will be sworn that,

In spite of all the serious world,
 Of all the thumbs that ever twirled,
 Of every broadbrim-shaded brow,
 Of every tongue that e'er said "thou,"
 5 You still read books in marble covers
 About smart girls and dapper lovers.

But what folly I have been scrawling! I must go to
 work.

I can not all day
 10 Be neglecting Madras,
 And slighting Bombay
 For the sake of a lass.

kindest love to Edward, and to the woman who owns him.
 Ever yours, T. B. M.

15 London, June 21st, 1833.

DEAR HANNAH, — I can not tell you how delighted I
 was to learn from Fanny this morning that Margaret
 pronounces you to be as well as she could wish you to be.
 Only continue so, and all the changes of public life will
 20 be as indifferent to me as to Horatio. If I am only spared
 the misery of seeing you suffer, I shall be found

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Has ta'en with equal thanks.°

What a number of stories I shall have to tell you when
 25 we meet! — which will be, as nearly as I can guess, about
 the 10th or 12th of August. I shall be as rich as a Jew
 by that time.

Next Wednesday will be quarter-day;
 And then, if I'm alive,
 30 Of sterling pounds I shall receive
 Three hundred seventy-five.

Already I possess in cash
Two hundred twenty-four,
Besides what I have lent to John,
Which makes up twenty more.

Also the man who editeth
The "Yellow and the Blue"
Doth owe me ninety pounds at least,
All for my last review.

So, if my debtors pay their debts,
You'll find, dear sister mine,
That all my wealth together makes
Seven hundred pounds and nine.

Ever yours,

T. B. M.

The rhymes in which Macaulay unfolds his little budget 15
derive a certain dignity and meaning from the events of
the ensuing weeks. The unparalleled labors of the anti-
slavery leaders were at length approaching a successful
issue, and Lord Grey's Cabinet had declared itself re-
sponsible for the emancipation of the West Indian negroes. 20
But it was already beginning to be known that the minis-
terial scheme, in its original shape, was not such as would
satisfy even the more moderate Abolitionists. Its most
objectionable feature was shadowed forth in the third
of the resolutions with which Mr. Stanley, who had the 25
question in charge, prefaced the introduction of his bill:
"That all persons, now slaves, be entitled to be registered
as apprenticed laborers, and to acquire thereby all the
rights and privileges of freemen, subject to the restriction
of laboring, for a time to be fixed by Parliament, for their 30
present owners." It was understood that twelve years

would be proposed as the period of apprenticeship; although no trace of this intention could be detected in the wording of the resolution. Macaulay, who thought twelve years far too long, felt himself justified in supporting the Government during the preliminary stages; but he took occasion to make some remarks indicating that circumstances might occur which would oblige him to resign office and adopt a line of his own.

As time went on, it became evident that his firmness
 10 would be put to the test; and a severe test it was. A rising statesman, whose prospects would be irremediably injured by abruptly quitting a government that seemed likely to be in power for the next quarter of a century; a zealous Whig, who shrunk from the very appearance of
 15 disaffection to his party; a man of sense, with no ambition to be called Quixotic; a member for a large constituency, possessed of only seven hundred pounds in the world when his purse was at its fullest; above all, an affectionate son and brother, now, more than ever, the main hope and
 20 reliance of those whom he held most dear — it may well be believed that he was not in a hurry to act the martyr. His father's affairs were worse than bad. The African firm, without having been reduced to declare itself bankrupt, had ceased to exist as a house of business; or existed
 25 only so far that for some years to come every penny that Macaulay earned, beyond what the necessities of life demanded, was scrupulously devoted to paying, and at length to paying off, his father's creditors: a dutiful enterprise in which he was assisted by his brother Henry, a
 30 young man of high spirit and excellent abilities, who had recently been appointed one of the commissioners of arbitration in the prize courts at Sierra Leone.

Macaulay's colleagues, who, without knowing his whole

story, knew enough to be aware that he could ill afford to give up office, were earnest in their remonstrances; but he answered shortly, and almost roughly: "I can not go counter to my father. He has devoted his whole life to the question, and I can not grieve him by giving 5 way when he wishes me to stand firm." During the crisis of the West India Bill, Zachary Macaulay and his son were in constant correspondence. There is something touching in the picture which these letters present of the older man (whose years were coming to a close in poverty, 10 which was the consequence of his having always lived too much for others), discussing quietly and gravely how, and when, the younger was to take a step that in the opinion of them both would be fatal to his career: and this with so little consciousness that there was any thing heroic 15 in the course which they were pursuing, that it appears never to have occurred to either of them that any other line of conduct could possibly be adopted.

Having made up his mind as to what he should do, Macaulay set about it with as good a grace as is compatible 20 with the most trying position in which a man, and especially a young man, can find himself. Carefully avoiding the attitude of one who bargains or threatens, he had given timely notice in the proper quarter of his intentions and his views. At length the conjuncture arrived when 25 decisive action could no longer be postponed. Macaulay, whose resignation was already in Lord Althorp's^o hands, made a speech which produced all the more effect as being inornate, and, at times, almost awkward. Even if deeper feelings had not restrained the range of his fancy and the 30 flow of his rhetoric, his judgment would have told him that it was not the moment for an oratorical display. He began by entreating the House to extend to him that

indulgence which it had accorded on occasions when he had addressed it "with more confidence and with less harassed feelings." He then, at some length, exposed the effects of the Government proposal. "In free countries the master has a choice of laborers, and the laborer has a choice of masters; but in slavery it is always necessary to give despotic power to the master. This bill leaves it to the magistrate to keep peace between master and slave. Every time that the slave takes twenty minutes to do that which the master thinks he should do in fifteen, recourse must be had to the magistrate. Society would day and night be in a constant state of litigation, and all differences and difficulties must be solved by a judicial interference.

15 "My apprehension is that the result of continuing for twelve years this dead slavery — this state of society destitute of any vital principle — will be that the whole negro population will sink into weak and drawing inefficiency, and will be much less fit for liberty at the end of 20 the period than at the commencement. My hope is that the system will die a natural death; that the experience of a few months will so establish its utter inefficiency as to induce the planters to abandon it, and to substitute for it a state of freedom. I have voted," he said, "for 25 the second reading, and I shall vote for the third reading; but, while the bill is in committee, I shall join with other honorable gentlemen in doing all that is possible to amend it."

"The papers." Macaulay writes to his father, "will 30 have told you all that has happened, as far as it is known to the public. The secret history you will have heard from Buxton." As to myself, Lord Althorp told me yesterday night that the Cabinet had determined not to

accept my resignation. I have therefore the singular good luck of having saved both my honor and my place, and of having given no just ground of offense either to the Abolitionists or to my party friends. I have more reason than ever to say that honesty is the best policy." 5

The next letter, in terms too clear to require comment, introduces the mention of what proved to be the most important circumstance in Macaulay's life.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London, August 17th, 1833. 10

MY DEAR SISTER, — I am about to write to you on a subject which to you and Margaret will be one of the most agitating interest; and which, on that account chiefly, is so to me.

By the new India Bill it is provided that one of the 15 members of the Supreme Council, which is to govern our Eastern empire, is to be chosen from among persons who are not servants of the company. It is probable, indeed nearly certain, that the situation will be offered to me. 20

The advantages are very great. It is a post of the highest dignity and consideration. The salary is ten thousand pounds a year. I am assured by persons who know Calcutta intimately, and who have themselves mixed in the highest circles and held the highest offices 25 at that presidency, that I may live in splendor there for five thousand a year, and may save the rest of the salary with the accruing interest. I may therefore hope to return to England at only thirty-nine, in the full vigor of life, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. A 30 larger fortune I never desired.

I am not fond of money, or anxious about it. But, though every day makes me less and less eager for wealth, every day shows me more and more strongly how necessary a competence is to a man who desires to be either
 5 great or useful. At present the plain fact is that I can continue to be a public man only while I can continue in office. If I left my place in the Government, I must leave my seat in Parliament too. For I must live: I can live only by my pen: and it is absolutely impossible
 10 for any man to write enough to procure him a decent subsistence, and at the same time to take an active part in politics. I have not during this session been able to send a single line to the *Edinburgh Review*; and if I had been out of office, I should have been able to do very little.
 15 Now, in order to live like a gentleman, it would be necessary for me to write, not as I have done hitherto, but regularly, and even daily. I have never made more than two hundred a year by my pen. I could not support myself in comfort on less than five hundred; and I shall
 20 in all probability have many others to support. The prospects of our family are, if possible, darker than ever.

In the mean time my political outlook is very gloomy. A schism in the ministry is approaching. It requires only that common knowledge of public affairs which any
 25 reader of the newspapers may possess to see this; and I have more, much more, than common knowledge on the subject. They can not hold together. I tell you in perfect seriousness that my chance of keeping my present situation for six months is so small, that I would willingly
 30 sell it for fifty pounds down. If I remain in office, I shall, I fear, lose my political character. If I go out, and engage in opposition, I shall break most of the private ties which I have formed during the last three years. In

England I see nothing before me, for some time to come, but poverty, unpopularity, and the breaking-up of old connections.

If there were no way out of these difficulties, I would encounter them with courage. A man can always act 5 honorably and uprightly; and, if I were in the Fleet Prison^o or the rules of the King's Bench, I believe that I could find in my own mind resources which would preserve me from being positively unhappy. But if I could escape from these impending disasters, I should wish to 10 do so. By accepting the post which is likely to be offered to me, I withdraw myself for a short time from the contests of faction here. When I return, I shall find things settled, parties formed into new combinations, and new questions under discussion. I shall then be able, without 15 the scandal of a violent separation, and without exposing myself to the charge of inconsistency, to take my own line. In the mean time I shall save my family from distress; and shall return with a competence honestly earned, as rich as if I were Duke of Northumberland or 20 Marquess of Westminster, and able to act on all public questions without even a temptation to deviate from the strict line of duty. While in India, I shall have to discharge duties not painfully laborious, and of the highest and most honorable kind. I shall have whatever that 25 country affords of comfort or splendor; nor will my absence be so long that my friends, or the public here, will be likely to lose sight of me.

The only persons who know what I have written to you are Lord Grey, the Grants, Stewart Mackenzie, and 30 George Babington. Charles Grant and Stewart Mackenzie, who know better than most men the state of the political world, think that I should act unwisely in re-

fusing this post; and this though they assure me, and, I really believe, sincerely, that they shall feel the loss of my society very acutely. But what shall I feel? And with what emotions, loving as I do my country and my family, can I look forward to such a separation, enjoined, as I think it is, by prudence and by duty? Whether the period of my exile shall be one of comfort, and, after the first shock, even of happiness, depends on you. If, as I expect, this offer shall be made to me, will you go with
10 me? I know what a sacrifice I ask of you. I know how many dear and precious ties you must, for a time, sunder. I know that the splendor of the Indian Court, and the gayeties of that brilliant society of which you would be one of the leading personages, have no temptation for
15 you. I can bribe you only by telling you that, if you will go with me, I will love you better than I love you now, if I can.

I have asked George Babington about your health and mine. He says that he has very little apprehension for
20 me, and none at all for you. Indeed, he seemed to think that the climate would be quite as likely to do you good as harm.

All this is most strictly secret. You may, of course, show the letter to Margaret, and Margaret may tell
25 Edward; for I never cabal against the lawful authority of husbands. But further the thing must not go. It would hurt my father, and very justly, to hear of it from any body before he hears of it from myself; and if the least hint of it were to get abroad, I should be placed in a
30 very awkward position with regard to the people at Leeds. It is possible, though not probable, that difficulties may arise at the India House^o; and I do not mean to say any thing to any person who is not already in the secret till

the directors have made their choice, and till the king's pleasure has been taken.

And now think calmly over what I have written. I would not have written on the subject even to you till the matter was quite settled, if I had not thought that 5 you ought to have full time to make up your mind. If you feel an insurmountable aversion to India, I will do all in my power to make your residence in England comfortable during my absence, and to enable you to confer instead of receiving benefits. But if my dear sister would 10 consent to give me, at this great crisis of my life, that proof, that painful and arduous proof, of her affection which I beg of her, I think that she will not repent of it. She shall not, if the unbounded confidence and attachment of one to whom she is dearer than life can compensate 15 her for a few years' absence from much that she loves.

Dear Margaret! She will feel this. Consult her, my love, and let us both have the advantage of such advice as her excellent understanding, and her warm affection for us, may furnish. On Monday next, at the latest, I 20 expect to be with you. Our Scotch tour, under these circumstances, must be short. By Christmas it will be fit that the new councilor should leave England. His functions in India commence next April.

Farewell, my dear sister. You can not tell how impatiently I shall wait for your answer. 25

T. B. M.

This letter, written under the influence of deep and varied emotions, was read with feelings of painful agitation and surprise. India was not then the familiar name 30 that it has become to a generation which regards a visit to Cashmere as a trip to be undertaken between two

London seasons; and which discusses over its breakfast-table at home the decisions arrived at on the previous afternoon in the council-room of Simla or Calcutta. In those rural parsonages and middle-class households where service in our Eastern territories now presents itself in the light of a probable and desirable destiny for a promising son, those same territories were forty years ago regarded as an obscure and distant region of disease and death. A girl who had seen no country more foreign than Wales, and crossed no water broader and more tempestuous than the Mersey, looked forward to a voyage which (as she subsequently learned by melancholy experience) might extend over six weary months, with an anxiety that can hardly be imagined by us who spend only half as many weeks on the journey between Dover and Bombay. A separation from beloved relations under such conditions was a separation indeed; and if Macaulay and his sister could have foreseen how much of what they left at their departure they would fail to find on their return, it is a question whether any earthly consideration could have induced them to quit their native shore. But Hannah's sense of duty was too strong for these doubts and tremors; and, happily (for, on the whole, her resolution was a fortunate one), she resolved to accompany her brother in an expatriation which he never would have faced without her. With a mind set at ease by a knowledge of her intention, he came down to Liverpool as soon as the session was at an end; and carried her off on a jaunt to Edinburgh in a post-chaise, furnished with Horace Walpole's letters for their common reading, and Smollett's collected works for his own. Before October he was back at the Board of Control.

London, December 5th, 1833.

DEAR LORD LANSDOWNE, — I delayed returning an answer to your kind letter till this day, in order that I might be able to send you definitive intelligence. Yesterday evening the directors appointed me to a seat in the council of India. The votes were nineteen for me, and three against me.

I feel that the sacrifice which I am about to make is great. But the motives which urge me to make it are quite irresistible. Every day that I live I become less and less desirous of great wealth. But every day makes me more sensible of the importance of a competence. Without a competence it is not very easy for a public man to be honest: it is almost impossible for him to be thought so. I am so situated that I can subsist only in two ways: by being in office, and by my pen. Hitherto, literature has been merely my relaxation — the amusement of perhaps a month in the year. I have never considered it as the means of support. I have chosen my own topics, taken my own time, and dictated my own terms. The thought of becoming a book-seller's hack; of writing to relieve, not the fullness of the mind, but the emptiness of the pocket; of spurring a jaded fancy to reluctant exertion; of filling sheets with trash merely that the sheets may be filled. Yet thus it must be, if I should quit office. Yet to hold office merely for the sake of emolument would be more horrible still. The situation in which I have been placed for some time back would have broken the spirit of many men. It has rather tended to make me the most mutinous and unmanageable of the followers of the Government. I tendered my resignation twice during the course of the last session. I cer-

tainly should not have done so if I had been a man of fortune. You, whom malevolence itself could never accuse of coveting office for the sake of pecuniary gain, and whom your salary very poorly compensates for the sacrifice of ease and of your tastes to the public service, can not estimate rightly the feelings of a man who knows that his circumstances lay him open to the suspicion of being actuated in his public conduct by the lowest motives. Once or twice, when I have been defending unpopular
10 measures in the House of Commons, that thought has disordered my ideas and deprived me of my presence of mind.

If this were all, I should feel that, for the sake of my own happiness and of my public utility, a few years would
15 be well spent in obtaining an independence. But this is not all. I am not alone in the world. A family which I love most fondly is dependent on me. Unless I would see my father left in his old age to the charity of less near relations; my youngest brother unable to obtain a good
20 professional education; my sisters, who are more to me than any sisters ever were to a brother, forced to turn governesses or humble companions, I must do something, I must make some effort. An opportunity has offered itself. It is in my power to make the last days of my
25 father comfortable, to educate my brother, to provide for my sisters, to procure a competence for myself. I may hope, by the time I am thirty-nine or forty, to return to England with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. To me that would be affluence. I never wished for more.
30 As far as English politics are concerned, I lose, it is true, a few years. But, if your kindness had not introduced me very early to Parliament, if I had been left to climb up the regular path of my profession, and to rise

by my own efforts — I should have had very little chance of being in the House of Commons at forty. If I have gained any distinction in the eyes of my countrymen, if I have acquired any knowledge of Parliamentary and official business, and any habitude for the management of great affairs, I ought to consider these things as clear gain.

Then, too, the years of my absence, though lost, as far as English politics are concerned, will not, I hope, be wholly lost as respects either my own mind or the happiness of my fellow-creatures. I can scarcely conceive a nobler field than that which our Indian empire now presents to a statesman. While some of my partial friends are blaming me for stooping to accept a share in the government of that empire, I am afraid that I am aspiring too high for my qualifications. I sometimes feel, I most unaffectedly declare, depressed and appalled by the immense responsibility which I have undertaken. You are one of the very few public men of our time who have bestowed on Indian affairs the attention which they deserve; and you will therefore, I am sure, fully enter into my feelings.

And now, dear Lord Lansdowne, let me thank you most warmly for the kind feeling which has dictated your letter. That letter is, indeed, but a very small part of what I ought to thank you for. That at an early age I have gained some credit in public life; that I have done some little service to more than one good cause; that I now have it in my power to repair the ruined fortunes of my family, and to save those who are dearest to me from the misery and humiliation of dependence; that I am almost certain, if I live, of obtaining a competence by honorable means before I am past the full vigor of manhood — all this I

owe to your kindness. I will say no more. I will only entreat you to believe that neither now, nor on any former occasion, have I ever said one thousandth part of what I feel.

* * * * *

5 Believe me ever yours most faithfully and affectionately,
T. B. MACAULAY.

CHAPTER VI

1834-1838

FROM the moment that a deputation of Falmouth° Whigs, headed by their mayor, came on board to wish Macaulay his health in India and a happy return to England, nothing occurred that broke the monotony of an easy and rapid voyage. "The catching of a shark; 5 the shooting of an albatross; a sailor tumbling down the hatchway and breaking his head; a cadet getting drunk and swearing at the captain," are incidents to which not even the highest literary power can impart the charm of novelty in the eyes of the readers of a sea-faring-nation. 10 The company on the quarter-deck was much on a level with the average society of an East Indiaman. "Hannah will give you the histories of all these good people at length, I dare say, for she was extremely social: danced with the gentlemen in the evenings, and read novels and 15 sermons with the ladies in the mornings. I contented myself with being very civil whenever I was with the other passengers, and took care to be with them as little as I could. Except at meals, I hardly exchanged a word with any human being. I never was left for so long a 20 time so completely to my own resources; and I am glad to say that I found them quite sufficient to keep me cheerful and employed. During the whole voyage I read with keen and increasing enjoyment. I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, and English; 25 folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos."

On the 10th of June the vessel lay to off Madras; and Macaulay had his first introduction to the people for whom he was appointed to legislate, in the person of a boatman who pulled through the surf on his raft. "He
 5 came on board with nothing on him but a pointed yellow cap, and walked among us with a self-possession and civility which, coupled with his color and his nakedness, nearly made me die of laughing." This gentleman was soon followed by more responsible messengers, who brought
 10 tidings the reverse of welcome. Lord William Bentinck, who was then governor-general, was detained by ill-health at Ootacamund, in the Neilgherry Hills; a place which, by name at least, is now as familiar to Englishmen as Malvern; but which in 1834 was known to Macaulay,
 15 by vague report, as situated somewhere "in the mountains of Malabar, beyond Mysore." The state of public business rendered it necessary that the council should meet; and, as the governor-general had left one member of that body in Bengal as his deputy, he was not able to make a
 20 quorum until his new colleague arrived from England. A pressing summons to attend his lordship in the Hills placed Macaulay in some embarrassment on account of his sister, who could not with safety commence her Eastern experiences by a journey of four hundred miles up the
 25 country in the middle of June. Happily the second letter which he opened proved to be from Bishop Wilson; who insisted that the son and daughter of so eminent an Evangelical as the editor of the *Christian Observer*, themselves part of his old congregation in Bedford Row, should
 30 begin their Indian life nowhere except under his roof. Hannah, accordingly, continued her voyage, and made her appearance in Calcutta circles with the Bishop's palace as a home, and Lady William Bentinck as a kind,

and soon an affectionate, chaperon; while her brother remained on shore at Madras, somewhat consoled for the separation by finding himself in a country where so much was to be seen, and where, as far as the English residents were concerned, he was regarded with a curiosity at least equal to his own.

Macauley set forth on his journey within a week from his landing, traveling by night, and resting while the sun was at its hottest. He has recorded his first impressions of Hindoostan in a series of journal letters addressed to his sister Margaret. The fresh and vivid character of those impressions, the genuine and multiform interest excited in him by all that met his ear or eye, explain the secret of the charm which enabled him in after-days to overcome the distaste for Indian literature entertained by that personage who, for want of a better, goes by the name of the general reader. Macauley reversed in his own case the experience of those countless writers on Indian themes who have successively blunted their pens against the passive indifference of the British public; for his faithful but brilliant studies of the history of our Eastern empire are to this day incomparably the most popular of his works. It may be possible, without injury to the fame of the author, to present a few extracts from a correspondence which is in some sort the raw material of productions that have already secured their place among our national classics.

“In the afternoon of the 17th of June I left Madras. My train consisted of thirty-eight persons. I was in one palanquin, and my servant followed in another. He is a half-caste. On the day on which we set out he told me he was a Catholic; and added, crossing himself and turning up the whites of his eyes, that he had recommended

himself to the protection of his patron saint, and that he was quite confident that we should perform our journey in safety. I thought of Ambrose Llamela, Gil Blas's° devout valet, who arranges a scheme for robbing his master 5 of his portmanteau, and, when he comes back from meeting his accomplices, pretends that he has been to the cathedral to implore a blessing on their voyage. I did him, however, a great injustice; for I have found him a very honest man, who knows the native languages; and who can dispute a 10 charge, bully a negligent bearer, arrange a bed, and make a curry. But he is so fond of giving advice that I fear he will some day or other, as the Scotch say, raise my corruption, and provoke me to send him about his business. His name, which I never hear without laughing, is Peter 15 Prim.

"Half my journey was by daylight, and all that I saw during that time disappointed me grievously. It is amazing how small a part of the country is under cultivation. Two-thirds at least, as it seemed to me, was in the 20 state of Wandsworth Common, or, to use an illustration which you will understand better, of Chatmoss. The people whom we met were as few as in the Highlands of Scotland. But I have been told that in India the villages generally lie at a distance from the roads, and that much 25 of the land, which when I passed through it looked like parched moor that had never been cultivated, would after the rains be covered with rice."

After traversing this landscape for fifteen hours, he reached the town of Arcot, which, under his handling, 30 was to be celebrated far and wide as the cradle of our greatness in the East.

"I was most hospitably received by Captain Smith, who commanded the garrison. After dinner the palanquins went forward with my servant, and the captain and I

took a ride to see the lions of the neighborhood. He mounted me on a very quiet Arab, and I had a pleasant excursion. We passed through a garden which was attached to the residence of the Nabob of the Carnatic,^o who anciently held his court at Arcot. The garden has been suffered to run to waste, and is only the more beautiful for having been neglected. Garden, indeed, is hardly a proper word. In England it would rank as one of our noblest parks, from which it differs principally in this, that most of the fine trees are fruit-trees. From this we came to a mountain pass which reminded me strongly of Borradaile^o near Derwentwater, and through this defile we struck into the road and rejoined the bearers."

And so he went forward on his way, recalling at every step the reminiscence of some place, or event, or person; and thereby doubling for himself, and perhaps for his correspondent, the pleasure which the reality was capable of affording. If he put up at a collector's bungalow, he liked to think that his host ruled more absolutely and over a larger population than "a Duke of Saxe-Weimar^o or a Duke of Lucca"; and when he came across a military man with a turn for reading, he pronounced him, "as Dominie Sampson^o said of another Indian colonel, 'a man of great erudition, considering his imperfect opportunities.'"

25

On the 19th of June he crossed the frontier of Mysore, reached Bangalore on the morning of the 20th, and rested there for three days in the house of the commandant.

"On Monday, the 23d, I took leave of Colonel Cubbon, who told me, with a warmth which I was vain enough to think sincere, that he had not passed three such pleasant days for thirty years. I went on all night, sleeping soundly in my palanquin. At five I was waked, and found that a

carriage was waiting for me. I had told Colonel Cubbon that I very much wished to see Seringapatam. He had written to the British authorities at the town of Mysore, and an officer had come from the Residency to show me
 5 all that was to be seen. I must now digress into Indian politics; and let me tell you that, if you read the little that I shall say about them, you will know more on the subject than half the members of the Cabinet."

After a few pages occupied by a sketch of the history of
 10 Mysore during the preceding century, Macaulay proceeds:

"Seringapatam has always been a place of peculiar interest to me. It was the scene of the greatest events of Indian history. It was the residence of the greatest of Indian princes. From a child I used to hear it talked
 15 of every day. Our uncle Colin^o was imprisoned there for four years, and he was afterward distinguished at the siege. I remember that there was, in a shop-window at Clapham, a daub of the taking of Seringapatam, which, as a boy, I often used to stare at with the greatest interest.
 20 I was delighted to have an opportunity of seeing the place; and, though my expectations were high, they were not disappointed."

During his stay at Mysore, Macaulay had an interview with the deposed rajah; whose appearance, conversation, palace, furniture, jewels, soldiers, elephants, courtiers,
 25 and idols he depicts in a letter, intended for family perusal, with a minuteness that would qualify him for an Anglo-Indian-Richardson.^o By the evening of the 24th of June he was once more on the road; and, about noon
 30 on the following day, he began to ascend the Neilgherries, through scenery which, for the benefit of readers who had never seen the Pyrenees or the Italian slopes of an Alpine

pass, he likened to "the vegetation of Windsor Forest^o or Blenheim^o spread over the mountains of Cumberland."^o After reaching the summit of the table-land, he passed through a wilderness where for eighteen miles together he met nothing more human than a monkey, until a 5 turn of the road disclosed the pleasant surprise of an amphitheatre of green hills encircling a small lake, whose banks were dotted with red-tiled cottages surrounding a pretty Gothic church. The whole station presented "very much 10 the look of a rising English watering-place. The largest house is occupied by the governor-general. It is a spacious and handsome building of stone. To this I was carried, and immediately ushered into his lordship's presence. I found him sitting by a fire in a carpeted library. He received me with the greatest kindness, frankness, and 15 hospitality. He is, as far as I can yet judge, all that I have heard; that is to say, rectitude, openness, and good nature personified." Many months of close friendship and common labors did but confirm Macaulay in this first view of Lord William Bentinck. His estimate^o of 20 that singularly noble character survives in the closing sentence of the essay on Lord Clive; and is inscribed on the base of the statue which, standing in front of the Town Hall, may be seen far and wide over the great expanse of grass that serves as the park, the parade-ground, and the 25 race-course of Calcutta.

To Thomas Flower Ellis.

Ootacamund, July 1st, 1834.

DEAR ELLIS, — You need not get your map to see where Ootacamund is, for it has not found its way into the 30 maps. It is a new discovery; a place to which Europeans

resort for their health, or, as it is called by the Company's servants — blessings on their learning! — a *sanaterion*. It lies at the height of seven thousand feet above the sea.

While London is a perfect gridiron, here am I, at 13° 5 north from the equator, by a blazing wood-fire, with my windows closed. My bed is heaped with blankets, and my black servants are coughing round me in all directions. One poor fellow in particular looks so miserably cold that, unless the sun comes out, I am likely soon to see 10 under my own roof the spectacle which, according to Shakspeare, is so interesting to the English — a dead Indian.^o

I am very comfortable here. The governor-general is the frankest and best-natured of men. The chief func- 15 tionaries who have attended him hither are clever people, but not exactly on a par as to general attainments with the society to which I belonged in London. I thought, however, even at Madras, that I could have formed a very agreeable circle of acquaintance; and I am assured that 20 at Calcutta I shall find things far better. After all, the best rule in all parts of the world, as in London itself, is to be independent of other men's minds. My power of finding amusement without companions was pretty well tried on my voyage. I read insatiably; the "Iliad" and 25 "Odyssey," Virgil, Horace, Cæsar's "Commentaries," Bacon, "De Augmentis," Dante, Petrarch,^o Ariosto, Tasso, "Don Quixote," Gibbon's "Rome," Mill's "India," all the seventy volumes of Voltaire, Sismondi's "History of France," and the seven thick folios of the "Biographia 30 Britannica." I found my Greek and Latin in good condition enough.

I have already entered on my public functions, and I hope to do some good. The very wigs of the judges in

the Court of King's Bench would stand on end if they knew how short a chapter my Law of Evidence will form. I am not without many advisers. A native of some fortune at Madras has sent me a paper on legislation. "Your honor must know," says this judicious person, "that the great evil is that men swear falsely in this country. No judge knows what to believe. Surely, if your honor can make men to swear truly, your honor's fame will be great, and the company will flourish. Now, I know how men may be made to swear truly; and I will tell your honor, 10 for your fame, and for the profit of the company. Let your honor cut off the great toe of the right foot of every man who swears falsely, whereby your honor's fame will be extended." Is not this an exquisite specimen of legislative wisdom? 15

I must stop. When I begin to write to England, my pen runs as if it would run on forever.

Ever yours affectionately,

T. B. M.

To Miss Fanny and Miss Selina Macaulay.

Ootacamund, August 10th, 1834. 20

MY DEAR SISTERS, — I sent last month a full account of my journey hither, and of the place, to Margaret, as the most stationary of our family; desiring her to let you all see what I had written to her. I think that I shall continue to take the same course. It is better to write 25 one full and connected narrative than a good many imperfect fragments.

Money matters seem likely to go on capitally. My expenses, I find, will be smaller than I anticipated. The rate of exchange, if you know what that means, is very 30 favorable indeed; and, if I live, I shall get rich fast. I

quite enjoy the thought of appearing in the light of an old hunk who knows on which side his bread is buttered; a warm man; a fellow who will cut up well. This is not a character which the Macaulays have been much in the habit of sustaining; but I can assure you that after next Christmas I expect to lay up on an average about seven thousand pounds a year, while I remain in India.

At Christmas I shall send home a thousand or two hundred pounds for my father, and you all. I can not tell you what a comfort it is to me to find that I shall be able to do this. It reconciles me to all the pains — acute enough, sometimes, God knows — of banishment. In a few years, if I live — probably in less than five years from the time at which you will be reading this letter — we shall be again together in a comfortable, though a modest, home; certain of a good fire, a good joint of meat, and a good glass of wine; without owing obligations to any body; and perfectly indifferent, at least as far as our pecuniary interest is concerned, to the changes of the political world. Rely on it, my dear girls, that there is no chance of my going back with my heart cooled toward you. I came hither principally to save my family, and I am not likely while here to forget them. Ever yours,

T. B. M.

The months of July and August Macaulay spent on the Neilgherries, in a climate equable as Madeira° and invigorating as Braemar°; where thickets of rhododendron fill the glades and clothe the ridges; and where the air is heavy with the scent of rose-trees of a size more fitted for an orchard than a flower-bed, and bushes of heliotrope thirty paces round. The glories of the forests and of the gardens touched him in spite of his profound botanical

ignorance, and he dilates more than once upon his "cottage buried in laburnums, or something very like them, and geraniums which grow in the open air." He had the more leisure for the natural beauties of the place, as there was not much else to interest even a traveler fresh from England.

Unfortunately, Macaulay's stay on the Neilgherries coincided with the monsoon. "The rain streamed down in floods. It was very seldom that I could see a hundred yards in front of me. During a month together I did not get two hours' walking." He began to be bored, for the first and last time in his life: while his companions, who had not his resources, were ready to hang themselves for very dullness. The ordinary amusements with which, in the more settled parts of India, our countrymen beguile the rainy season, were wanting in a settlement that had only lately been reclaimed from the desert; in the immediate vicinity of which you still ran the chance of being "trodden into the shape of half a crown by a wild elephant, or eaten by the tigers, which prefer this situation to the plains below for the same reason that takes so many Europeans to India: they encounter an uncongenial climate for the sake of what they can get." There were no books in the place except those that Macaulay had brought with him; among which, most luckily, was "Clarissa Harlowe." Aided by the rain outside, he soon talked his favorite romance into general favor. The reader will consent to put up with one or two slight inaccuracies in order to have the story told by Thackeray.

"I spoke to him once about 'Clarissa.' 'Not read 'Clarissa!'' he cried out. 'If you have once read 'Clarissa,' and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I

was in India I passed one hot season in the Hills; and there were the governor-general, and the secretary of government, and the commander-in-chief, and their wives. I had "Clarissa" with me; and as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe, and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The governor's wife seized the book; the secretary waited for it; the chief-justice could not read it for tears.' He acted the whole scene: he paced up and down the Athenæum library. I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book: of that book, and of what countless piles of others!"

An old Scotch doctor, a Jacobin and a freethinker, who could only be got to attend church by the positive orders of the governor-general, cried over the last volume until he was too ill to appear at dinner. The chief secretary — afterward, as Sir William Macnaghten, the hero and the victim of the darkest episode^o in our Indian history — declared that reading this copy of "Clarissa" under the inspiration of its owner's enthusiasm was nothing less than an epoch in his life. After the lapse of thirty years, when Ootacamund had long enjoyed the advantage of a book-club and a circulating library, the tradition of Macaulay and his novel still lingered on with a tenacity most unusual in the ever-shifting society of an Indian station.

"At length Lord William gave me leave of absence.

"On Tuesday, the 16th, I went on board at Madras. I amused myself on the voyage to Calcutta with learning Portuguese, and made myself almost as well acquainted with it as I care to be. I read the 'Lusiad,'^o and am now reading it a second time."

He had not much time for his Portuguese studies. The run was unusually fast, and the ship only spent a week in

the Bay of Bengal, and forty-eight hours in the Hooghly.^o He found his sister comfortably installed in Government House, where he himself took up his quarters during the next six weeks; Lady William Bentinck having been prepared to welcome him as a guest by her husband's 5 letters. Toward the middle of November, Macaulay began housekeeping for himself; living, as he always loved to live, rather more generously than the strict necessities of his position demanded. His residence, then the best in Calcutta, has long since been converted into 10 the Bengal Club.

To Mrs. Cropper.

Calcutta, December 7th, 1834.

DEAREST MARGARET, — I rather suppose that some late letters from Nancy may have prepared you to learn 15 what I am now about to communicate. She is going to be married, and with my fullest and warmest approbation. I can truly say that, if I had to search India for a husband for her, I could have found no man to whom I could with equal confidence have intrusted her happi- 20 ness. Trevelyan^o is about eight-and-twenty. He was educated at the Charter-house,^o and then went to Haileybury, and came out hither. In this country he has distinguished himself beyond any man of his standing by his great talent for business; by his liberal and enlarged 25 views of policy; and by literary merit, which, for his opportunities, is considerable.

I saw the feeling growing from the first; for, though I generally pay not the smallest attention to those matters, I had far too deep an interest in Nancy's happiness not to 30 watch her behavior to every body who saw much of her. I knew it, I believe, before she knew it herself; and I

could most easily have prevented it by merely treating Trevelyan with a little coldness, for he is a man whom the smallest rebuff would completely discourage. But you will believe, my dearest Margaret, that no thought
 5 of such base selfishness ever passed through my mind. I would as soon have locked my dear Nancy up in a nunnery as have put the smallest obstacle in the way of her having a good husband. I therefore gave every facility and encouragement to both of them. What I have my-
 10 self felt, it is unnecessary to say. My parting from you almost broke my heart. But when I parted from you I had Nancy; I had all my other relations; I had my friends; I had my country. Now I have nothing except the resources of my own mind, and the consciousness of
 15 having acted not ungenerously. But I do not repine. Whatever I suffer I have brought on myself. I have neglected the plainest lessons of reason and experience. I remember quoting some nursery rhymes, years ago, when you left me in London to join Nancy at Rothley
 20 Temple or Leamington, I forget which. Those foolish lines contain the history of my life.

There were two birds that sat on a stone:
 One flew away, and there was but one.
 The other flew away, and then there was none;
 25 And the poor stone was left all alone.

Ever, my dearest Margaret, yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

A passage from a second letter to the same person deserves to be quoted, as an instance of how a good man
 30 may be unable to read aright his own nature, and a wise

man to forecast his own future. "I feel a growing tendency to cynicism and suspicion. My intellect remains; and is likely, I sometimes think, to absorb the whole man. I still retain (not only undiminished, but strengthened by the very events which have deprived me of every 5 thing else) my thirst for knowledge; my passion for holding converse with the greatest minds of all ages and nations; my power of forgetting what surrounds me, and of living with the past, the future, the distant, and the unreal. Books are becoming every thing to me. If I had at this 10 moment my choice of life, I would bury myself in one of those immense libraries that we saw together at the universities, and never pass a waking hour without a book before me." So little was he aware that, during the years which were to come, his thoughts and cares would be less 15 than ever for himself, and more for others; and that his existence would be passed amidst a bright atmosphere of affectionate domestic happiness, which, until his own death came, no accident was henceforward destined to overcloud. 20

But, before his life assumed the equable and prosperous tenor in which it continued to the end, one more trouble was in store for him. Long before the last letters to his sister Margaret had been written, the eyes which were to have read them had been closed forever. When 25 the melancholy news arrived in India, the young couple were spending their honeymoon in a lodge in the governor-general's part at Barrackpore. They immediately returned to Calcutta, and, under the shadow of a great sorrow, began their sojourn in their brother's house; who, 30 for his part, did what he might to drown his grief in floods of official work.

It is fortunate for India that a man with the tastes and

the training of Macaulay came to her shores as one vested with authority, and that he came at the moment when he did; for that moment was the very turning-point of her intellectual progress. All educational action had been
 5 at a stand for some time back, on account of an irreconcilable difference of opinion in the Committee of Public Instruction, which was divided, five against five, on either side of a controversy, vital, inevitable, admitting of neither postponement nor compromise, and conducted by both
 10 parties with a pertinacity and a warmth that was nothing but honorable to those concerned. Half of the members were for maintaining and extending the old scheme of encouraging Oriental learning by stipends paid to students in Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic; and by liberal grants for
 15 the publication of works in those languages. The other half were in favor of teaching the elements of knowledge in the vernacular tongues, and the higher branches in English. On his arrival, Macaulay was appointed president of the committee; but he declined to take any active
 20 part in its proceedings until the Government had finally pronounced on the question at issue. Late in January, 1835, the advocates of the two systems, than whom ten abler men could not be found in the service, laid their opinions before the Supreme Council; and, on the 2d of
 25 February, Macaulay, as a member of that council, produced a minute in which he adopted and defended the views of the English section in the committee.

“How stands the case? We have to educate a people who can not at present be educated by means of their
 30 mother tongue. We must teach them some foreign language. The claims of our own language it is hardly necessary to recapitulate. It stands pre-eminent even among the languages of the West. It abounds with works of

imagination not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; with models of every species of eloquence; with historical compositions, which, considered merely as narratives, have seldom been surpassed, and which, considered as vehicles of ethical and political instruction, have never been equalled; with just and lively representations of human life and human nature; with the most profound speculations on metaphysics, morals, government, jurisprudence, and trade; with full and correct information respecting every experimental science 10 which tends to preserve the health, to increase the comfort, or to expand the intellect of man. Whoever knows that language has ready access to all the vast intellectual wealth which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. 15 It may safely be said that the literature now extant in that language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together. Nor is this all. In India, English is the language spoken by the ruling class. It is 20 spoken by the higher class of natives at the seats of government. It is likely to become the language of commerce throughout the seas of the East. It is the language of two great European communities which are rising, the one in the south of Africa, the other in Australasia; com- 25 munities which are every year becoming more important, and more closely connected with our Indian empire. Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our literature, or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, 30 the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects.

“The question now before us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language, we shall teach languages in which, by universal confession, there are no 35 books on any subject which deserve to be compared to our own; whether, when we can teach European science, we

shall teach systems which, by universal confession, whenever they differ from those of Europe, differ for the worse; and whether, when we can patronize sound philosophy and true history, we shall countenance, at the public expense, medical doctrines which would disgrace an English farrier — astronomy, which would move laughter in the girls at an English boarding-school — history, abounding with kings thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thousand years long — and geography, made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter."

This minute, which in its original shape is long enough for an article in a quarterly review, and as business-like as a report of a royal commission, set the question at rest at once and forever. On the 7th of March, 1835, Lord William Bentinck decided that "the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India;" two of the Orientalists retired from the Committee of Public Instruction; several new members, both English and native, were appointed; and Macaulay entered upon the functions of president with an energy and assiduity which in his case were an infallible proof that his work was to his mind.

The post was no sinecure. It was an arduous task to plan, found, and construct, in all its grades, the education of such a country as India. Macaulay rose to the occasion, and threw himself into the routine of administration and control with zeal sustained by diligence and tempered by tact. "We were hardly prepared," said a competent critic, "for the amount of conciliation which he evinces in dealing with irritable colleagues and subordinates, and for the strong, sterling, practical common sense with which he sweeps away rubbish, or cuts the knots of local and de-

partmental problems." The value which a man sets upon the objects of his pursuit is generally in proportion to the mastery which he exercises over himself, and the patience and forbearance displayed in his dealings with others. If we judge Macaulay by this standard, it is plain that he 5 cared a great deal more for providing our Eastern empire with an educational outfit that would work and wear than he ever cared for keeping his own seat in Parliament, or pushing his own fortunes in Downing Street.

It may add something to the merit of Macaulay's labors 10 in the cause of education that those labors were voluntary and unpaid; and voluntary and unpaid likewise was another service which he rendered to India, not less durable than the first, and hardly less important. A clause in the act of 1833 gave rise to the appointment of a com- 15 mission to inquire into the jurisprudence and jurisdiction of our Eastern empire. Macaulay, at his own instigation, was appointed president of that commission. He had not been many months engaged in his new duties before he submitted a proposal, by the adoption of which his 20 own industry, and the high talents of his colleagues, Mr. Cameron and Sir John Macleod, might be turned to the best account by being employed in framing a criminal code for the whole Indian empire. "This code," writes Macaulay, "should not be a mere digest of existing usages 25 and regulations, but should comprise all the reforms which the commission may think desirable. It should be framed on two great principles — the principle of suppressing crime with the smallest possible amount of suffering, and the principle of ascertaining truth at the smallest possible 30 cost of time and money. The commissioners should be particularly charged to study conciseness, as far as it is consistent with perspicuity. In general, I believe, it will

be found that perspicuous and concise expressions are not only compatible, but identical."

If it be asked whether or not the "Penal Code" fulfills the ends for which it was framed, the answer may safely be left to the gratitude of Indian civilians, the younger of whom carry it about in their saddle-bags, and the older in their heads. The value which it possesses in the eyes of a trained English lawyer may be gathered from the testimony of Macaulay's eminent successor, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen °:

"The point which always has surprised me most in connection with the 'Penal Code' is, that it proves that Lord Macaulay must have had a knowledge of English criminal law which, considering how little he had practiced it, may fairly be called extraordinary. He must have possessed the gift of going at once to the very root of the matter, and of sifting the corn from the chaff to a most unusual degree; for his draft gives the substance of the criminal law of England, down to its minute working details, in a compass which by comparison with the original may be regarded as almost absurdly small. The 'Indian Penal Code' is to the English criminal law what a manufactured article ready for use is to the materials out of which it is made. It is to the French 'Code Pénal,' and, I may add, to the 'North German Code' of 1871, what a finished picture is to a sketch. It is far simpler, and much better expressed, than Livingston's 'Code for Louisiana'; and its practical success has been complete. The clearest proof of this is that hardly any questions have arisen upon it which have had to be determined by the courts; and that few and slight amendments have had to be made in it by the Legislature."

Without troubling himself unduly about the matter, Macaulay was conscious that the world's estimate of his

public services would be injuriously affected by the popular notion, which he has described as "so flattering to mediocrity," that a great writer can not be a great administrator; and it is possible that this consciousness had something to do with the heartiness and fervor which he threw 5 into his defense of the author of "Cato" against the charge of having been an inefficient secretary of state. There was much in common between his own lot and that of the other famous essayist who had been likewise a Whig statesman; and this similarity in their fortunes may ac- 10 count in part for the indulgence, and almost tenderness, with which he reviewed the career and character of Addison. Addison himself, at his villa in Chelsea, and still more amidst the gilded slavery of Holland House, might have envied the literary seclusion, ample for so rapid a 15 reader, which the usages of Indian life permitted Macaulay to enjoy. "I have a very pretty garden," he writes, "not unlike our little grass-plot at Clapham, but larger. It consists of a fine sheet of turf, with a gravel walk round it, and flower-beds scattered over it. It looks beautiful just 20 now after the rains, and I hear that it keeps its verdure during a great part of the year. A flight of steps leads down from my library into the garden, and it is so well shaded that you may walk there till ten o'clock in the morning."

Here, book in hand, and in dressing-gown and slippers, 25 he would spend those two hours after sunrise which Anglo-Indian gentlemen devote to riding, and Anglo-Indian ladies to sleeping off the arrears of the sultry night. Regularly, every morning, his studies were broken in upon by the arrival of his baby niece, who came to feed the crows 30 with the toast which accompanied his early cup of tea; a ceremony during which he had much ado to protect the child from the advances of a multitude of birds, each al-

most as big as herself, which hopped and fluttered round her as she stood on the steps of the veranda.

Calcutta, December 30th, 1835.

DEAR ELLIS, — I am in excellent health. So are my
 5 sister and brother-in-law, and their little girl, whom I am
 always nursing; and of whom I am becoming fonder than a
 wise man, with half my experience, would choose to be of
 any thing except himself. I have but very lately begun
 to recover my spirits. The tremendous blow which fell
 10 on me at the beginning of this year has left marks behind
 it which I shall carry to my grave. Literature has saved
 my life and my reason. Even now, I dare not, in the intervals
 of business, remain alone for a minute without a
 book in my hand. What my course of life will be when I
 15 return to England is very doubtful. But I am more than
 half determined to abandon politics, and to give myself
 wholly to letters; to undertake some great historical
 work which may be at once the business and the amusement
 of my life.
 20 In England I might probably be of a very different
 opinion. But, in the quiet of my own little grass-plot —
 when the moon, at its rising, finds me with the “*Philoc-*
tetes”^o or the “*De Finibus*”^o in my hand — I often wonder
 what strange infatuation leads men who can do something
 25 better, to squander their intellect, their health, their
 energy, on such objects as those which most statesmen
 are engaged in pursuing. I comprehend perfectly how a
 man who can debate, but who would make a very indifferent
 figure as a contributor to an annual or a magazine
 30 — such a man as Stanley, for example — should take the
 only line by which he can attain distinction. But that
 a man before whom the two paths of literature and poli-

tics lie open, and who might hope for eminence in either, should choose politics, and quit literature, seems to me madness. On the one side are health, leisure, peace of mind, the search after truth,^o and all the enjoyments of friendship and conversation. On the other side are almost certain ruin to the constitution, constant labor, constant anxiety.

Ever yours affectionately,

T. B. MACAULAY.

To Macvey Napier, Esq.

10

Calcutta, November 26th, 1836.

DEAR NAPIER, — At last I send you an article of interminable length about Lord Bacon. I hardly know whether it is not too long for an article in a *Review*; but the subject is of such vast extent that I could easily have made the 15 paper twice as long as it is.

In little more than a year I shall be embarking for England, and I have determined to employ the four months of my voyage in mastering the German language. I should be much obliged to you to send me out, as early as you can, 20 so that they may be certain to arrive in time, the best grammar, and the best dictionary, that can be procured; a German Bible; Schiller's^o works; Goethe's^o works; and Niebuhr's^o "History," both in the original and in the translation. My way of learning a language is always to 25 begin with the Bible, which I can read without a dictionary. After a few days passed in this way, I am master of all the common particles, the common rules of syntax, and a pretty large vocabulary. Then I fall on some good classical work. It was in this way that I learned both 30 Spanish and Portuguese, and I shall try the same course with German.^o

Yours very truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Macaulay necessarily spent away from home the days on which the Supreme Council, or the Law Commission, held their meetings; but the rest of his work, legal, literary, and educational, he carried on in the quiet of his library. Now and again, a morning was consumed in returning calls; an expenditure of time which it is needless to say that he sorely grudged. "Happily the good people here are too busy to be at home. Except the parsons, they are all usefully occupied somewhere or other, 5 so that I have only to leave cards; but the reverend gentlemen are always within doors in the heat of the day, lying on their backs, regretting breakfast, longing for tiffin, and crying out for lemonade." After lunch he sat with Mrs. Trevelyan, translating Greek or reading French for her benefit; and Scribe's^o comedies and Saint Simon's^o 15 "Memoirs" beguiled the long, languid leisure of the Calcutta afternoon, while the punka swung overhead, and the air came heavy and scented through the moistened grass matting which shrouded the windows. At the approach of sunset, with its attendant breeze, he joined his sister in her drive along the banks of the Hooghly; and they returned by starlight, too often to take part in a vast banquet of forty guests, dressed as fashionably as people can dress at ninety degrees east from Paris; who, one 25 and all, had far rather have been eating their curry and drinking their bitter beer at home, in all the comfort of muslin and nankeen. Macaulay is vehement in his dislike of "those great formal dinners, which unite all the stiffness of a levee to all the disorder and discomfort of a 30 two-shilling ordinary. Nothing can be duller. Nobody speaks except to the person next him. The conversation is the most deplorable twaddle; and, as I always sit next to the lady of the highest rank, or, in other words, to the

oldest, ugliest, and proudest woman in the company, I am worse off than my neighbors."

Nevertheless he was far too acute a judge of men to undervalue the special type of mind which is produced and fostered by the influences of an Indian career. He was ⁵ always ready to admit that there is no better company in the world than a young and rising civilian; no one who has more to say that is worth hearing, and who can say it in a manner better adapted to interest those who know good talk from bad. He delighted in that freedom from ¹⁰ pedantry, affectation, and pretension which is one of the most agreeable characteristics of a service to belong to which is in itself so effectual an education, that a bore is a phenomenon notorious everywhere within a hundred miles of the station which has the honor to possess him, ¹⁵ and a fool is quoted by name throughout all the three presidencies. Macaulay writes to his sisters at home: "The best way of seeing society here is to have very small parties. There is a little circle of people whose friendship I value, and in whose conversation I take pleasure." On ²⁰ the Friday of every week these chosen few met round Macaulay's breakfast-table to discuss the progress which the Law Commission had made in its labors; and each successive point which was started opened the way to such a flood of talk, legal, historical, political, and personal, ²⁵ that the company would sit far on toward noon over the empty tea-cups, until an uneasy sense of accumulating dispatch-boxes drove them, one by one, to their respective offices.

Making, as always, the best of every thing, he was quite ³⁰ ready to allow that he might have been placed in a still less agreeable situation. "Speaking for myself, it was a great piece of good fortune that I came hither just at the

time when the general distress had forced every body to adopt a moderate way of living. Owing very much to that circumstance (while keeping house, I think, more handsomely than any other member of council), I have saved
5 what will enable me to do my part toward making my family comfortable; and I shall have a competency for myself, small indeed, but quite sufficient to render me as perfectly independent as if I were the possessor of Burleigh^o or Chatsworth."^o

- 10 "The rainy season of 1837 has been exceedingly unhealthy. Our house has escaped as well as any; yet Hannah is the only one of us who has come off untouched. Trevelyan has suffered a good deal, and is kept right only by occasional trips in a steamer down to the mouth of the
15 Hooghly. I had a smart touch of fever, which happily staid but an hour or two, and I took such vigorous measures that it never came again; but I remained unnerved and exhausted for nearly a fortnight. This was my first, and I hope my last, taste of Indian maladies. It is a
20 happy thing for us all that we are not to pass another year in the reek of this deadly marsh." Macaulay wisely declined to set the hope of making another lac of rupees against the risk, to himself and others. He put the finishing stroke to his various labors; resigned his seat in the
25 council, and his presidentships of the Law Commission and the Committee of Public Instruction; and, in company with the Trevelyans, sailed for England in the first fortnight of the year 1838.

CHAPTER VII

1838-1839

THE *Lord Hungerford* justified her reputation of a bad sailer, and the homeward voyage was protracted into the sixth month. This unusual delay, combined with the knowledge that the ship had met with very rough weather after leaving the Cape, gave rise to a report that she had been lost, with all on board, and brought a succession of Whig politicians into the City to inquire at Lloyd's^o about the safety of her precious freight. But it was in the character of a son and brother, and not of a party orator, that Macaulay was most eagerly and anxiously expected. He had, indeed, been sorely missed. "You can have no conception," writes one of his sisters, "of the change which has come over this household. It is as if the sun had deserted the earth. The chasm Tom's departure has made can never be supplied. He was so unlike any other being one ever sees, and his visits among us were a sort of refreshment which served not a little to enliven and cheer our monotonous way of life; but now day after day rises and sets without object or interest, so that sometimes I almost feel aweary of this world."

Things did not mend as time went on. With Zachary Macaulay, as had been the case with so many like him, the years which intervened between the time when his work was done and the time when he went to receive his wages were years of trouble, of sorrow, and even of gloom. Failing health; failing eyesight; the sense of being helpless and useless, after an active and beneficent career; the

consciousness of dependence upon others at an age when the moral disadvantages of poverty are felt even more keenly than youth feels its material discomforts — such were the clouds that darkened the close of a life which
 5 had never been without its trials. During the months that his children were on their homeward voyage his health was breaking fast; and before the middle of May he died, without having again seen their faces.

Zachary Macaulay's bust in Westminster Abbey^o bears
 10 on its pedestal a beautiful inscription (which is, and probably will remain, his only biography), in which much more is told than he himself would wish to have been told about a man

WHO DURING FORTY SUCCESSIVE YEARS,
 PARTAKING IN THE COUNSELS AND THE LABORS
 WHICH, GUIDED BY FAVORING PROVIDENCE,
 RESCUED AFRICA FROM THE WOES,
 AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE FROM THE GUILT,
 OF SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE-TRADE,
 MEEKLY ENDURED THE TOIL, THE PRIVATION, AND THE
 REPROACH,
 RESIGNING TO OTHERS THE PRAISE AND THE REWARD.

3 Clarges Street, London, June 14th, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER, — I did not need your letter to satisfy
 25 me of your kindness, and of the pleasure which my arrival would give you. I have returned with a small independence, but still an independence. All my tastes and wishes lead me to prefer literature to politics. When I say this to my friends here, some
 30 of them seem to think that I am out of my wits, and others that I am coquetting to raise my price. I, on the other hand, believe that I am wise, and know that I am sincere.

Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, July 20th, 1838.

DEAR NAPIER, — There is little chance that I shall see Scotland this year. In the autumn I shall probably set out for Rome, and return to London in the spring. As soon as I return, I shall seriously commence my "History." 5 The first part (which, I think, will take up five octavo volumes) will extend from the Revolution to the commencement of Sir Robert Walpole's long administration; a period of three or four and thirty very eventful years. From the commencement of Walpole's administration 10 to the commencement of the American war, events may be dispatched more concisely. From the commencement of the American war it will again become necessary to be copious. These, at least, are my present notions. How far I shall bring the narrative down I have not de- 15 termined. The death of George the Fourth would be the best halting-place. The "History" would then be an entire view of all the transactions which took place, between the Revolution which brought the Crown into harmony with the Parliament, and the Revolution which 20 brought the Parliament into harmony with the nation. But there are great and obvious objections to contemporary history. To be sure, if I live to be seventy, the events of George the Fourth's reign will be to me then what the American war and the Coalition° are to me now. 25

Whether I shall continue to reside in London seems to me very uncertain. I used to think that I liked London; but, in truth, I liked things which were in London, and which are gone. My family is scattered. I have no Parliamentary or official business to bind me to the capital. 30 The business to which I propose to devote myself is almost incompatible with the distractions of a town life. I am sick of the monotonous succession of parties, and long for

quiet and retirement. To quit politics for letters is, I believe, a wise choice. To cease to be a member of Parliament only to become a diner-out would be contemptible; and it is not easy for me to avoid becoming a mere diner-out if I reside here.

Ever yours,

T. B. M.

In the middle of October Macaulay started for a tour in Italy. Just past middle life, with his mind already full, and his imagination still fresh and his health unbroken, it
 10 may be doubted whether any traveler had carried thither a keener expectation of enjoyment since Winckelmann^o for the first time crossed the Alps. A diary, from which extracts will be given, curiously illustrates the feelings with which he regarded the scenes around him. He viewed
 15 the works, both of man and of nature, with the eyes of an historian, and not of an artist. The leading features of a tract of country impressed themselves rapidly and indelibly on his observation; all its associations and traditions swept at once across his memory; and every line of good
 20 poetry which its fame or its beauty had inspired rose almost involuntarily to his lips. But, compared with the wealth of phrases on which he could draw at will when engaged on the description of human passions, catastrophes, and intrigues, his stock of epithets applicable
 25 to mountains, seas, and clouds was singularly scanty; and he had no ambition to enlarge it. When he had recorded the fact that the leaves were green, the sky blue, the plain rich, and the hills clothed with wood, he had said all he had to say, and there was an end of it. He had
 30 neither the taste nor the power for rivaling those novelists who have more colors in their vocabulary than ever Turner^o had on his palette; and who spend over the lin-

gering phases of a single sunset as much ink as Richardson° consumed in depicting the death of his villain or the ruin of his heroine. "I have always thought," said Lady Trevelyan, "that your uncle was incomparable in showing a town, or the place where any famous event occurred; 5 but that he did not care for scenery, merely as scenery. He enjoyed the country, in his way. He liked sitting out on a lawn, and seeing grass and flowers around him. Occasionally a view made a great impression on him, such as the view down upon Susa, going over Mont Cenis°; 10 but I doubt whether any scene pleased his eye more than his own beloved Holly Lodge,° or Mr. Thornton's garden at Battersea Rise. When we were recalling the delights of an excursion among the Surrey hills,° or in the by-ways at the English lakes,° he would be inclined to ask, 'What 15 went ye out for to see?'° Yet he readily took in the points of a landscape; and I remember being much struck by his description of the country before you reach Rome, which he gives in 'Horatius.'° When I followed him over that ground many years after, I am sure that I 20 marked the very turn in the road where the lines struck him:

From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers;

and so on through 'reedy Thrasymene,' and all the other 25 localities of the poem."

"*Chalons-sur-Saône, Tuesday, October 23d, 1838.* — The road from Autun is for some way more beautiful than any thing I had yet seen in France; or, indeed, in that style, anywhere else, except, perhaps, the ascent to the table- 30 land of the Neilgherries.° I traversed a winding pass, near two miles in length, running by the side of a murmur-

ing brook, and between hills covered with forest. The landscape appeared in the richest coloring of October, under a sun like that of an English June. The earth was the earth of autumn, but the sky was the sky of summer. 5 The foliage — dark-green, light-green, purple, red, and yellow — seen by the evening sun, produced the effect of the plumage of the finest Eastern birds. I walked up the pass exceedingly pleased. To enjoy scenery you should ramble amidst it; let the feelings to which it gives rise 10 mingle with other thoughts; look around upon it in intervals of reading; and not go to it as one goes to see the lions fed at a fair. The beautiful is not to be stared at, but to be lived with. I have no pleasure from books which equals that of reading over for the hundredth time great 15 productions which I almost know by heart; and it is just the same with scenery."

"Wednesday, October 31st. — This was one of the most remarkable days of my life. After being detained, by the idle precautions which are habitual with these small 20 absolute governments, for an hour on deck, that the passengers might be counted; for another hour in a dirty room, that the agent of the police might write down all our names; and for a third hour in another smoky den, while a custom-house officer opened razor-cases to see that they 25 concealed no muslin, and turned over dictionaries to be sure that they contained no treason or blasphemy, I hurried on shore, and by seven in the morning I was in the streets of Genoa. Never had I been more struck and enchanted. There was nothing mean or small to break 30 the charm, as one huge, massy, towering palace succeeded to another. What a city, where a king has only to go into the market to buy a Luxembourg, or a St. James's!° Next to the palaces, or rather quite as much, I admired the churches. In this way I passed the day, greatly excited 35 and delighted."

With this, perhaps the only jingling sentence which he ever left unblotted, Macaulay closes the account of his first, but far from his last, visit to the queen of the Tyrrhenian sea. To the end of his days, when comparing, as he loved to compare, the claims of European cities to the prize of beauty, he would place at the head of the list the august names of Oxford, Edinburgh, and Genoa.

"*November 2d.* — I shall always have an interesting recollection of Pisa. There is something pleasing in the way in which all the monuments of Pisan greatness lie together, in a place not unlike the close of an English cathedral, surrounded with green turf; still kept in the most perfect preservation, and evidently matters of admiration and of pride to the whole population. Pisa has always had a great hold on my mind: partly from its misfortunes; and partly, I believe, because my first notions about the Italian republics were derived from Sismondi,° whom I read while at school.

"As I approached Florence the day became brighter; and the country looked, not indeed strikingly beautiful, but very pleasing. The sight of the olive-trees interested me much. I had, indeed, seen what I was told were olive-trees, as I was whirled down the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon; but they might, for anything I saw, have been willows or ash-trees. Now they stood, covered with berries, along the road for miles. I looked at them with the same sort of feeling with which Washington Irving says that he heard the nightingale for the first time when he came to England, after having read descriptions of her in poets from his childhood."

30

On the 12th of November, Macaulay set out from Florence, by way of Cortona and Perugia.

"*Tuesday, November 13th.* — My journey lay over the field of Thrasymenus." I did not discern the lake till the

road came quite close to it, and then my view extended only over a few yards of reedy mud and shallow water, so that I can truly say that I have seen precisely what the Roman army saw on that day. After some time we began to ascend, and came at last, with the help of oxen, to an eminence on which the sun shone bright. All the hill-tops round were perfectly clear, and the fog lay in the valley below like a lake winding among mountains. I then understood the immense advantage which Hannibal^o derived from keeping his divisions on the heights, where he could see them all, and where they could all see each other, while the Romans were stumbling and groping, without the possibility of concert, through the thick haze below."

15 "*November 15th.* — On arriving this morning, I walked straight from the hotel door to St. Peter's. I was so much excited by the expectation of what I was to see, that I could notice nothing else. I was quite nervous. The colonnade in front is noble — very, very noble — yet it
20 disappointed me, and would have done so had it been the portico of Paradise. In I went, and I was for a minute fairly stunned by the magnificence and harmony of the interior. I never in my life saw, and never, I suppose, shall again see, any thing so astonishingly beautiful. I
25 really could have cried with pleasure. I rambled about for half an hour or more, paying little or no attention to details, but enjoying the effect of the sublime whole."

"*Tuesday, December 18th.* — I staid at home till late, reading and meditating. I have altered some parts of
30 'Horatius'^o to my mind; and I have thought a good deal during the last few days about my 'History.' The great difficulty of a work of this kind is the beginning. How is it to be joined on to the preceding events? Where am I to commence it? I can not plunge, slap-dash, into the
35 middle of events and characters. I can not, on the other hand, write a history of the whole reign of James the Second as a preface to the history of William the Third;

and if I did, a history of Charles the Second would still be equally necessary, as a preface to that of the reign of James the Second. But, after much consideration, I think that I can manage, by the help of an introductory chapter or two, to glide imperceptibly into the full current of my narrative. I am more and more in love with the subject. I really think that posterity will not willingly let my book die.

“To St. Peter’s again. This is becoming a daily visit.”

Rome, December 19th, 1838. 10

DEAR LORD LANSDOWNE, — I have received your kind letter, and thank you for it. If I thought it right to follow altogether my own inclinations, I should entirely avoid public life. But I feel that these are not times for flinching from the Whig banner. I feel that at this juncture 15 no friend of toleration and of temperate liberty is justified in withholding his support from the ministers; and I think that, in the present unprecedented and inexplicable scarcity of Parliamentary talent among the young men of England, a little of that talent may be of as much service 20 as far greater powers in times more fertile of eloquence. I would, therefore, make some sacrifice of ease, leisure, and money, in order to serve the Government in the House of Commons. But I do not think that public duty at all requires me to overcome the dislike which I 25 feel for official life. On the contrary, my duty and inclination are here on one side. For I am certain that, as an independent member of Parliament, I should have far more weight than as judge-advocate. It is impossible for me to be ignorant of my position in the world, and of 30 the misconstructions to which it exposes me. Entering Parliament as judge-advocate, I should be considered as a mere political adventurer. My speeches might be com-

plimented as creditable rhetorical performances, but they would never produce the sort of effect which I have seen produced by very rude sentences stammered by such men as Lord Spencer and Lord Ebrington. If I enter Parliament as a placeman, nobody will believe, what nevertheless is the truth, that I am quite as independent, quite as indifferent to salary, as the Duke of Northumberland can be. As I have none of that authority which belongs to large fortune and high rank, it is absolutely necessary
 10 to my comfort, and will be greatly conducive to my usefulness, that I should have the authority which belongs to proved disinterestedness. I should also, as a member of Parliament not in office, have leisure for other pursuits, which I can not bear to think of quitting, and which you
 15 kindly say you do not wish me to quit. A life of literary repose would be most to my own taste. Of my literary repose I am, however, willing to sacrifice exactly as much as public duty requires me to sacrifice; but I will sacrifice no more; and by going into Parliament without office I
 20 both make a smaller personal sacrifice, and do more service to the public, than by taking office. I hope that you will think these reasons satisfactory; for you well know that, next to my own approbation, it would be my first wish to have yours.

* * * * *

25 Ever, my dear Lord, yours most faithfully,

T. B. MACAULAY.

CHAPTER VIII

1839-1841

AT the end of the first week in February, 1839, Macaulay was again in London.

"Friday, February 8th. — I bought Gladstone's book° : a capital Shrove-tide cock° to throw at. Almost too good a mark." 5

"February 13th. — I read, while walking, a good deal of Gladstone's book. The Lord hath delivered him into our hand. I think I see my way to a popular, and at the same time gentleman-like critique."

3 Clarges Street, February 26th, 1839. 10

DEAR NAPIER, — I can now promise you an article in a week, or ten days at furthest. Of its length I can not speak with certainty. I should think it would fill about forty pages; but I find the subject grow on me. I think that I shall dispose completely of Gladstone's theory. I 15 wish that I could see my way clearly to a good counter-theory; but I catch only glimpses here and there of what I take to be truth.

I am leading an easy life; not unwilling to engage in the Parliamentary battle if a fair opportunity should offer, 20 but not in the smallest degree tormented by a desire for the House of Commons, and fully determined against office. I enjoyed Italy intensely; far more than I had expected. By-the-bye, I met Gladstone at Rome. We

talked and walked together in St. Peter's during the best part of an afternoon. He is both a clever and an amiable man.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

5

On the 10th of April Macaulay received a letter from Mr. Gladstone, who in generous terms acknowledged the courtesy, and, with some reservations, the fairness of his article. "I have been favored," Mr. Gladstone wrote,
 10 "with a copy of the forthcoming number of the *Edinburgh Review*; and I perhaps too much presume upon the bare acquaintance with you, of which alone I can boast, in thus unceremoniously assuming you to be the author of the article entitled 'Church and State,' and in offering you
 15 my very warm and cordial thanks for the manner in which you have treated both the work, and the author on whom you deigned to bestow your attention. In whatever you write, you can hardly hope for the privilege of most anonymous productions, a real concealment; but, if it had been
 20 possible not to recognize you, I should have questioned your authorship in this particular case, because the candor and single-mindedness which it exhibits are, in one who has long been connected in the most distinguished manner with political party, so rare as to be almost incredible. . . .
 25 In these lacerating times one clings to every thing of personal kindness in the past, to husband it for the future; and, if you will allow me, I shall earnestly desire to carry with me such a recollection of your mode of dealing with a subject upon which the attainment of truth, we shall
 30 agree, so materially depends upon the temper in which the search for it is instituted and conducted."

How much this letter pleased Macaulay is indicated by

the fact of his having kept it unburned; a compliment which, except in this single instance, he never paid to any of his correspondents. "I have very seldom," he writes in reply to Mr. Gladstone, "been more gratified than by the very kind note which I have just received from you. 5 Your book itself, and every thing that I heard about you, though almost all my information came — to the honor, I must say, of our troubled times — from people very strongly opposed to you in politics, led me to regard you with respect and good-will, and I am truly glad that I 10 have succeeded in marking those feelings. I was half afraid, when I read myself over again in print, that the button, as is too common in controversial fencing even between friends, had once or twice come off the foil."

The emphatic allusions which both these letters contain 15 to the prevailing bitterness and injustice of party feeling may well sound strangely to us. The closing years of the Whig Administration were one long political crisis, with all the disagreeable and discreditable accompaniments from which no political crisis is free. Public animosity 20 and personal virulence had risen to a higher, or, at any rate, to a more sustained temperature than had ever been reached since the period when, amidst threats of impeachment and accusations of treason, perfidy, and corruption, Sir Robert Walpole^o was tottering to his fall. 25

Macaulay's letters from Calcutta prove with what profound uneasiness he watched the course of public affairs at home. So widespread and so deeply rooted was the conviction that the ministers gave more thought to placing their dependents than to governing the country, that their 30 best actions were beginning to be misconstrued by their oldest friends. The invaluable series of investigations, by royal commissions, into all that concerned the moral,

social, and religious welfare of the people, which was conducted under Lord Melbourne's auspices, presented itself to all his opponents, and some of his allies, in the light of a gigantic machinery devised by the people in
 5 power-with the express purpose of providing for briefless sons and nephews.

As soon as the Whigs had made up their minds to solve the Bed-chamber difficulty° by resuming office, they were, naturally enough, anxious to bring within the walls of the
 10 House of Commons all the ability and eloquence of their party. Times were coming when they were likely to find occasion for as much oratory as they could muster. Toward the end of May the elevation to the peerage of Mr. Abercromby, the Speaker, left a seat at Edinburgh vacant.
 15 The ministers did all that could be done in London to get Macaulay accepted as the Liberal candidate, and the constituency gave a willing response. He introduced himself to the electors in a speech that in point of style came up to their expectations, and with the substance of
 20 which they were very well contented. He conciliated the Radicals by pledging himself to the ballot; the reminiscences of Lord Melville's despotism were still too fresh in Scotch memories to make it worth while for the Tories even to talk of contesting the representation of the Scotch
 25 capital; and the Whigs would have been monsters of ingratitude if they had not declared to a man in favor of one who was a Whig with the same intensity of conviction that Montrose° had been a Royalist, or Carnot° a Jacobin. "I look with pride," said Macaulay, "on all that the Whigs
 30 have done for the cause of human freedom and of human happiness. I see them now hard pressed, struggling with difficulties, but still fighting the good fight. At their head I see men who have inherited the spirit and the

virtues, as well as the blood, of old champions and martyrs of freedom. To those men I propose to attach myself. While one shred of the old banner is flying, by that banner will I, at least, be found. Whether in or out of Parliament — whether speaking with that authority which must always belong to the representative of this great and enlightened community, or expressing the humble sentiments of a private citizen — I will to the last maintain inviolate my fidelity to principles which, though they may be borne down for a time by senseless clamor, are yet strong with the strength, and immortal with the immortality, of truth; and which, however they may be misunderstood or misrepresented by contemporaries, will assuredly find justice from a better age." Such fervor will provoke a smile from those who survey the field of politics with the serene complacency of the literary critic, more readily than from statesmen who have learned the value of party loyalty by frequent and painful experience of its opposite.

Edinburgh, September 2d, 1839. 20

DEAR NAPIER, — I shall work on *Clive*° as hard as I can, and make the paper as short as I can; but I am afraid that I can not positively pledge myself either as to time or as to length. I rather think, however, that the article will take. 25

I shall do my best to be in London again on the 18th. God knows what these ministerial changes may produce. Office was never, within my memory, so little attractive, and therefore, I fear, I can not, as a man of spirit, flinch, if it is offered to me. Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY. 30

London, September 20th, 1839.

DEAR NAPIER, — I reached town early this morning; having, principally on your account, shortened my stay at Paris, and crossed to Ramsgate in such weather that
 5 the mails could not get into the harbor at Dover. I hoped to have five or six days of uninterrupted work, in which I might finish my paper for the *Review*. But I found waiting for me, — this is strictly confidential — a letter from Lord Melbourne with an offer of the Secretaryship
 10 at War, and a seat in the Cabinet. I shall be a good deal occupied, as you may suppose, by conferences and correspondence during some time; but I assure you that every spare minute shall be employed in your service. I shall hope to be able, at all events, to send you the article
 15 by the 30th. I will write the native names as clearly as I can, and trust to your care without a proof.

My historical plans must for the present be suspended; but I see no reason to doubt that I shall be able to do as much as ever for the *Review*. Again, remember, silence
 20 is the word. Yours ever, T. B. M.

Macaulay accepted the Secretaryship at War without any show of reluctance; but he did not attain to this great elevation without incurring the penalties of success. A man who, having begun life without rank, fortune, or
 25 private interest, finds himself inside the Cabinet and the Privy Council^o before his fortieth birthday, must expect that the world will not be left in ignorance of any thing that can be said against him. The *Times*,^o which had been faithful to Sir Robert Peel through every turn of fortune,
 30 grafted on to its public quarrel with the Whig Government a personal grudge against the new minister. That grudge was vented in language that curiously marks the

change which, between that day and this, has come over the tone of English journalism. For weeks together, even in its leading articles, the great newspaper could find no other appellation for the great man than that of "Mr. Babble-tongue Macaulay." When, in company with 5 Sheil,^o he was sworn of the Privy Council, the disgust of the *Times* could only be expressed by ejaculations which even then were unusual in political controversy. "These men Privy Councilors! These men petted at Windsor Castle! Faugh! Why, they are hardly fit to fill up the 10 vacancies that have occurred by the lamented death of her majesty's two favorite monkeys."

It so happened that, at this very moment, Macaulay got into a scrape which enabled his detractors to transfer their abuse from the general to the particular. When 15 it became his duty to announce to his constituents that he had taken office, he was careless enough to date his address from Windsor Castle.^o The *Times* rose, or rather sunk, to the occasion; but it would be an ungracious act to dignify the ephemeral scurrility of some envious scrib- 20 bler by reproducing it under the name of that famous journal, which, for a generation back, has seldom allowed a week to pass without an admiring reference to Macaulay's writings, or a respectful appeal to his authority.

Many months elapsed before the new Secretary at War 25 heard the last of Windsor Castle. That unlucky slip of the pen afforded matter for comment and banter, in Parliament, on the hustings, and through every corner of the daily and weekly press. It has obtained a chance of longer life than it deserves by reason of a passing allusion in the 30 published works of Thackeray. In later years the great novelist appears to have felt undue contrition for what was, after all, a very innocent, and not ill-natured, touch

of satire. In his generous and affecting notice of Macaulay's death he writes: "It always seemed to me that ample means, and recognized rank, were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world, or a fit companion for any man or woman in it? I dare say, after Austerlitz,^o the old court officials and footmen sneered at Napoleon for dating from Schönbrunn.^o But that miserable Windsor Castle outcry is an echo out of fast-treating old-world remembrances. The place of such a natural chief was among the first of the land; and that country is best, according to our British notion at least, where the man of eminence has the best chance of investing his genius and intellect."

Macaulay took his promotion quietly, and paid little or no heed to the hard words which it brought him. He kept his happiness in his own hands, and never would permit it to depend upon the good-will or the forbearance of others. His biographer has no occasion to indite those woful passages in which the sufferings of misunderstood genius are commended to the indignant commiseration of posterity. In December, 1839, he writes to Mr. Napier: "You think a great deal too much about the *Times*. What does it signify whether they abuse me or not? There is nothing at all discouraging in their violence. It is so far from being a means or a proof of strength, that it is both a cause and a symptom of weakness." This is the only instance throughout his entire journals and correspondence in which Macaulay even refers to a series of invectives extending over many months, and of a nature most unusual in the columns of a leading newspaper, when the subject

of attack is a man of acknowledged eminence and blameless character.

He was just now less disposed than ever to trouble himself about the justice or injustice of the treatment which he met with from the outside world. An event⁵ had occurred, most unexpectedly, which opened to him a long and secure prospect of domestic happiness. At the end of the year 1839, his brother-in-law, Mr. Trevelyan, was appointed to the Assistant-secretaryship of the Treasury — one of the few posts in the English civil¹⁰ service which could fully compensate a man of energy and public spirit for renouncing the intensely interesting work, and the rare opportunities of distinction, presented by an Indian career. "This event," writes Lady Trevelyan, "of course made England our home during your¹⁵ uncle's life. He could never afterward speak of it without emotion. Throughout the autumn of 1839, his misery at the prospect of our return to India was the most painful and hourly trial; and when the joy and relief came upon us it restored the spring and flow of his spirits. He took²⁰ a house in Great George Street, and insisted on our all living together; and a most happy year 1840 was."

Like other happy years, it was a busy year too. Macaulay, who had completely laid aside his "History" for the present, devoted his powers to his official work. He²⁵ conducted the business of his department in Parliament with the unobtrusive assiduity and the unvaried courtesy by which a prudent minister may do so much to shorten discussion and to deprecate opposition. And, indeed, the spirit of the age was such that he had every chance of³⁰ an easy life. The House of Commons of 1840 spent upon the army very little of its own time, or of the nation's money. The paucity and insignificance of the questions

which it fell to Macaulay's lot to master might well rouse the envy of a secretary of state for war in these troubled days of alternate military reorganization and reaction. He passed his estimates, which were of an amount to make
 5 a modern reformer's mouth water, after a short grumble from Hume,^o and a single division, in which that implacable economist took with him into the lobby hardly as many adherents as the Government asked for millions.

But Macaulay's course in Parliament was not all plain-
 10 sailing when he ventured from the smooth waters of the War Office into the broken seas of general politics. The session of 1840 had hardly commenced, when Sir John Yarde Buller moved a resolution professing want of confidence in the ministry — a motion which the Tories sup-
 15 ported with all their strength both of vote and lung. For the first, and, as he himself willingly confessed, for the last time in his life Macaulay did not get a fair hearing. On the second night of the debate, Sir James Graham,^o speaking with the acrimony which men of a certain char-
 20 acter affect when they are attacking old allies, by a powerful invective, spiced with allusions to the Windsor Castle address, had goaded the Opposition ranks into a fit of somewhat insolent animosity. When Macaulay rose to reply, the indications of that animosity were so manifest that he
 25 had almost to commence his remarks with an appeal for tolerance. "I trust," he said, "that the first cabinet minister who, when the question is, whether the Government be or be not worthy of confidence, offers himself in debate, will find some portion of that generosity and good
 30 feeling which once distinguished English gentlemen." The words "first cabinet minister" were no sooner out of his mouth than the honorable gentlemen opposite, choosing wilfully to misconstrue those words as if he were

putting forward an absurd claim to the leading place in the Cabinet, burst forth into a storm of ironical cheering. Macaulay (who, to speak his best, required the sympathy, or, at any rate, the indulgence, of his audience) said all that he had to say, but said it without spirit or spontaneity; ⁵ and did not succeed in maintaining the enthusiasm either of himself or his hearers at the rather high-pitched level of the only one of his Parliamentary efforts which could in any sense be described as a failure.^o

Some days afterward he met Sir James Graham in the ¹⁰ park, who expressed a hope that nothing which appeared rude or offensive had escaped his lips. "Not at all," said Macaulay. "Only I think that your speech would have been still more worthy of you if you had not adopted the worn-out newspaper jests about my Windsor letter." ¹⁵ On the 7th of April, Sir James himself brought forward a vote of censure on the Government for having led the country into war^o with China; and Macaulay, who again followed him in the debate, achieved a brilliant and undoubted success in an oration crowned by a noble tribute ²⁰ to the majesty of the British flag — quite incomparable as an example of that sort of rhetoric which goes straight to the heart of a British House of Commons. When they met again, Sir James said to him: "In our last encounter none but polished weapons were used on both sides; and ²⁵ I am afraid that public opinion rather inclines to the belief that you had the best of it." "As to the polished weapons," said Macaulay, "my temptations are not so misleading as yours. You never wrote a Windsor letter." His adversaries paid him a high compliment when they ³⁰ were reduced to make so much of a charge, which was the gravest that malice itself ever brought against him in his character of a public man.

London, October 14th, 1840.

DEAR NAPIER, — I am glad that you are satisfied.^o
I dare say that there will be plenty of abuse; but about
that I have long ceased to care one straw.

- 5 I have two plans, indeed three, in my head. Two might,
I think, be executed for the next number. Gladstone ad-
vertises another book about the Church. That subject
belongs to me; particularly as he will very probably say
something concerning my former article.
- 10 Leigh Hunt^o has brought out an edition of Congreve,^o
Wycherley, and Farquhar. I see it in the windows of the
book-sellers' shops, but I have not looked at it. I know
their plays, and the literary history of their time, well
enough to make an amusing paper. Collier's^o contro-
15 versy with Congreve on the subject of the drama deserves
to be better known than it is; and there is plenty of amus-
ing and curious anecdote about Wycherley. If you will tell
Longman to send me the book, I will see whether I can
give you a short, lively article on it.

20 Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, October 29th, 1840.

- DEAR NAPIER, — I have received Hunt's book, and
shall take it down with me to Southampton, whither I
hope to be able to make a short trip. I shall give it well
25 to Hunt about Jeremy Collier, to whom he is scandalously
unjust. I think Jeremy one of the greatest public bene-
factors in our history.

Ever yours truly, T. B. MACAULAY.

London, November 13th, 1840.

- 30 DEAR NAPIER, — Yesterday evening I received Glad-
stone's book, and read it. I do not think that it would be

wise to review it. I shall try to give you a paper on a very different subject — Wycherley, and the other good-for-nothing fellows whose indecorous wit Leigh Hunt has edited.

I see that a life of Warren Hastings is just coming out. 5 I mark it for mine. I will try to make as interesting an article, though I fear not so flashy, as that on Clive.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

London, January 11th, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER, — As to my paper on the dramatists, if 10 you are content, so am I. I set less value on it than on any thing I have written since I was a boy.

I have hardly opened Gleig's book on Warren Hastings,^o and I can not yet judge whether I can review it before it is complete. I hardly know a story so interesting, 15 and of such various interest. And the central figure is in the highest degree striking and majestic. I think Hastings, though far from faultless, one of the greatest men that England ever produced. He had pre-eminent talents for government, and great literary talents too; 20 fine taste, a princely spirit, and heroic equanimity in the midst of adversity and danger. I am not so vain as to think that I can do it full justice; but the success of my paper on Clive has emboldened me, and I have the advantage of being in hourly intercourse with Trevelyan, 25 who is thoroughly well acquainted with the languages, manners, and diplomacy of the Indian courts. Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Meanwhile the political crisis was approaching its agony. The Whig Government was now in such a plight that it 30 could neither stand with decency nor fall with grace.

Their last year's deficit, of something under one million, had this year grown to something over two; and they could no longer rely upon the wave of popular favor to tide them over their troubles. All the enthusiasm for
 5 progress which still survived had been absorbed into the ranks of those fiery reformers who were urging the crusade against the Corn Laws^o under the guidance of leaders who sat elsewhere than on the Treasury bench, or did not sit in Parliament at all. The Whigs at length made up
 10 their minds to come before the country in the character of Free-traders.^o In a letter to Mr. Napier, on the 30th day of April, 1841, Macaulay says: "All the chances of our party depend on to-night. We shall play double or quits. I do not know what to expect; and as far as I am con-
 15 cerned, I rather hope for a defeat. I pine for liberty and ease, freedom of speech, and freedom of pen. I have all that I want; a small competence, domestic happiness, good health and spirits. If at forty I can get from under this yoke, I shall not easily be induced to bear it again."
 20 So wrote the Secretary at War in the morning; and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day Lord John Russell gave notice that on the 31st of May he should move that the House resolve itself into a committee to consider the acts relating to the trade in corn.
 25 But it was too late to make a change of front in the face of the greatest Parliamentary captain of the age, and of a whole phalanx of statesmen who were undoubtedly superior to the ministers in debate, and who were generally believed to be far abler as administrators. Mr. Gladstone,
 30 who had early learned that habit of high-toned courtesy which is the surest presage of future greatness, introduced into the last sentences of a fine speech an allusion that pleased no one so much as him against whom it was di-

rected. "There is another name," said he, "strangely associated with the plan of the ministry. I can only speak from tradition of the struggle for the abolition of slavery; but, if I have not been misinformed, there was engaged in it a man who was the unseen ally of Mr. Wilberforce, and the pillar of his strength; a man of profound benevolence, of acute understanding, of indefatigable industry, and of that self-denying temper which is content to work in secret, to forego the recompense of present fame, and to seek for its reward beyond the grave. The name of that man was Zachary Macaulay, and his son is a member of the existing Cabinet."

Parliament was dissolved, and the ministers went to the country. North of Trent the Whigs held their ground; but throughout the southern districts of England they were smitten hip and thigh,° from Lincoln to St. Ives. The adherents of the Government had to surrender something of their predominance in the boroughs, while those who sat for the counties were turned out by shoals. Before the Irish returns had come to hand, it was already evident that the ministerial loss would be equivalent to a hundred votes on a stand and fall division. Scotland, as usual, was not affected by the contagion of reaction. Macaulay was returned unopposed, in company with Mr. William Gibson Craig; though he had been threatened with a contest by the more ardent members of that famous party in the Scotch Church which, within two years from that time, was to give such a proof as history will not forget of its willingness to sacrifice, for conscience' sake,° things far more precious even than the honor of sending to St. Stephen's° an eloquent and distinguished representative.

London, July 12th, 1841.

DEAR ELLIS, — I can not send you "Virginius," for I have not a copy by me at present, and have not time to make one. When you return I hope to have finished
 5 another ballad, on the Lake Regillus. I have no doubt that the author of the original ballad had Homer in his eye. The battle of the Lake Regillus is a purely Homeric battle. I am confident that the ballad-maker has heard of the fight over the body of Patroclus.^o We will talk
 10 more about this. I may, perhaps, publish a small volume next spring. I am encouraged by the approbation of all who have seen the little pieces. I find the unlearned quite as well satisfied as the learned.

I have taken a very comfortable suite of chambers in
 15 The Albany; and I hope to lead during some years a sort of life peculiarly suited to my taste — college life at the West End of London. I have an entrance-hall, two sitting-rooms, a bed-room, a kitchen, cellars, and two rooms for servants — all for ninety guineas a year; and this in a
 20 situation which no younger son of a duke need be ashamed to put on his card. We shall have, I hope, some very pleasant breakfasts there, to say nothing of dinners. My own housekeeper will do very well for a few plain dishes, and The Clarendon is within a hundred yards.

25 I own that I am quite delighted with our prospects. A strong opposition is the very thing that I wanted. I shall be heartily glad if it lasts till I can finish a "History of England, from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover."^o Then I shall be willing to go in
 30 again for a few years. It seems clear that we shall be just about three hundred. This is what I have always supposed. I got through very triumphantly at Edinburgh, and very cheap. I believe I can say what no other

man in the kingdom can say. I have been four times returned to Parliament by cities of more than a hundred and forty thousand inhabitants; and all those four elections together have not cost me five hundred pounds.

Your ballads are delightful. I like that of Ips,^o Gips, ^s and Johnson best. "Napoleon" is excellent, but hardly equal to the "Donkey wot wouldn't go." Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Macaulay's predilection for the Muse of the street has already furnished more than one anecdote to the news-¹⁰ papers. It is, indeed, one of the few personal facts about him which up to this time have taken hold of the public imagination. He bought every half-penny song on which he could lay his hands; if only it was decent, and a genuine, undoubted poem of the people. He has left a scrap-¹⁵ book containing about eighty ballads; for the most part vigorous and picturesque enough, however defective they may be in rhyme and grammar; printed on flimsy, discolored paper, and headed with coarsely executed vignettes, seldom bearing even the most remote reference to ²⁰ the subject which they are supposed to illustrate.

It is not too much to say that Macaulay knew the locality, and, at this period of his life, the stock in trade, of every book-stall in London. "After office hours," says his brother Charles, "his principal relaxation was ²⁵ rambling about with me in the back lanes of the City. It was then that he began to talk of his idea of restoring to poetry the legends of which poetry had been robbed by history; and it was in these walks that I heard for the first time from his lips the 'Lays of Rome,' which were not pub-³⁰ lished until some time afterward. In fact, I heard them in the making. I never saw the hidden mechanism of his

mind so clearly as in the course of these walks. He was very fond of discussing psychological and ethical questions; and sometimes, but more rarely, would lift the veil behind which he habitually kept his religious opinions."

5 On the 19th of August Parliament met to give effect to the verdict of the polling-booths. An amendment on the address, half as long as the address itself, the gist of which lay in a respectful representation to her majesty that her present advisers did not possess the confidence of the
10 country, was moved simultaneously in both Houses. It was carried on the first night of the debate by a majority of seventy-two in the Lords, and on the fourth night by a majority of ninety-one in the Commons. Macaulay, of course, voted with his colleagues; but he did not raise his voice
15 to deprecate a consummation which on public grounds he could not desire to see postponed, and which, as far as his private inclinations were concerned, he had for some time past anticipated with unfeigned and all but unmixed delight.

20

London, July 27th, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER, — I am not at all disappointed by the elections. They have, indeed, gone very nearly as I expected. Perhaps I counted on seven or eight votes more; and even these we may get on petition. I can
25 truly say that I have not, for many years, been so happy as I am at present. Before I went to India, I had no prospect in the event of a change of government, except that of living by my pen, and seeing my sisters governesses. In India I was an exile. When I came back, I was for a
30 time at liberty; but I had before me the prospect of parting in a few months, probably forever, with my dearest sister and her children. That misery was removed; but I found myself in office, a member of a government wretch-

edly weak, and struggling for existence. Now I am free. I am independent. I am in Parliament, as honorably seated as man can be. My family is comfortably off. I have leisure for literature, yet I am not reduced to the necessity of writing for money. If I had to choose a lot from all that there are in human life, I am not sure that I should prefer any to that which has fallen to me. I am sincerely and thoroughly contented. Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

CHAPTER IX

1841-1844

THE change of government was any thing but a misfortune to Macaulay. He lost nothing but an income which he could well do without, and the value of which he was ere long to replace many times over by his pen; and he gained his time, his liberty, the power of speaking what he thought, writing when he would, and living as he chose. The plan of life which he selected was one eminently suited to the bent of his tastes and the nature of his avocations. Toward the end of the year 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Trevelyan removed to Clapham; and on their departure, Macaulay broke up his establishment in Great George Street, and quartered himself in a commodious set of rooms on a second floor in The Albany; that luxurious cloister, whose inviolable tranquillity affords so agreeable a relief from the roar and flood of the Piccadilly° traffic. His chambers, every corner of which was library, were comfortably, though not very brightly, furnished. The ornaments were few, but choice: half a dozen fine Italian engravings from his favorite great masters; a handsome French clock, provided with a singularly melodious set of chimes, the gift of his friend and publisher, Mr. Thomas Longman; and the well-known bronze statuettes of Voltaire and Rousseau° (neither of them heroes of his own), which had been presented to him by Lady Holland as a remembrance of her husband.

The first use which Macaulay made of his freedom was

in the capacity of a reviewer. Mr. Gleig, who had served with distinction during the last years of the great French war as a regimental officer, after having been five times wounded in action, had carried his merit into the Church, and his campaigning experiences into military literature. 5 The author of one book which is good, and of several which are not amiss, he flew at too high game when he undertook to compile the "Memoirs of Warren Hastings." In January, 1841, Macaulay, who was then still at the War Office, wrote to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* 10 in these terms: "I think the new 'Life of Hastings' the worst book that I ever saw. I should be inclined to treat it mercilessly, were it not that the writer, though I never saw him, is, as an army chaplain, in some sense placed officially under me; and I think that there would be 15 something like tyranny and insolence in pouring contempt on a person who has a situation from which I could, for aught I know, have him dismissed, and in which I certainly could make him very uneasy."

Albany, London, November 5th, 1841. 20

DEAR NAPIER, — I have at last begun my historical labors; I can hardly say with how much interest and delight. I really do not think that there is in our literature so great a void as that which I am trying to supply. English history, from 1688 to the French Revolution, is, 25 even to educated people, almost a *terra incognita*.^o The materials for an amusing narrative are immense. I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies. 30

* * * * *

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London, December 1st, 1841.

DEAR NAPIER, — What do you say to an article on Frederic the Great? Tom Campbell° is bringing out a book about his majesty.

5 Now that I am seriously engaged in an extensive work, which will probably be the chief employment of the years of health and vigor which remain to me, it is necessary that I should choose my subjects for reviews with some reference to that work. I should not choose to write an
10 article on some point which I should have to treat again as a historian; for, if I did, I should be in danger of repeating myself. On the other hand, there are many characters and events which will occupy little or no space in my
15 "History," yet with which, in the course of my historical researches, I shall necessarily become familiar. There can not be a better instance than Frederic the Great. In order to write the "History of England," it will be necessary to turn over all the memoirs, and all the writings, of Frederic, connected with us, as he was, in a most im-
20 portant war. In this way my reviews would benefit by my historical researches, and yet would not forestall my "History," or materially impede its progress. I should not like to engage in any researches altogether alien from what is now my main object. Ever yours,

25

T. B. MACAULAY.

In January, 1842, Macaulay writes to Mr. Napier: "As to Frederic, I do not see that I can deal with him well under seventy pages. I shall try to give a life of him after the manner of Plutarch.° That, I think, is my forte.
30 The paper on Clive took greatly. That on Hastings, though in my own opinion by no means equal to that on Clive, has been even more successful. I ought to pro-

duce something much better than either of those articles with so excellent a subject as Frederic. Keep the last place for me if you can."

Albany, London, April 25th, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER, — I have no objection to try Madame 5
D'Arblay° for the October number. I have only one
scruple — that some months ago Leigh Hunt° told me
that he thought of proposing that subject to you, and I
approved of his doing so. Now, I should have no scruple
in taking a subject out of Brougham's° hands, because he 10
can take care of himself, if he thinks himself ill-used. But
I would not do any thing that could hurt the feelings of a
man whose spirit seems to be quite broken by adversity,
and who lies under some obligations to me.

Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY. 15

Albany, London, July 14th, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER, — As to the next number, I must beg
you to excuse me. I am exceedingly desirous to get on
with my "History," which is really in a fair train. I
must go down into Somersetshire and Devonshire to see 20
the scene of Monmouth's° campaign, and to follow the
line of William's march from Torquay. I have also an-
other plan of no great importance, but one which will
occupy me during some days. You are acquainted, no
doubt, with Perizonius's° theory about the early Roman 25
history — a theory which Niebuhr revived, and which
Arnold° has adopted as fully established. I have myself
not the smallest doubt of its truth. It is, that the stories
of he birth of Romulus and Remus,° the fight of the
Horatii and Curatii,° and all the other romantic tales 30

which fill the first three or four books of Livy,^o came from the lost ballads of the early Romans. I amused myself in India with trying to restore some of these long-perished poems. Arnold saw two of them, and wrote to me in
 5 such terms of eulogy that I have been induced to correct and complete them. There are four of them, and I think that, though they are but trifles, they may pass for scholar-like and not inelegant trifles. I must prefix short prefaces to them, and I think of publishing them next No-
 10 vember in a small volume.

Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, September 29th, 1842.

DEAR ELLIS, — Pray be easy. I am so, and shall be so. Every book settles its own place. I never did, and never
 15 will, directly or indirectly, take any step for the purpose of obtaining praise or deprecating censure. Longman came to ask what I wished him to do before the volume appeared. I told him that I stipulated for nothing but that there should be no puffing of any sort. I have told
 20 Napier that I ask it, as a personal favor, that my name and writings may never be mentioned in the *Edinburgh Review*. I shall certainly leave this volume as the ostrich^o leaves her eggs in the sand.

T. B. MACAULAY.

25 The sails of the little craft^o could dispense with an artificial breeze. Launched without any noise of trumpets, it went bravely down the wind of popular favor. Among the first to discern its merits was Macaulay's ancient adversary, Professor Wilson,^o of Edinburgh, who greeted
 30 it in *Blackwood's Magazine* with a pæan of hearty, unqualified panegyric; which was uttered with all the more

zest because the veteran gladiator of the press recognized an opportunity for depreciating, by comparison with Macaulay, the reigning verse-writers of the day.

“What! poetry from Macaulay? Ay, and why not? The House hushes itself to hear him, even though Stanley 5 is the cry! If he be not the first of critics (spare our blushes), who is? Name the Young Poet who could have written ‘The Armada.’ The Young Poets all want fire; Macaulay is full of fire. The Young Poets are somewhat weakly; he is strong. The Young Poets are rather 10 ignorant; his knowledge is great. The Young Poets mumble books; he devours them. The Young Poets dally with their subject; he strikes its heart. The Young Poets are still their own heroes; he sees but the chiefs he celebrates. The Young Poets weave dreams with shadows 15 transitory as clouds without substance; he builds realities lasting as rocks. The Young Poets steal from all and sundry, and deny their thefts; he robs in the face of day. Whom? Homer.”

Again and again, in the course of his article, Christopher 20 North indulges himself in outbursts of joyous admiration, which he had doubtless repressed, more or less consciously, ever since the time when, “twenty years ago, like a bur-nished fly in pride of May, Macaulay bounced through the open windows of *Knight’s Quarterly Magazine*.” By 25 making such cordial amends to an author whom in old days he had unjustly disparaged, Professor Wilson did credit to his own sincerity; but the public approbation needed no prompter, either then or thereafter. Eighteen thousand of the “*Lays of Ancient Rome*” were sold in 30 ten years; forty thousand in twenty years; and, by June, 1875, upward of a hundred thousand copies had passed into the hands of readers. But it is a work of superfluity

to measure by statistics the success of poems every line of which is, and long has been, too hackneyed for quotation.

Albany, London, December 3d, 1842.

DEAR NAPIER, — Longman has earnestly pressed me to
 5 consent to the republication of some of my reviews. The
 plan is one of which, as you know, I had thought; and
 which, on full consideration, I had rejected. But there
 are new circumstances in the case. The American edi-
 tion is coming over by wholesale. To keep out the
 10 American copies by legal measures, and yet to refuse to pub-
 lish an edition here, would be an odious course, and in the
 very spirit of the dog in the manger. I am, therefore,
 strongly inclined to accede to Longman's proposition.
 And if the thing is to be done, the sooner the better.

15 Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

Macaulay spent the first weeks of 1843 in preparing for
 the republication of his "Essays." "I find from many
 quarters," he writes to Mr. Longman on the 25th of Jan-
 uary, "that it is thought that the article on Southey's
 20 edition of Bunyan^o ought to be in the collection. It is a
 favorite with the Dissenters." And again: "Pray omit
 all mention of my Prefatory Notice. It will be very short
 and simple, and ought by no means to be announced
 beforehand as if it were any thing elaborate and important."
 25 The world was not slow to welcome, and, having welcomed,
 was not in a hurry to shelve, a book so unwillingly and
 unostentatiously presented to its notice. Upward of a
 hundred and twenty thousand copies have been sold in
 the United Kingdom alone by a single publisher. Con-
 30 siderably over a hundred and thirty thousand copies of
 separate essays have been printed in the series known by

the name of *The Traveler's Library*. And it is no passing, or even waning, popularity which these figures represent. Between the years 1843 and 1853 the yearly sales by Messrs. Longman of the collected editions averaged 1230 copies; between 1853 and 1864 they rose to an average of 5 4700; and since 1864 more than six thousand copies have, one year with another, been disposed of annually. The publishers of the United States are still pouring forth reprints by many thousands at a time; and in British India, and on the Continent of Europe, these productions, which 10 their author classed as ephemeral, are so greedily read and so constantly reproduced, that, taking the world as a whole, there is probably never a moment when they are out of the hands of the compositor. The market for them in their native country is so steady, and apparently 15 so inexhaustible, that it perceptibly falls and rises with the general prosperity of the nation; and it is hardly too much to assert that the demand for Macaulay varies with the demand for coal. The astonishing success of this celebrated book must be regarded as something of far 20 higher consequence than a mere literary or commercial triumph. It is no insignificant feat to have awakened in hundreds of thousands of minds the taste for letters and the yearning for knowledge; and to have shown by example that, in the interest of its own fame, genius can 25 never be so well employed as on the careful and earnest treatment of serious themes.

Albany, London, April 19th, 1843.

• DEAR NAPIER, — You may count on an article from me on Miss Aikin's "*Life of Addison*." Longman sent me 30 the sheets as they were printed. I own that I am greatly disappointed. There are, to be sure, some charming

letters by Addison which have never yet been published ; but Miss Aikin's narrative is dull, shallow, and inaccurate. Either she has fallen off greatly since she wrote her former works, or I have become much more acute since I read them.

My collected reviews have succeeded well. Longman tells me that he must set about a second edition. In spite, however, of the applause and of the profit, neither of which I despise, I am sorry that it had become necessary to republish these papers. There are few of them which I read with satisfaction. Those few, however, are generally the latest, and this is a consolatory circumstance. The most hostile critic must admit, I think, that I have improved greatly as a writer. The third volume seems to me worth two of the second, and the second worth ten of the first.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

The course which Macaulay pursued between the years 1841 and 1846 deserves to be studied as a model of the conduct which becomes a statesman in opposition. In following that course he had a rare advantage. The continuous and absorbing labors of his "History" filled his mind and occupied his leisure, and relieved him from the craving for occupation and excitement that lies at the root of half the errors to which politicians out of office are prone — errors which the popular judgment most unfairly attributes to lack of patriotism, or excess of gall. In the set party fights that from time to time took place, he spoke seldom, and did not speak his best ; but when subjects came to the front on which his knowledge was great, and his opinion strongly marked, he interfered with decisive and notable effect.

It has been said of Macaulay, with reference to this period of his political career, that no member ever produced so much effect upon the proceedings of Parliament who spent so many hours in the Library and so few in the House. Never has any public man, unendowed with the authority of a minister, so easily molded so important a piece of legislation into a shape which so accurately accorded with his own views, as did Macaulay the Copyright Act of 1842.^o In 1814, the term during which the right of printing a book was to continue private property had been fixed at twenty-eight years from the date of publication. The shortness of this term had always been regarded as a grievance by authors and by publishers, and was beginning to be so regarded by the world at large. "The family of Sir Walter Scott," says Miss Martineau^o in her "History of England," "stripped by his great losses, might be supposed to have an honorable provision in his splendid array of works, which the world was still buying as eagerly as ever: but the copyright of 'Waverley' was about to expire; and there was no one who could not see the injustice of transferring to the public a property so evidently sacred as theirs."

An arrangement which bore hardly upon the children of the great Scotchman, whose writings had been popular and profitable from the first, was nothing less than cruel in the case of authors who, after fighting a life-long battle against the insensibility of their countrymen, had ended by creating a taste for their own works. Wordsworth's poetry was at length being freely bought by a generation which he himself had educated to enjoy it; but, as things then stood, his death would at once rob his heirs of all share in the produce of the "Sonnets" and the "Ode to Immortality," and would leave them to console themselves

as they best might with the copyright of the "Prelude." Southey (firmly possessed, as he was, with the notion that posterity would set the highest value upon those among his productions which living men were the least disposed to purchase) had given it to be understood that, in the existing state of the law, he should undertake no more works of research like the "History of Brazil," and no more epic poems on the scale of "Madoc" and "Roderick." But there was nothing which so effectually stirred the sympathies of men in power, and persuaded their reason, as a petition presented to the House of Commons by "Thomas Carlyle, a writer of books"; which began by humbly showing "That your petitioner has written certain books, being incited thereto by certain innocent and laudable considerations"; which proceeded to urge "that this his labor has found hitherto, in money or money's worth, small recompense or none: that he is by no means sure of its ever finding recompense: but thinks that, if so, it will be at a distant time, when he, the laborer, will probably no longer be in need of money, and those dear to him will still be in need of it"; and which ended by a prayer to the House to forbid "extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at the shortest. After sixty years, unless your honorable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal."

In the session of 1841 Sergeant Talfourd^o brought in a measure, devised with the object of extending the term of copyright in a book to sixty years, reckoned from the death of the author. Macaulay, speaking with wonderful force of argument and brilliancy of illustration, induced a thin House to reject the bill by a few votes. Talfourd, in the

bitterness of his soul, exclaimed that Literature's own familiar friend, in whom she trusted, and who had eaten of her bread, had lifted up his heel against her.^o A writer of eminence has since echoed the complaint; but none can refuse a tribute of respect to a man who, on high grounds 5 of public expediency, thought himself bound to employ all that he possessed of energy and ability on the task of preventing himself from being placed in a position to found a fortune, which, by the year 1919, might well have ranked among the largest funded estates in the country. 10

Admonished, but not deterred, by Sergeant Talfourd's reverse, Lord Mahon next year took up the cause of his brother authors, and introduced a bill in which he proposed to carry out the objectionable principle, but to carry it less far than his predecessor. Lord Mahon was 15 for giving protection for five-and-twenty years, reckoned from the date of death; and his scheme was regarded with favor, until Macaulay came forward with a counter-scheme, giving protection for forty-two years, reckoned from the date of publication. He unfolded his plan in a 20 speech,^o terse, elegant, and vigorous; as amusing as an essay of Elia,^o and as convincing as a proof of Euclid.^o When he resumed his seat, Sir Robert Peel walked across the floor, and assured him that the last twenty minutes had radically altered his own views on the law of copy- 25 right. One member after another confessed to an entire change of mind; and, on a question which had nothing to do with party, each change of mind brought a vote with it. The bill was remodeled on the principle of calculating the duration of copyright from the date of publication, and 30 the term of forty-two years was adopted by a large majority. Some slight modifications were made in Macaulay's proposal; but he enjoyed the satisfaction of

having framed according to his mind a statute which may fairly be described as the charter of his craft, and of having added to Hansard° what are by common consent allowed to be among its most readable pages.

- 5 There was another matter, of more striking dimensions in the eyes of his contemporaries, on which, by taking an independent course and persevering in it manfully, Macaulay brought round to his own opinion first his party, and ultimately the country. The Afghan war° had come
 10 to a close in the autumn of 1842. The Tories claimed for Lord Ellenborough° the glory of having saved India; while the Opposition held that he had with difficulty been induced to refrain from throwing obstacles in the way of its being saved by others. Most Whigs believed, and one
 15 Whig was ready on all fit occasions to maintain that his lordship had done nothing to deserve national admiration in the past, and a great deal to arouse the gravest apprehensions for the future. Macaulay had persuaded himself, and was now bent on persuading others, that, as long
 20 as Lord Ellenborough continued governor general, the peace of our Eastern empire was not worth six months' purchase.

Macaulay's reputation and authority in Parliament owed nothing to the outward graces of the orator. On
 25 this head the recollections of the reporters' gallery are unanimous and precise. Mr. Clifford, of *The Times*, says: "His action — the little that he used — was rather ungainly. His voice was full and loud; but it had not the light and shade, or the modulation, found in practiced
 30 speakers. His speeches were most carefully prepared, and were repeated without the loss or omission of a single word."

This last observation deserves a few sentences of com-

ment. Macaulay spoke frequently enough on the spur of the moment, and some excellent judges were of opinion that on these occasions his style gained more in animation than it lost in ornament. Even when he rose in his place to take part in a discussion which had been long foreseen, 5 he had no notes in his hand and no manuscript in his pocket. If a debate was in prospect, he would turn the subject over while he paced his chamber or tramped along the streets. Each thought, as it rose in his mind, embodied itself in phrases, and clothed itself in an appropriate drapery of images, instances, and quotations; 10 and when, in the course of his speech, the thought recurred, all the words which gave it point and beauty spontaneously recurred with it.

"He used scarcely any action," says a gentleman on the 15 staff of *The Standard*. "He would turn round on his heel, and lean slightly on the table; but there was nothing like demonstrative or dramatic action. He spoke with great rapidity; and there was very little inflection in the voice, which, however, in itself was not unmusical. It 20 was somewhat monotonous, and seldom rose or fell. The cadences were of small range. He spoke with very great fluency, and very little emphasis. It was the matter and the language, rather than the manner, that took the audience captive." 25

Mr. Downing, of *The Daily News*, writes: "It was quite evident that Macaulay had not learned the art of speaking from the platform, the pulpit, the forum, or any of the usual modes of obtaining a fluent diction. He was at once too robust and too recondite for these methods of 30 introduction to the oratorical art. In all probability it was that fullness of mind, which broke out in many departments, that constituted him a born orator. Vehemence

of thought, vehemence of language, vehemence of manner, were his chief characteristics. The listener might almost fancy he heard ideas and words gurgling in the speaker's throat for priority of utterance. There was nothing
5 graduated or undulating about him. He plunged at once into the heart of the matter, and continued his loud resounding pace from beginning to end, without halt or pause. This vehemence and volume made Macaulay the terror of the reporters; and when he engaged in a subject
10 outside their ordinary experience, they were fairly non-plused by the display of names, and dates, and titles. He was not a long-winded speaker. In fact, his earnestness was so great that it would have failed under a very long effort. He had the faculty, possessed by every great
15 orator, of compressing a great deal in a short space."

CHAPTER X

1844-1847

Albany, London, August 14th, 1844.

DEAR NAPIER, — I have been working hard for you during the last week, and have covered many sheets of foolscap; and now I find that I have taken a subject altogether unmanageable. There is no want of materials. 5 On the contrary, facts and thoughts, both interesting and new, are abundant. But this very abundance bewilders me. The stage is too small for the actors; the canvas is too narrow for the multitude of figures. It is absolutely necessary that I should change my whole plan. 10 I will try to write for you, not a history of England during the earlier part of George the Third's reign, but an account of the last years of Lord Chatham's life. I promised, or half promised, this ten years ago, at the end of my review of Thackeray's book.° Most of what I have written will 15 come in very well. The fourth volume of the Chatham correspondence has not, I think, been reviewed. It will furnish a heading for the article. Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

During 1844 and 1845 Macaulay pretty frequently 20 addressed the House of Commons. He earned the gratitude of the Unitarians by his successful vindication of their disputed title to their own chapels and cemeteries. By his condemnation of theological tests at Scotch universities, and his adventurous assault° upon the Church of 25

Ireland, he appealed to the confidence of those Edinburgh dissenters whose favor he for some time past had been most undeservedly losing. He likewise was active and prominent in the controversy that raged over the measure by which the question of Maynooth College^o was sent to an uneasy sleep of five-and-twenty years. The passage in which he drew a contrast, glowing with life and color, between the squalor of the Irish seminary and the wealth of the colleges at Cambridge and Oxford, will rank higher than any other sample of his oratory in the estimation of school-boys; and especially of such school-boys as are looking forward longingly to the material comforts of a university career.^o But men who are acquainted with those temptations and anxieties which underlie the glitter of Parliamentary success will give their preference to the closing sentences — sentences more honorable to him who spoke them than the most finished and famous among all his perorations. “Yes, sir, to this bill, and to every bill which shall seem to me likely to promote the real union of Great Britain and Ireland, I will give my support, regardless of obloquy, regardless of the risk which I may run of losing my seat in Parliament. For such obloquy I have learned to consider as true glory; and as to my seat, I am determined that it never shall be held by an ignominious tenure; and I am sure that it can never be lost in a more honorable cause.” These words were not the idle flourish of an adroit speaker, certain of impunity, and eager only for the cheer which is the unfailing reward of a cheap affectation of courage and disinterestedness. They were given forth in grave earnest, and dictated by an expectation of impending trouble which the event was not slow to justify.

At this period of his life Macaulay was still a hard hitter; but he timed his blows with due regard for the public interests. In January, 1845, he writes to Mr. Napier: "Many thanks for your kind expressions about the last session. I have certainly been heard with great 5 favor by the House whenever I have spoken. As to the course which I have taken, I feel no misgivings. Many honest men think that there ought to be no retrospect in politics. I am firmly convinced that they are in error, and that much better measures than any which we owe 10 to Peel would be very dearly purchased by the utter ruin of all public virtue, which must be the consequence of such immoral lenity."

So much for Maynooth, and for the past. With regard to the future, and the Corn Laws, he says: "As to any 15 remarks which I may make on Peel's gross inconsistency, they must wait till his bill is out of all danger. On the Maynooth question he ran no risk of a defeat, and therefore I had no scruple about attacking him. But to hit him hard while he is fighting the land-owners° would be 20 a very different thing. It will be all that he can do to win the battle with the best help that we can give him. A time will come for looking back. At present our business is to get the country safe through a very serious and doubtful emergency." 25

But no aid from his opponents, however loyally rendered, could keep Sir Robert Peel in office when once that emergency was at an end. On the 26th of June, 1846, the Corn Law Bill° passed the Peers; and, before the night was over, the Government had received its *coup de 30 grâce*° in the Commons. Lord John Russell was again commanded to form an administration. Macaulay obtained the post which he preferred, as the least likely

to interfere with his historical labors ; and, as Paymaster-general of the Army, he went down to Scotland to ask for re-election. On the 9th of July he wrote to Mrs. Trevelyan from the Royal Hotel : "I reached Edinburgh
5 last night, and found the city in a storm. The Dissenters and Free Churchmen have got up an opposition on the old ground of Maynooth, and have sent for Sir Culling Eardley Smith. He is to be here this evening. Comically enough, we shall be at the same inn ; but the landlord,
10 waiters, chamber-maid, and boots are all with me. I have no doubt about the result. We had to-day a great meeting of electors. The lord provost presided. Near three thousand well-dressed people, chiefly voters, were present. I spoke for an hour — as well, they tell me, as
15 I ever spoke in my life, and certainly with considerable effect. There was immense cheering, mingled with a little hissing. A show of hands was called for. I had a perfect forest, and the other side not fifty. I am exceedingly well, and in high spirits. I had become somewhat
20 effeminate in literary repose and leisure. You would not know me again, now that my blood is up. I am such as when, twelve years ago, I fought the battle with Sadler at Leeds." This ardor for the fray augured badly for Sir Culling Eardley. He proved no match for Macaulay,
25 who out-talked him on the hustings ; beat him by two to one at the poll ; and returned to The Albany in triumph, none the worse for his exhilarating though rather expensive contest.

The new paymaster-general discovered his duties to
30 be even less burdensome than he had been given to suppose. An occasional board day at Chelsea, passed in checking off lists of names and signing grants of pension, made very moderate demands upon his time and energy ;

and in Parliament his brother members treated him with a respectful indulgence on which he very seldom trespassed. He only spoke five times in all during the sessions of 1846 and 1847; but whenever, and on whatever subject, he opened his lips, the columns of Hansard are thickly 5 studded with compliments paid to him either in retrospect or by anticipation. His intention to take part in a discussion was, as it were, advertised beforehand by the misgivings of the speakers who differed from him. When the Ten Hours' Bill^o was under consideration, one of its most 10 resolute opponents, fearing the effect which would be produced upon the House by a dissertation from Macaulay in favor of the principle of the Factory Acts, humorously deprecated the wrath of "his right honorable friend, under whose withering eloquence he would, there was little 15 doubt, be very speedily extinguished." On another occasion he was unexpectedly called upon his feet to account for a letter, in which he had expressed an opinion about the propriety of granting a pardon to the leaders of the Welsh Chartists.^o When the House had heard his explanation 20 (into which he contrived to bring an allusion to Judge Jeffreys and the Bloody Assize^o — a reminiscence, in all probability, of his morning's study), Mr. Disraeli^o gracefully enough expressed the general sentiment of the audience: "It is always, to me at least, and I believe to 25 the House, so agreeable to listen to the right honorable gentleman under any circumstances, that we must have been all gratified to-night that he has found it necessary to vindicate his celebrated epistle."

In Parliament, in society, and in literary and political 30 circles throughout the country, Macaulay already enjoyed that general respect and good-will which attach themselves to a man who has done great things, and from whom

something still greater is expected. But there was one city in the kingdom where he had ceased to be popular, and, unfortunately, that city was Edinburgh. The causes of his unpopularity were in part external and
 5 temporary, and in part can be detected only after an attentive review of his personal character.

In the year 1847 the disruption of the Scotch Church^o was already an accomplished and accepted fact; but that momentous crisis had left bitter feelings behind it. Our
 10 leading public men had displayed an indifference to the tendencies of religious opinion in Scotland, and a scandalous ignorance of her religious affairs, which had alienated from Whigs and Englishmen the confidence and attachment of the population north of Tweed. Macaulay, the
 15 most eminent Whig, and far the most eminent Englishman, who then sat for a Scotch constituency, was made the scape-goat for the sins of all his colleagues. He might have averted his fate by subservience, or mitigated it by prudence; but the necessity of taking a side about May-
 20 nooth obliged him to announce his views on the question of religious endowments, and his nature did not allow him to soften down those views by the use of dainty and ambiguous phraseology. He wished all the world to know that, however much the people whom he represented might
 25 regard ecclesiastical matters from the stand-point of the Church, he regarded them, and would always continue to regard them, exclusively from the stand-point of the State.

Radicalism, again, then as always, was stronger in
 30 Scotland than in any other portion of the United Kingdom, and stronger in Edinburgh than in any other town of Scotland; for in Edinburgh the internal differences of the Liberal party were intensified by local circumstances.

"Twenty years ago," writes a former supporter of Macaulay, "there was among us a great deal of what in Oxford is called Town and Gown. The Parliament-house, literature, and the university made the Gown. The tradesmen, as a class, maintained that the high Whigs, though calling 5 themselves the friends of the people, were exclusive and overbearing; and there was some truth in this. The Whigs were always under terror of being coupled with Cobbett, Hunt,^o and their kind." Macaulay had his full share of this feeling. In May, 1842, when the People's Charter^o was presented to Parliament, he spoke, with an emphasis which nothing but sincere conviction could supply, against Mr. Thomas Duncombe's motion that the petitioners should be heard at the bar of the House. "Sir," he said, "I can not conscientiously assent 15 to the motion. And yet I must admit that the honorable member for Finsbury has framed it with considerable skill. He has done his best to obtain the support of all those timid and interested politicians who think much more about the security of their seats than about the security 20 of their country. It would be very convenient to me to give a silent vote with him. I should then have it in my power to say to the Chartists of Edinburgh, 'When your petition was before the House, I was on your side: I was for giving you a full hearing.' I should at the same time 25 be able to assure my Conservative constituents that I never had supported, and never would support, the Charter. But, sir, though this course would be very convenient, it is one which my sense of duty will not suffer me to take."

But Macaulay might have been as much of a Whig and an Erastian^o as he chose, if he had had in his composition more of the man of the world, and less of the man of the

- study. There was a perceptible want of lightness of touch in his method of doing the ordinary business which falls to the lot of a member of Parliament. "The truth is," wrote Lord Cockburn^c in July, 1846, "that Macaulay, with all his admitted knowledge, talent, eloquence, and worth, is not popular. He cares more for his 'History' than for the jobs of his constituents, and answers letters irregularly, and with a brevity deemed contemptuous; and, above all other defects, he suffers severely from the vice of overtalking, and consequently of underlistening. A deputation goes to London to enlighten their representative. They are full of their own matter, and their chairman has a statement bottled and ripe, which he is anxious to draw and decant; but, instead of being listened to, they no sooner enter the audience-chamber than they find themselves all superseded by the restless ability of their eloquent member, who, besides mistaking speaking for hearing, has the indelicate candor not even to profess being struck by the importance of the affair."
- Macaulay had exalted, and, as some would hold, overstrained ideas of the attitude which a representative should adopt in his pecuniary relations with the electors who have sent him to Parliament. Although one of the most generous of men, who knew no delight like giving, and who indulged himself in that respect with an indiscriminate and incautious facility which was at times little short of blameworthy, he was willing, when Edinburgh was in question, to be called stingy if he could only make it clear to his own conscience that he was not tampering with corruption.

London, July 14th, 1841.

MY DEAR MR. BLACK, — I am much gratified by what you say about the race-cup. I had already written to Craig to say that I should not subscribe, and I am glad that my determination meets your approbation. In 5 the first place, I am not clear that the object is a good one. In the next place, I am clear that, by giving money for such an object in obedience to such a summons, I should completely change the whole character of my connection with Edinburgh. It has been usual enough 10 for rich families to keep a hold on corrupt boroughs by defraying the expense of public amusements. Sometimes it is a ball, sometimes a regatta. The Derby family used to support the Preston races. The members for Beverley, I believe, find a bull for their constituents to bait. But 15 these were not the conditions on which I undertook to represent Edinburgh. In return for your generous confidence, I offer Parliamentary service, and nothing else. I am, indeed, most willing to contribute the little that I can spare to your most useful public charities. But even 20 this I do not consider as matter of contract. Nor should I think it proper that the Town Council should call on me to contribute even to an hospital or a school. But the call that is now made is one so objectionable that, I must plainly say, I would rather take the Chiltern Hundreds° 25 than comply with it.

I should feel this if I were a rich man. But I am not rich. I have the means of living very comfortably, according to my notions, and I shall still be able to spare something for the common objects of our party, and some- 30 thing for the distressed. But I have nothing to waste on gayeties which can at best only be considered harmless. If our friends want a member who will find them in public

diversions, they can be at no loss. I know twenty people who, if you will elect them to Parliament, will gladly treat you to a race and a race-ball once a month. But I shall not be very easily induced to believe that Edinburgh is
5 disposed to select her representatives on such a principle.

Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Macaulay was so free from some faults to which literary men are proverbially inclined, that many of those who had claims upon his time and services were too apt to forget
10 that, after all, he possessed the literary temperament. In the hey-day of youth he relished the bustle of crowds, and could find amusement in the company of strangers; but as years went forward — as his spirits lost their edge and his health its spring — he was ever more and more
15 disposed to recoil from publicity. Insatiable of labor, he regarded the near approach, and still more the distant prospect, of worry with an exaggerated disquietude which in his case was a premonitory symptom of the disease that was to kill him. Perpetually overworked by his “His-
20 tory” (and there is no overwork like that of a task which has grown to be dearer to a man than life itself), he no longer had the nerve required to face the social efforts, and to undergo the minute and unceasing observation to which he was, or fancied himself to be, exposed when on a
25 visit to the city which he represented. “If the people of Edinburgh,” he wrote to Mr. Napier, “were not my constituents, there is no place in the island where I should like so much to pass a few weeks; but our relation imposes both such constant exertion and such constant reserve,
30 that a trip thither is neither pleasant nor prudent.”

Whatever may have been the origin and the extent of Macaulay's shortcomings as representative of Edinburgh,

there were men at hand who were anxious, and very well able to turn them to their own account. When Parliament was dissolved in the summer of 1847, all the various elements of discontent, political, ecclesiastical, and personal alike, mustered round the standard that was raised 5 by Sir Culling Eardley's former committee, "which," says Lord Cockburn, "contained Established Churchmen and wild Voluntaries," intense Tories and declamatory Radicals, who agreed in nothing except in holding their peculiar religion as the Scriptural, and therefore the only 10 safe, criterion of fitness for public duty." "The struggle," says Hugh Miller, "is exciting the deepest interest, and, as the beginning of a decided movement on the part of Christians of various denominations to send men of avowed Christian principle to Parliament, may lead to 15 great results." The common sense of the Scotch people brought this movement, such as it was, to a speedy close; and it led to no greater result than that of inflicting a transient scandal upon the sacred name of religion, and giving Macaulay the leisure which he required in order 20 to put the finishing touch to the first two volumes of his "History."

The contest was short, but sharp. For ten days the city was white with broadsides, and the narrow courts off the High Street rang with the dismal strains of innu- 25 merable ballad-singers. The opposition was nominally directed against both the sitting members; but from the first it was evident that all the scurrility was meant exclusively for Macaulay. He came scathless even out of that ordeal. The vague charge of being too much of 30 an essayist and too little of a politician was the worst that either saint or sinner could find to say of him. The burden of half the election-songs was to the effect that he

had written poetry, and that one who knew so much about Ancient Rome could not possibly be the man for Modern Athens.^o The day of nomination was the 29th of July. "I waited with Mr. Macaulay," says Mr. Adam Black,
5 "in a room of the Merchants' Hall, to receive at every hour the numbers who had polled in all the districts. At ten o'clock we were confounded to find that he was 150 below Cowan, but still had faint hopes that the next hour might turn the scale. The next hour came, and a
10 darker prospect. At twelve o'clock he was 340 below Cowan. It was obvious now that the field was lost; but we were left from hour to hour under the torture of a sinking poll, till at four o'clock it stood thus: Cowan, 2063; Craig, 1854; Macaulay, 1477; Blackburn, 980."

15 Edinburgh, July 30th, 1847.

DEAREST HANNAH, — I hope that you will not be much vexed; for I am not vexed, but as cheerful as ever I was in my life. I have been completely beaten. The poll has not closed; but there is no chance that I shall retrieve ^{so} the lost ground. I will make no hasty resolutions; but every thing seems to indicate that I ought to take this opportunity of retiring from public life.

Ever yours,

T. B. M.

That same night, while the town was still alive with
 25 jubilation over a triumph that soon lost its gloss even in
 the eyes of those who won it, Macaulay, in the grateful
 silence of his chamber, was weaving his perturbed thoughts
 into those exquisite lines which tell within the compass
 of a score of stanzas the essential secret of the life whose
 30 outward aspect these volumes have endeavored to por-
 tray.

The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er.
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,
I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light; 5
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

* * * * *

And lo ! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom : 10
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain.
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed, 15
With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jeweled head,
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown.
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown. 20

Still fay in long procession followed fay ;
And still the little couch remained unblest :
But, when those wayward sprites had passed away,
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

Oh ! glorious lady, with the eyes of light, 25
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet strange music, who wast thou ?

"Yes, darling; let them go," so ran the strain:
 "Yes; let them go — gain, fashion, pleasure, power,
 And all the busy elves to whose domain
 Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

5 "Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
 The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign.
 Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
 Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

* * * * *

"Of the fair brotherhood who share my grace,
 10 I, from thy natal day, pronounce thee free;
 And, if for some I keep a nobler place,
 I keep for none a happier than for thee.

"There are who, while to vulgar eyes they seem
 Of all my bounties largely to partake,
 15 Of me as of some rival's handmaid deem,
 And court me but for gain's, power's, fashion's sake.

"To such, though deep their lore, though wide their fame,
 Shall my great mysteries be all unknown:
 But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,
 20 Wilt not thou love me for myself alone?

"Yes; thou wilt love me with exceeding love;
 And I will tenfold all that love repay:
 Still smiling, though the tender may reprove:
 Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.

* * * * *

25 "In the dark hour of shame, I digned to stand
 Before the frowning peers at Bacon's side°;
 On a far shore I smoothed with tender hand,
 Through months of pain, the sleepless bed of Hyde.°

"I brought the wise and brave of ancient days
To cheer the cell where Raleigh^o pined alone.
I lighted Milton's darkness^o with the blaze
Of the bright ranks that guard the eternal throne.

"And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh, 5
When in domestic bliss and studious leisure
Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly.

* * * * *

"No ; when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and wasting body pine, 10
Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow,
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine ;

"Thine where on mountain waves the snow-birds scream,
Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam 15
Lights the drear May-day of Antaretic seas ;

"Thine when around thy litter's track all day
White sand-hills shall reflect the blinding glare ;
Thine when, through forests breathing death, thy way
All night shall wind by many a tiger's lair ; 20

"Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile, 25
Hate's yell, and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
Remember me ; and with an unforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

"Yes, they will pass away, nor deem it strange ;
They come and go, as comes and goes the sea : 30
And let them come and go ; thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me."

CHAPTER XI

1847-1849

AFTER a few nights of sound sleep, and a few days of quiet among his books, Macaulay had recovered both from the fatigues of the contest and the vexation of the defeat. On the 6th of August, 1847, he writes to his sister Fanny: "I am here in solitude, reading and working with great satisfaction to myself. My table is covered with letters of condolence, and with invitations from half the places which have not yet chosen members. I have been asked to stand for Ayr, for Wigton, and for
 10 Oxfordshire. At Wigton and in Oxfordshire I was actually put in nomination without my permission, and my supporters were with difficulty prevented from going to the poll. From *The Sheffield Iris*, which was sent me to-day, I see that a party wishes to put me up for the West
 15 Riding. Craig tells me that there is a violent reaction at Edinburgh, and that those who voted against me are very generally ashamed of themselves, and wish to have me back again. I did not know how great a politician I was till my Edinburgh friends chose to dismiss me from poli-
 20 tics. I never can leave public life with more dignity and grace than at present."

Such consolations as private life had to offer, Macaulay possessed in abundance. He enjoyed the pleasures of society in their most delightful shape; for he was one of
 25 a circle of eminent and gifted men who were the warm friends of himself and of each other. How brilliantly

these men talked is already a matter of tradition. No report of their conversation has been published, and in all probability none exists.

Whatever fault might be found with Macaulay's gestures as an orator, his appearance and bearing in conversation were singularly effective. Sitting bolt upright, his hands resting on the arms of his chair or folded over the handle of his walking-stick; knitting his great eyebrows if the subject was one which had to be thought out as he went along, or brightening from the forehead downward when a burst of humor was coming; his massive features and honest glance suited well with the manly, sagacious sentiments which he set forth in his pleasant, sonorous voice, and in his racy and admirably intelligible language. To get at his meaning, people had never the need to think twice, and they certainly had seldom the time. And with all his ardor, and all his strength and energy of conviction, he was so truly considerate toward others, so delicately courteous with the courtesy which is of the essence, and not only in the manner! However eager had been the debate, and however prolonged the sitting, no one in the company ever had personal reasons for wishing a word of his unsaid, or a look or a tone recalled.

Macaulay could seldom be tempted to step outside his own immediate circle of friends and relations. His distaste for the chance society of a London drawing-room increased as years went on. Like Casaubon° of old, he was well aware that a man cannot live with the idlers, and with the Muses too. "He was peculiarly susceptible," says Lady Trevelyan, "of the feeling of ennui when in company. He really hated staying out, even in the best and most agreeable houses. It was with an effort

that he even dined out, and few of those who met him, and enjoyed his animated conversation, could guess how much rather he would have remained at home, and how much difficulty I had to force him to accept invitations and prevent his growing a recluse. But, though he was very easily bored in general society, I think he never felt ennui when he was alone, or when he was with those he loved. Many people are very fond of children, but he was the only person I ever knew who never tired of being with them. Often has he come to our house, at Clapham or in Westbourne Terrace, directly after breakfast, and, finding me out, has dawdled away the whole morning with the children; and then, after sitting with me at lunch, has taken Margaret a long walk through the City which lasted the whole afternoon. Such days are always noted in his journals as especially happy."

It is impossible to exaggerate the pleasure which Macaulay took in children, or the delight which he gave them. He was, beyond all comparison, the best of playfellows; unrivaled in the invention of games, and never wearied of repeating them. He had an inexhaustible repertory of small dramas for the benefit of his nieces, in which he sustained an endless variety of parts with a skill that, at any rate, was sufficient for his audience. An old friend of the family writes to my sister, Lady Holland: "I well remember that there was one never-failing game of building up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and of enacting robbers and tigers; you shrieking with terror, but always fascinated, and begging him to begin again: and there was a daily recurring observation from him that, after all, children were the only true poets."

Whenever he was at a distance from his little companions, he consoled himself and them by the exchange of

long and frequent letters. The earliest in date of those which he wrote in prose begins as follows :

September 15th, 1842.

MY DEAR BABA,^o — Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, 5 and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books. For, when she is as old as I am, she will find that they are better than all the tarts, and cakes, and toys, and plays, and sights in the world. If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces, and 10 gardens, and fine dinners, and wine, and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books, than a king who did not love reading. 15

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

The feelings with which Macaulay regarded children were near akin to those of the great writer to whom we owe the death of little Paul,^o and the meeting between the school-boy and his mother in the eighth chapter of 20 "David Copperfield." "Have you seen the first number of Dombey?" he writes. "There is not much in it; but there is one passage which made me cry as if my heart would break. It is the description of a little girl who has lost an affectionate mother, and is unkindly treated 25 by every body. Images of that sort always overpower me, even when the artist is less skillful than Dickens." In truth, Macaulay's extreme sensibility to all which appealed to the sentiment of pity, whether in art or in nature, was nothing short of a positive inconvenience to him. 30 He was so moved by the visible representation of distress

ing scenes that he went most unwillingly to the theatre, for which during his Cambridge days he had entertained a passionate though passing fondness. I remember well how, during the performance of "Masks and Faces,"^o 5 the sorrows of the broken-down author and his starving family in their Grub Street^o garret entirely destroyed the pleasure which he otherwise would have taken in Mrs. Stirling's^o admirable acting. And he was hardly less easily affected to tears by that which was sublime and stirring in literature, than by that which was melancholy and pathetic. In August, 1851, he writes from Malvern to his niece Margaret: "I finished the 'Iliad' to-day. I had not read it through since the end of 1837, when I was at Calcutta, and when you often called me away from 15 my studies to show you pictures and to feed the crows. I never admired the old fellow so much, or was so strongly moved by him. What a privilege genius like his enjoys! I could not tear myself away. I read the last five books at a stretch during my walk to-day, and was at last forced 20 to turn into a by-path, lest the parties of walkers should see me blubbering for imaginary beings, the creations of a ballad-maker who has been dead two thousand seven hundred years. What is the power and glory of Cæsar and Alexander to that? Think what it would be to be 25 assured that the inhabitants of Monomotapa^o would weep over one's writings Anno Domini 4551!"

Macaulay was so devoid of egotism, and exacted so little deference and attention from those with whom he lived, that the young people around him were under an 30 illusion which to this day it is pleasant to recall. It was long, very long, before we guessed that the world thought much of one who appeared to think so little of himself. I remember telling my school-fellows that I had an uncle

who was about to publish a "History of England" in two volumes, each containing six hundred and fifty pages; but it never crossed my mind that the work in question would have anything to distinguish it except its length. As years went on, it seemed strange and unnatural to hear him more and more frequently talked of as a great man; and we slowly, and almost reluctantly, awoke to the conviction that "Uncle Tom" was cleverer; as well as more good-natured, than his neighbors.

He was never so happy as when he could spend an afternoon in taking his nieces and nephews a round of London sights, until, to use his favorite expression, they "could not drag one leg after the other." If he had been able to have his own way, the treat would have recurred at least twice a week. On these occasions we drove into London in time for a sumptuous midday meal, at which everything that we liked best was accompanied by oysters, caviare, and olives, some of which delicacies he invariably provided with the sole object of seeing us reject them with contemptuous disgust. Then off we set under his escort, in summer to the bears and lions; in winter to the Panorama of Waterloo, to the Colosseum in Regent's Park, or to the enjoyment of the delicious terror inspired by Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors.

Regularly every Easter, when the closing of the public offices drove my father from the Treasury for a brief holiday, Macaulay took our family on a tour among cathedral-towns, varied by an occasional visit to the universities. We started on the Thursday; spent Good-Friday in one city and Easter Sunday in another, and went back to town on the Monday. This year it was Worcester and Gloucester; the next, York and Lincoln; then Lichfield and Chester, Norwich and Peterborough, Ely and Cam-

bridge, Salisbury and Winchester. Now and then the routine was interrupted by a trip to Paris, or to the great churches on the Loire; but in the course of twenty years we had inspected at least once all the cathedrals of England, or indeed of England and Wales, for we carried our researches after ecclesiastical architecture as far down in the list as Bangor. "Our party just filled a railway carriage," says Lady Trevelyan, "and the journey found his flow of spirits unailing. It was a return to old times; a running fire of jokes, rhymes, puns, never ceasing. It was a peculiarity of his that he never got tired on a journey. As the day wore on he did not feel the desire to lie back and be quiet, and he liked to find his companions ready to be entertained to the last."

When we returned to our inn in the evening, it was only an exchange of pleasures. Sometimes he would translate to us choice morsels from Greek, Latin, Italian, or Spanish writers, with a vigor of language and vivacity of manner which communicated to his impromptu version not a little of the air and the charm of the original. Sometimes he would read from the works of Sterne, or Smollett, or Fielding those scenes to which ladies might listen, but which they could not well venture to pick out for themselves. And when we had heard enough of the siege of Carthage in "Roderick Random," or of Lieutenant Le Fevre's death in "Tristram Shandy," we would fall to capping verses, or stringing rhymes, or amusing ourselves with some game devised for the occasion which often made a considerable demand upon the memory or invention of the players.

Like all other men who play with a will, and who work to a purpose, Macaulay was very well aware of the distinction between work and play. He did not carry on

the business of his life by desultory efforts, or in the happy moments of an elegant inspiration. Men have disputed, and will long continue to dispute, whether or not his fame was deserved; but no one who himself has written books will doubt that, at any rate, it was hardly earned. "Take at hazard," says Thackeray, "any three pages of the 'Essays' or 'History'; and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are ac-¹⁰ quainted. Your neighbor, who has *his* reading and *his* little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest,¹⁵ humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description."

His industry has had its reward. The extent and exactness of his knowledge have won him the commenda-²⁰ tion of learned and candid writers who have traveled over ground which he has trod before. Each, in his own particular field, recognizes the high quality of Macaulay's work; and there is no testimonial so valuable as the praise of an enlightened specialist. Such praise has been freely²⁵ given by Mr. Bagehot, the editor of the *Economist*, in that delightful treatise which goes by the name of "Lombard Street." He commences one important section of the book with the sentence in which, except for its modesty, I am unwilling to find a fault: "The origin of the Bank³⁰ of England has been told by Macaulay, and it is never wise for an ordinary writer to tell again what he has told so much better." And Mr. Buckle, who was as well

acquainted with the social manners of our ancestors as is Mr. Bagehot with their finance, appends the following note to what is perhaps the most interesting chapter in his "History of Civilization": "Every thing Mr. Mac-
 5 aulay has said on the contempt into which the clergy fell in the reign of Charles the Second is perfectly accurate; and, from evidence which I have collected, I know that this very able writer, of whose immense research few people are competent judges, has rather understated the
 10 case than overstated it. On several subjects I should venture to differ from Mr. Macaulay; but I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of his unwearied diligence, of the consummate skill with which he has arranged his materials, and of the noble love of liberty which
 15 animates his entire work. These are qualities which will long survive the aspersions of his puny detractors — men who, in point of knowledge and ability, are unworthy to loosen the shoe-latchet° of him they foolishly attack."

The main secret of Macaulay's success lay in this, that
 20 to extraordinary fluency and facility he united patient, minute, and persistent diligence. He well knew, as Chaucer knew before him, that

There is na workeman
 That can bothe worken wel and hastilie.
 25 This must be done at leisure parfaitlie.

If his method of composition ever comes into fashion, books probably will be better, and undoubtedly will be shorter. As soon as he had got into his head all the information relating to any particular episode in his
 30 "History," he would sit down and write off the whole story at a headlong pace; sketching in the outlines under the genial and audacious impulse of a first conception;

and securing in black and white each idea, and epithet, and turn of phrase, as it flowed straight from his busy brain to his rapid fingers. His manuscript, at this stage, to the eyes of any one but himself, appeared to consist of column after column of dashes and flourishes, in which a straight line, with a half-formed letter at each end and another in the middle, did duty for a word.

As soon as Macaulay had finished his rough draft, he began to fill it in at the rate of six sides of foolscap every morning; written in so large a hand, and with such a multitude of erasures, that the whole six pages were, on an average, compressed into two pages of print. This portion he called his "task," and he was never quite easy unless he completed it daily. More he seldom sought to accomplish; for he had learned by long experience that this was as much as he could do at his best; and, except when at his best, he never would work at all. "I had no heart to write," he says in his journal of March 6th, 1851. "I am too self-indulgent in this matter, it may be: and yet I attribute much of the success which I have had to my habit of writing only when I am in the humor, and of stopping as soon as the thoughts and words cease to flow fast."

Macaulay never allowed a sentence to pass muster until it was as good as he could make it. He thought little of recasting a chapter in order to obtain a more lucid arrangement, and nothing whatever of reconstructing a paragraph for the sake of one happy stroke or apt illustration. Whatever the worth of his labor, at any rate it was a labor of love.

Antonio Stradivari° has an eye
That winces at false work, and loves the true.

Leonardo da Vinci° would walk the whole length of Milan that he might alter a single tint in his picture of the Last Supper. Napoleon kept the returns of his army under his pillow at night, to refer to in case he was
 5 sleepless; and would set himself problems at the Opera while the overture was playing: "I have ten thousand men at Strasbourg; fifteen thousand at Magdeburg; twenty thousand at Wurtzburg. By what stages must they march so as to arrive at Ratisbon on three successive
 10 days?" What his violins were to Stradivarius, and his fresco to Leonardo, and his campaigns to Napoleon, that was his "History" to Macaulay.

Macaulay's correspondence in the summer and autumn of 1848 is full of allusions to his great work, the first vol-
 15 umes of which were then in the hands of the publisher. In a letter to his sister Selina he says: "Jeffrey, Ellis, and Hannah all agree in predicting that the book will succeed." On the 24th of October, 1848, he writes to my mother: "I work with scarcely any intermission
 20 from seven in the morning to seven in the afternoon, and shall probably continue to do so during the next ten days. Then my labors will become lighter, and, in about three weeks, will completely cease. There will still be a fortnight before publication. I have armed myself with all
 25 my philosophy for the event of a failure."

He might have spared his fears. Within three days after its first appearance the fortune of the book was already secure. It was greeted by an ebullition of national pride and satisfaction which delighted Macaulay's friends,
 30 and reconciled to him most who remained of his old political adversaries. Lord Halifax expressed the general feeling that the "History" was singularly well-timed. "I have finished," he writes, "your second volume, and

I can not tell you how grateful all lovers of truth, all lovers of liberty, all lovers of order and of civilized freedom, ought to be to you for having so set before them the History of our Revolution of 1688." "My dear Macaulay," says Lord Jeffrey, "the mother that bore you, had 5 she been yet alive, could scarcely have felt prouder or happier than I do at this outburst of your graver fame. I have long had a sort of parental interest in your glory; and it is now mingled with a feeling of deference to your intellectual superiority which can only consort, I take 10 it, with the character of a female parent."

It is a characteristic trait in Macaulay that, as soon as his last proof-sheet had been dispatched to the printers, he at once fell to reading a course of historians, from Herodotus^o downward. The sense of his own inferiority 15 to Thucydides^o did more to put him out of conceit with himself than all the unfavorable comments which were bestowed upon him (sparingly enough, it must be allowed) by the newspapers and reviews of the day. He was even less thin-skinned as a writer than as a politician. 20 When he felt conscious that he had done his very best — when all that lay within his own power had been faithfully and diligently performed — it was not his way to chafe under hostile criticism, or to waste time and temper by engaging in controversies on the subject of his own works. 25 Like Dr. Johnson, "he had learned, both from his own observation and from literary history, in which he was deeply read, that the place of books in the public estimation is fixed, not by what is written about them, but by what is written in them; and that an author whose works 30 are likely to live is very unwise if he stoops to wrangle with detractors whose works are certain to die." "I have never been able," Macaulay says, in a letter dated

December, 1849, "to discover that a man is at all the worse for being attacked. One foolish line of his own does him more harm than the ablest pamphlets written against him by other people."

- 5 "Lord Macaulay," said an acute observer, who knew him well, "is an almost unique instance of a man of transcendent force of character, mighty will, mighty energy, giving all that to literature instead of to practical work;" and it can not be denied that, in his vocation of
10 historian, he gave proof of qualities which would have commanded success in almost any field. To sacrifice the accessory to the principal; to plan an extensive and arduous task, and to pursue it without remission and without mis-
15 giving; to withstand resolutely all counter-attractions, whether they come in the shape of distracting pleasures or of competing duties — such are the indispensable conditions for attaining to that high and sustained excellence of artistic performance which, in the beautiful words of George Eliot, "must be wooed with industrious thought
20 and patient renunciation of small desires." At a period when the mere rumor of his presence would have made the fortune of an evening in any drawing-room in London, Macaulay consented to see less and less, and at length almost nothing, of general society, in order that he might
25 devote all his energies to the work which he had in hand. He relinquished that House of Commons which the first sentence of his speeches hushed into silence, and the first five minutes filled to overflowing. He watched, without a shade of regret or a twinge of envy, men, who would
30 never have ventured to set their claims against his, rise one after another to the summit of the State. "I am sincerely glad," said Sir James Graham, "that Macaulay has so greatly succeeded. The sacrifices which he has

made to literature deserve no ordinary triumph; and, when the statesmen of this present day are forgotten, the historian of the Revolution will be remembered." Among men of letters there were some who maintained that the fame of Macaulay's volumes exceeded their deserts; but his former rivals and colleagues in Parliament, one and all, rejoiced in the prosperous issue of an undertaking for the sake of which he had surrendered more than others could ever hope to win.

CHAPTER XII

1848-1852

"*NOVEMBER 18th, 1848: Albany.* — After the lapse of more than nine years I begin my journal again. What a change! I have been, since the last lines were written, a member of two Parliaments and of two Cabinets. I have published several volumes with success. I have escaped from Parliament, and am living in the way best suited to my temper. I lead a college life in London, with the comforts of domestic life near me; for Hannah and her children are very dear to me. I have an easy fortune. I have finished the first two volumes of my 'History.' Yesterday the last sheets went to America, and within a fortnight, I hope, the publication will take place in London. I am pretty well satisfied. As compared with excellence, the work is a failure; but, as compared with other similar books, I can not think so. We shall soon know what the world says.

"*December 4th, 1848.* — Staid at home all the day, making corrections for the second edition. Shaw, the printer, came to tell me that they are wanted with speed, and that the first edition of three thousand is nearly out. Then I read the eighth book of Thucydides. On the whole, he is the first of historians.

"I have felt to-day somewhat anxious about the fate of my book. The sale has surpassed expectation: but that proves only that people have formed a high idea of what they are to have. The disappointment, if there is disappointment, will be great. All that I hear is laudatory. But who can trust to praise which is poured into his own ear? At all events, I have aimed high; I have tried to do

something that may be remembered ; I have had the year 2000, and even the year 3000, often in my mind ; I have sacrificed nothing to temporary fashions of thought and style ; and if I fail, my failure will be more honorable than nine-tenths of the successes that I have witnessed." 5

"December 12th, 1848. — Longman called. A new edition of three thousand copies is preparing as fast as they can work. I have reason to be pleased. Of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' two thousand two hundred and fifty copies were sold in the first year ; of 'Marmion' two 10 thousand copies in the first month ; of my book three thousand copies in ten days. Black says that there has been no such sale since the days of 'Waverley.' The success is in every way complete beyond all hope, and is the more agreeable to me because expectation had been wound up 15 so high that disappointment was almost inevitable. I think, though with some misgivings, that the book will live."

In November, 1848, Macaulay had been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. The time was 20 now approaching for the ceremony of his installation — one of those occasions which are the special terror of an orator, when much is expected, and every thing has been well said many times before. His year of office fortunately 25 chanced to be the fourth centenary of the body over which he had been chosen to preside ; and he contrived to give point and novelty to his inaugural address by framing it into a retrospect of the history and condition of the University at the commencement of each successive century of its existence. 30

The event proved that his apprehensions were superfluous. "I took the oath of office," he writes in his journal of March 21st, 1849 ; "signed my name, and delivered my address. It was very successful ; for, though

of little intrinsic value, it was not unskillfully framed for its purpose, and for the place and time. The acclamations were prodigious."

"June 30th. — To-day my yearly account with Longman is wound up. I may now say that my book has run the gauntlet of criticism pretty thoroughly. I have every reason to be content. The most savage and dishonest assailant has not been able to deny me merit as a writer. All critics who have the least pretense to impartiality have
10 given me praise which I may be glad to think that I at all deserve. My present enterprise is a more arduous one, and will probably be rewarded with less applause. Yet I feel strong in hope."

Macaulay spent the last half of August in Ireland.

15 "August 16th, 1849. — We sailed as soon as we got on board. The breeze was fresh and adverse, and the sea rough. The sun set in glory, and then the starlight was like the starlight of the Trades. I put on my great-coat, and sat on deck during the whole voyage. As I could not read, I used an
20 excellent substitute for reading. I went through 'Paradise Lost' in my head. I could still repeat half of it, and that the best half. I really never enjoyed it so much.

"August 24th, Killarney. — A busy day. I found that I must either forego the finest part of the sight, or mount
25 a pony. Ponies are not much in my way. However, I was ashamed to flinch, and rode twelve miles, with a guide, to the head of the Upper Lake, where we met the boat which had been sent forward with four rowers. One of the boatmen gloried in having rowed Sir Walter Scott and
30 Miss Edgeworth, twenty-four years ago. It was, he said, a compensation to him for having missed a hanging which took place that very day. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Upper Lake. I got home after a seven hours' ramble, during which I went twelve miles on horseback,

and about twenty by boat. I had not crossed a horse since in June, 1834, I rode with Captain Smith through the Mango Garden, near Arcot. I was pleased to find that I had a good seat; and my guide, whom I had apprised of my unskillfulness, professed himself quite an admirer of the way in which I trotted and cantered. His flattery pleased me more than many fine compliments which have been paid to my 'History.'

After his fortnight in Ireland, Macaulay took another fortnight in France, and then applied himself, sedulously and continuously, to the completion of his twelfth chapter. For weeks together the account of each day ends or begins with the words: "My task;" "Did my task;" "My task, and something over."

"October 25th, 1849. — My birthday. Forty-nine years old. I have no cause of complaint. Tolerable health; competence; liberty; leisure; very dear relations and friends; a great, I may say a very great, literary reputation.

Nil amplius oro,

20

Maiâ nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis."

But how will that be? My fortune is tolerably secure against any thing but a great public calamity. My liberty depends on myself, and I shall not easily part with it. As to fame, it may fade and die; but I hope that mine has deeper roots. This I can not but perceive, that even the hasty and imperfect articles which I wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* are valued by a generation which has sprung up since they were first published. While two editions of Jeffrey's papers, and four of Sydney's, have sold, mine are reprinting for the seventh time. Then, as to my 'History,' there is no change yet in the public feeling of England. I find that the United States, France, and Germany confirm the judgment of my own country. I

have seen not less than six German reviews, all in the highest degree laudatory. This is a sufficient answer to those detractors who attribute the success of my book here to the skill with which I have addressed myself to mere
 5 local and temporary feelings. I am conscious that I did not mean to address myself to such feelings, and that I wrote with a remote past, and a remote future, constantly in my mind. The applause of people at Charleston, people at Heidelberg, and people at Paris has reached me
 10 this very week; and this consent of men so differently situated leads me to hope that I have really achieved the high adventure which I undertook, and produced something which will live. What a long rigmarole! But on a birthday a man may be excused for looking backward
 15 and forward.

December 21st.—To-day I sent ten pounds to poor —'s family. I do not complain of such calls; but I must save in other things in order to meet them."

Macaulay spent the September of 1850 in a pleasant
 20 villa on the south coast of the Isle of Wight. The letters in which he urges Mr. Ellis to share his retreat may lack the poetical beauty of Horace's invitation to Mæcenas^o and Tennyson's invitation to Mr. Maurice^o; but it is probable that the entertainment, both material and
 25 intellectual, which awaited a guest at Madeira Hall, did not yield in quality to that provided either at Tibur or at Freshwater.

Ventnor, September 8th, 1850.

DEAR ELLIS, — I shall be at Ryde to meet you next
 30 Saturday. I only hope that the weather may continue to be just what it is. The evenings are a little chilly out-of-doors; but the days are glorious. I rise before seven; breakfast at nine; write a page; ramble five or six hours over rocks and through copse-wood, with Plu-

tarch in my hand; come home; write another page; take Fra Paolo,^o and sit in the garden reading till the sun sinks behind the Undercliff. Then it begins to be cold; so I carry my Fra Paolo into the house and read on till dinner. While I am at dinner the *Times* comes in, and is 5 a good accompaniment to a delicious dessert of peaches, which are abundant here. I then take a short stroll by starlight, and go to bed at ten. I am perfectly solitary; almost as much so as Robinson Crusoe before he caught Friday. I have not opened my lips, that I remember, 10 these six weeks, except to say "Bread, if you please," or, "Bring a bottle of soda-water"; yet I have not had a moment of ennui. Nevertheless I am heartily glad that you can give me nine days. I wish it were eighteen.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY. 15

"*October 14th.* — I walked to Westbourne Terrace, and talked with Hannah about setting up a brougham. I really shall do it. The cost will be small, and the comfort great. It is but fair, too, that I should have some of the advantage of my own labor." 20

"*October 25th, 1850.* — My birthday. I am fifty. Well, I have had a happy life. I do not know that any body, whom I have seen close, has had a happier. Some things I regret; but, on the whole, who is better off? I have not children of my own, it is true; but I have children whom I 25 love as if they were my own, and who, I believe, love me. I wish that the next ten years may be as happy as the last ten. But I rather wish it than hope it."

Macaulay spent August and September at Malvern, in a pleasant villa, embowered in "a wood full of black- 30 birds." Mr. Ellis gave him ten days of his company, timing his visit so as to attend the Musical Festival at Worcester.

Malvern, August 21st, 1851.

DEAR ELLIS, — I shall expect you on Wednesday next. I have got the tickets for the "Messiah." ° There may be some difficulty about conveyances during the festival.
 5 But the supply here is immense. On every road round Malvern coaches and flies pass you every ten minutes, to say nothing of irregular vehicles. For example, the other day I was overtaken by a hearse as I was strolling along, and reading the night expedition of Diomed and
 10 Ulysses. ° "Would you like a ride, sir?" said the driver. "Plenty of room." I could not help laughing. "I dare say I shall want such a carriage some day or other. But I am not ready yet." The fellow, with the most consummate professional gravity, answered, "I meant, sir, that
 15 there was plenty of room on the box."

I do not think that I ever, at Cambridge or in India, did a better day's work in Greek than to-day. I have read at one stretch fourteen books of the "Odyssey," from the Sixth to the Nineteenth inclusive. I did it
 20 while walking to Worcester and back.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

At the close of 1851 Palmerston was ejected from the Foreign Office. The Government needed no small accession of prestige in order to balance so heavy a loss, and
 25 overtures were made, without much hope of success, to induce Macaulay to accept a seat in the Cabinet.

"January 18th, 1852. — At dinner I received a note from Lord John ° asking to see me to-morrow at eleven."

"January 19th. — I was anxious; but determined, if
 30 I found myself hard pressed, to beg a day for consideration, and then to send a refusal in writing. I find it difficult to refuse people face to face. I went to Chesham Place.

He at once asked me to join the Cabinet. I refused, and gave about a quarter of my reasons, though half a quarter would have been sufficient. I told him that I should be of no use; that I was not a debater; that it was too late for me to become one; that I might once have turned out 5 effective in that way, but that now my literary habits, and my literary reputation, had made it impossible. I pleaded health, temper, and tastes. He did not urge me much, and I think has been rather induced by others, than by his own judgment, to make the proposition. I 10 added that I would not sit for any nomination borough, and that my turn of mind disqualified me for canvassing great constituent bodies."

CHAPTER XIII

1852-1856

EQUABLE and tranquil as was the course of Macaulay's life during the earlier months of 1852, that year had still both good and evil in store for him. While the summer was yet young, Parliament was dissolved, and the general
 5 election took place in July. Edinburgh was one of the places where the Conservatives resolved to try an almost desperate chance. The Liberals of that city were at odds among themselves; and the occurrences of 1847 had not been such as to attract any candidate who enjoyed the
 10 position and reputation which would have enabled him to unite a divided party. Honorably ambitious to obtain a worthy representative for the capital of Scotland, and sincerely desirous to make amends for their harsh usage of a great man who had done his best to serve them,
 15 the electors turned their eyes toward Macaulay.

To Miss Macaulay.

Albany, June 19th, 1852.

DEAR FANNY, — I have not made, and do not mean to make, the smallest move toward the people of Edinburgh.
 20 But they, to my great surprise, have found out that they treated me ill five years ago, and that they are now paying the penalty. They can get nobody to stand who is likely to do them credit; and it seemed as if they were in danger of having members who would have made them regret

not only me, but Cowan. Then, without any communication with me, it was suggested by some of the most respectable citizens that the town might solve its difficulties by electing me without asking me to go down, or to give any pledges, or even any opinion, on political matters. 5 The hint was eagerly taken up; and I am assured that the feeling in my favor is strong, and that I shall probably be at the head of the poll. All that I have been asked to do is to say that, if I am chosen on those terms, I will sit. On full consideration, I did not think that I could, consistently with my duty, decline the invitation.

To me, personally, the sacrifice is great. Though I shall not make a drudge of myself, and though I certainly shall never, in any event, accept office, the appearance of my next volumes may be postponed a year, or even 15 two. Ever yours, T. B. MACAULAY.

The Committee of the Scottish Reformation Society, insisting on their privilege as electors, wrote to him in respectful terms to inquire whether, in the event of his being returned to Parliament, he was prepared to vote against 20 the grant to Maynooth. He replied as follows:

To the Secretary of the Scottish Reformation Society.

June 23d, 1852.

SIR, — I must beg to be excused from answering the questions which you put to me. I have great respect for 25 the gentlemen in whose name you write, but I have nothing to ask of them. I am not a candidate for their suffrages; I have no desire to sit again in Parliament, and I certainly shall never again sit there, except in an event which I did not till very lately contemplate as possible, 30 and which even now seems to me highly improbable. If,

indeed, the electors of such a city as Edinburgh should, without requiring from me any explanation or any guarantee, think fit to confide their interests to my care, I should not feel myself justified in refusing to accept a public trust offered me in a manner so honorable and so peculiar. I have not, I am sensible, the smallest right to expect that I shall on such terms be chosen to represent a great constituent body; but I have a right to say that on no other terms can I be induced to leave that quiet and happy retirement in which I have passed the last four years.

I have the honor to be yours, etc.,

T. B. MACAULAY.

"June 30th. — I heard from Adam Black, who is alarmed about the effect which my answer to the Reformation Society may have upon the election. It is very odd that, careless as I am about the result of the whole business, a certain disagreeable physical excitement was produced by Black's letter. All day I have felt unstrung; a weight at my heart, and an indescribable sense of anxiety. These are the penalties of advancing life. My reason is as clear as ever, and tells me that I have not the slightest cause for uneasiness. I answered Adam, using language much gentler than I should have used except out of consideration for him."

In spite of Mr. Black's friendly apprehensions, Macaulay's high and rigid bearing had not been distasteful to the Edinburgh electors. They justly considered that the self-respect of a member of Parliament reflects itself upon his constituents; and they were rather proud, than not, of voting for a candidate who was probably the worst electioneerer since Coriolanus.^o At the close of the day the numbers stood:

Macaulay	1846	
Cowan	1753	
M'Laren	1561	
Bruce	1068	
Campbell	625	5

It is no exaggeration to say that from one end of the island to the other the tidings were received with keen and all but universal satisfaction.

But the very same week which honored Macaulay with so marked a proof of the esteem and admiration of his countrymen brought with it likewise sad and sure indications that the great labors to which his fame was due had not been undertaken with impunity. On the 15th of July, two days after the election was decided, he describes himself as extremely languid and oppressed; hardly able to walk or breathe. A week later he says: "I was not well to-day; something the matter with the heart. . . . I shrink from the journey to Edinburgh, and the public appearance."

For some weeks to come Macaulay was very ill indeed; and he never recovered the secure and superabundant health which he had hitherto enjoyed. It is needless to say that the affection which he had passed his life in deservng did not fail him now. Lady Trevelyan saw Dr. Bright, and learned that the case was more serious than she believed her brother himself to be aware of; a belief which was quite erroneous, as his journal proves, but under which he very willingly allowed her to lie. She took upon herself the arrangements necessary for the postponement of the Edinburgh meeting, and then accompanied Macaulay down to Clifton^o; where she saw him comfortably settled, and staid with him until he began to mend.

So far from being quite well, it may be said that Macaulay never was well again. "Last July was a crisis in my life," he writes in March, 1853. "I became twenty years older in a week. A mile is more to me now than
 5 ten miles a year ago." One after another, in quick succession, his favorite habits were abandoned, without any prospect of being resumed. His day-long rambles, in company with Homer or Goethe, along river banks, and over ridge and common; his afternoons spent in leisurely
 10 explorations of all the book-stalls and print-shops between Charing Cross and Bethnal Green; his Sunday walks from The Albany to Clapham, and from Clapham to Richmond or Blackwall, were now, during long periods together, exchanged for a crawl along the sunny side of the
 15 street in the middle hours of any day which happened to be fine. Instead of writing, as on a pinch he loved to write, straight on from his late and somewhat lazy breakfast until the moment of dinner found him hungry and complacent, with a heavy task successfully performed,
 20 he was condemned, for the first time in his life, to the detested necessity of breaking the labors of the day by luncheon. He was forced, sorely against his will, to give up reading aloud, which, ever since he was four years old, he had enjoyed even more than reading to himself. He
 25 was almost totally debarred from general society; for his doctor rarely permitted him to go out of an evening, and often forbade him to go out at all.

At very distant intervals, he gives expression, in two or three pathetic sentences, to the dejection which is the
 30 inevitable attendant upon the most depressing of all ailments: "I am not what I was, and every month my heart tells it me more and more clearly. I am a little low; not from apprehension, for I look forward to the

inevitable close with perfect serenity; but from regret for what I love. I sometimes hardly command my tears when I think how soon I may leave them. I feel that the fund of life is nearly spent." But, throughout the volumes of his journals, Macaulay never for a single instant 5 assumes the air of an unfortunate or an ill-used man. Instead of murmuring and repining, we find him exhorting himself to work while it was day, and to increase his exertions as the sand sunk ever lower in the glass; rescuing some from the poverty from which he long ago had set 10 himself free, and consoling others for the pangs of disappointed ambition from which he had never suffered; providing the young people around him only too lavishly with the pleasures that he could no longer enjoy, and striving by every possible method to make their lives all 15 the brighter, as the shadows deepened down upon his own. It would have been well for his comfort if, to use a favorite quotation of his own, he had never again quit for politics "*la maison d'Aristippe, le jardin d'Épicure.*"

The first two debates in which he took part after his 20 return to Parliament proved to him by infallible indications that he must renounce the career of an orator, unless he was prepared to incur a risk which no man has a right to run. When he re-entered the House of Commons in 1852 he had no intention of again aspiring to be a leader; 25 and he very soon was taught that he must not even hope to count as an effective among the rank and file of politicians. He was slow to learn so painful a lesson. As regarded his attendance at Westminster,^o the indulgence of his constituents knew no bounds; but he himself had 30 very little inclination to presume upon that indulgence.

If it had been a question of duty, Macaulay would have cared little whether or not his constitution could stand the

strain of the House of Commons. He was no niggard of health and ease. To lavish on his work all that he had to give — to toil on, against the advice of physicians, and the still surer and more urgent warning of his own bodily sensations — to shorten, if need be, his life by a year, in order that his "History" might be longer by a volume — were sacrifices which he was ready to make, like all men who value their time on earth for the sake of what they accomplish, and not of what they enjoy. But he could not
 10 conceal from himself, and his friends would not suffer him to do so, that it was grievous waste, while the reign of Anne still remained unwritten, for him to consume his scanty stock of vigor in the tedious but exhausting routine of a political existence.

15 It was, therefore, with good reason that Macaulay spared himself as a member of Parliament. He did not economize his energies in order to squander them in any other quarter. The altered character of his private correspondence henceforward indicates how carefully he husbanded his powers,
 20 with the view of employing them exclusively upon his books. When writing to publishers or editors, he never again allowed his pen to revel in that picturesque amplitude of literary detail which rendered many of his business letters to Mr. Napier as readable as so many passages from
 25 Sainte-Beuve.^o When writing to his relations, he never again treated them to those spirited imitations of Richardson, in which he described to his delighted sisters the routs, the dinner parties, and the debates of the London season of 1831. He was very unwilling^o to continue to
 30 call himself a member of Parliament. "The feeling that I ought not to be in the House of Commons" (so he wrote to Mr. Black) "preys upon my mind. I think that I am acting ungenerously and ungratefully to a constitu-

ent body which has been most indulgent to me." But the people of Edinburgh thought otherwise; and the earnest and repeated solicitations of his leading supporters prevailed upon him to retain for a while the title of representative of their city. 5

Although, as a statesman, his day was past and gone, Macaulay watched with profound emotion the course of his country's fortunes during the momentous years 1854 and 1855. He was a patriot, if ever there was one. It would be difficult to find any body, whether great or small, 10 who more heartily and more permanently enjoyed the consciousness of being an Englishman. "When I am traveling on the Continent," he used to say, "I like to think that I am a citizen of no mean city." He hailed every sign which told that the fighting strength of the 15 nation was undecayed, and its spirit as high as ever.

Macaulay followed the progress of the Russian war through all its stages with intense but discriminating interest. "Glorious news!" he says, on the 4th of October, 1854. "Too glorious, I am afraid, to be all 20 true." Throughout the winter months his journal shows how constantly the dangers and sufferings of our soldiers were present to his mind, and with what heart-felt admiration he regarded each successive proof of the discipline, the endurance, and the intrepidity which those dangers 25 and sufferings so cruelly but so effectually tested. "I am anxious," he writes, on the 13th of November, "about our brave fellows in the Crimea," but proud for the country, and glad to think that the national spirit is so high and unconquerable. Invasion is a bugbear indeed while we 30 retain our pluck." Macaulay viewed with great and increasing satisfaction the eagerness of his fellow-countrymen to make all the sacrifices which the war demanded.

He was fond of reminding himself and others that the prosperity and the independence of England had not been bought for nothing, and could be retained only so long as we were willing to pay the price.

5 From the summer of 1854, until his third and fourth volumes were published, the composition of his "History" was to Macaulay a source of almost unmingled interest and delight; "a work which never presses, and never ceases," as he called it in a letter to his sister; "a work
10 which is the business and the pleasure of my life," as he described it in the preface to his speeches. By September, 1854, he was so far forward that he thought himself justified in saying, after a visit to the Windsor collection: "I was told that there was scarcely any thing of earlier
15 date than George I. A good hearing. I have now got to a point at which there is no more gratifying discovery than that nothing is to be discovered." As the months went on he worked harder, and ever harder. His labor, though a labor of love, was immense. He almost gave up
20 letter-writing; he quite gave up society; and at last he had not leisure even for his diary.

At length, on the 21st of November, he writes: "I looked over and sent off the last twenty pages. My work is done, thank God! and now for the result. On the
25 whole, I think that it can not be very unfavorable." The first effect upon Macaulay of having completed an installment of his own "History" was now, as in 1848, to set him reading Herodotus.

The event more than justified Macaulay's confidence.
30 The ground which his book then gained has never been lost since. "I shall not be satisfied," he wrote in 1841, "unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young

ladies." It may be said, for the credit of his countrymen no less than for his own, that the annual sale of his "History" has frequently since 1857 surpassed the sale of the fashionable novel of the current year. How firm a hold that "History" has obtained on the estimation of the reading world is well known to all whose business makes them acquainted with the intellectual side of common English life.

But the influence of the work and the fame of its author were not confined to the United Kingdom. Six rival translators were engaged at one and the same time on the work of turning the "History" into German. It has been published in the Polish, the Danish, the Swedish, the Italian, the French, the Dutch, the Spanish, the Hungarian, the Russian, the Bohemian languages, and is at this moment^o in course of translation into Persian.

Macaulay received frequent and flattering marks of the respect and admiration with which he was regarded by the foreigner. He was made a member of the Academies of Utrecht, Munich, and Turin. The King of Prussia named him a Knight of the Order of Merit,^o on the presentation of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin; and his nomination was communicated to him in a letter from the Baron Von Humboldt, the chancellor of the order. Guizot^o wrote to inform him that he had himself proposed him for the Institute of France. On one and the same day of February, 1853, the official announcement of his election came from Paris, and his badge of the Order of Merit from Berlin.

In the following June, Macaulay was presented to the degree of Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford, where he was welcomed enthusiastically by the crowd in the body of the theatre, and not unkindly even by the under-graduates,

who almost forgot to enter a protest against the compliment that their university had thought fit to bestow on the great Whig writer. In 1854 he was chosen president of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, to the 5 duties of which post he could give little of his time, though the Institution owes to his judgment and liberality some important additions to its stock of curious and valuable books. He showed himself, however, most assiduous in his attendance at the British Museum,^o both as a trustee 10 and as a student. His habit was to work in the King's Library; partly for quiet, and partly in order to have George the Third's wonderful collection of pamphlets within an easy walk of his chair. He did his writing at one of the oak tables which stand in the centre of the 15 room, sitting away from the outer wall, for the sake of the light. He availed himself of his official authority to search the shelves at pleasure without the intervention of a librarian; and (says the attendant) "when he had taken down a volume, he generally looked as if he had found 20 something in it." A manuscript page of his "History," thickly scored with dashes and erasures — it is the passage in the twenty-fifth chapter where Sir Hans Sloane is mentioned as "the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country" — is preserved 25 at that museum in a cabinet, which may truly be called the place of honor; within whose narrow limits are gathered together a rare collection of objects such as Englishmen of all classes and parties regard with a common reverence and pride. There may be seen Nelson's hasty sketch 30 of the line of battle at the Nile^o; and the sheet of paper on which Wellington^o computed the strength of the cavalry regiments that were to fight at Waterloo; and the notebook of Locke^o; and the autographs of Samuel John-

son's "Irene," ° and Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens"; ° and the rough copy of the translation of the "Iliad," written, as Pope loved to write, on the margin of frayed letters and the backs of tattered envelopes. It is pleasant to think what Macaulay's feelings would have been if, 5 when he was rhyming and castle-building among the summer-houses at Barley Wood, or the laurel-walks at Aspenden, or under the limes and horse-chestnuts in the Cambridge Gardens, he could have been assured that the day would come when he should be invited to take his 10 place in such a noble company.

CHAPTER XIV.

1856-1858

MACAULAY's first care in the year 1856 was to make his arrangements for retiring from Parliament. He bid farewell to the electors of Edinburgh in a letter which, as we are told by his successor in the representation of the city, was received by them with "unfeigned sorrow." "The experience," he writes, "of the last two years has convinced me that I can not reasonably expect to be ever again capable of performing, even in an imperfect manner, those duties which the public has a right to expect from every member of the House of Commons. You meanwhile have borne with me in a manner which entitles you to my warmest gratitude. Had even a small number of my constituents hinted to me a wish that I would vacate my seat, I should have thought it my duty to comply with that wish. But from not one single elector have I ever received a line of reproach or complaint." This letter was despatched on the 19th of January; on the 21st he applied for the Chiltern Hundreds^o; and on the 2d of February he notes in his journal: "I received a letter from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, inclosing an address from the electors unanimously voted in a great meeting. I was really touched."

And now Macaulay, yielding a tardy obedience to the advice of every one who had an interest in his welfare, began to enjoy the ease which he had so laboriously earned. He had more than once talked of shifting his quarters to

some residence less unsuited to his state of health than a set of chambers on a second floor between Vigo Street and Piccadilly. At one time he amused himself with the idea of renting one of the new villas on Weybridge Common; and at another he was sorely tempted to become the purchaser of a large mansion and grounds at "dear old Clapham." But in January, 1856, Dean Milman^o wrote to inform him that the lease of a very agreeable house and garden at Kensington was in the market. He soon made up his mind that he had lighted on the 10 home which he wanted. Without more ado he bought the lease, and with great deliberation, and after many a pleasant family discussion, he refurnished his new abode in conformity with his sister's taste and his own notions of comfort.

15 The rooms in Holly Lodge were for the most part small. The dining-room was that of a bachelor who was likewise something of an invalid; and the drawing-room, which, from old habit, my uncle could seldom bring himself to use, was little more than a vestibule to the dining-room. 20 But the house afforded in perfection the two requisites for an author's ideal of happiness, a library and a garden. The library was a spacious and commodiously shaped room, enlarged, after the old fashion, by a pillared recess. It was a warm and airy retreat in winter; and in summer 25 it afforded a student only too irresistible an inducement to step from among his book-shelves on to a lawn whose unbroken slope of verdure was worthy of the country-house of a lord-lieutenant.

The hospitality at Holly Lodge had about it a flavor of 30 pleasant peculiarity. Macaulay was no epicure on his own account. In his Reform Bill days, as many passages in his letters show, he enjoyed a banquet at the house

of a Cabinet minister or a City magnate with all the zest of a hungry under-graduate; but there never was a time when his daily wants would not have been amply satisfied by a couple of eggs with his coffee in the morning, and
 5 a dinner such as is served at a decent sea-side lodging-house. He could not, however, endure to see guests, even of the most tender age, seated round his board, unless there was upon it something very like a feast. He generally selected, by a half-conscious preference, dishes of an
 10 established, and, if so it may be called, an historical reputation. He was fond of testifying to his friendliness for Dissenters by treating his friends to a fillet of veal, which he maintained to be the recognized Sunday dinner in good old Non-conformist families. He liked still
 15 better to prove his loyalty to the Church by keeping her feasts, and keeping them in good company; and by observing her fasts, so far, that is to say, as they could be observed by making additions to the ordinary bill of fare. A Michaelmas-day^o on which he did not eat goose, or
 20 ate it in solitude, was no Michaelmas to him; and regularly on Christmas-eve there came to our house a cod-fish, a barrel of oysters, and a chine, accompanied by the heaviest turkey which diligence could discover and money could purchase.
 25 It must be owned that even a "grand déjeuner"^o could hardly have lasted longer than a breakfast at Holly Lodge. Long after the cutlets and the potted char had been forgotten the circle would sit entranced, while their host disposed of topic after topic, and fetched from his shelves
 30 volume after volume, until the noon-day sun invited the party to spare yet another hour for a stroll round the garden.

So pleasant was it, that its occupant did not care to

seek for pleasure elsewhere. Months would pass away without Macaulay's having once made his appearance in London society; and years, during which he refused all invitations to stay with friends or acquaintances in the country. One or two nights spent at Windsor Castle, 5 and one or two visits to Lord Stanhope's seat in Kent, formed almost the sole exceptions to a rule which the condition of his health imperatively prescribed, and against which his inclinations did not lead him to rebel.

On the last day of February, 1856, Macaulay writes in 10 his journal: "Longman called. It is necessary to reprint. This is wonderful. Twenty-six thousand five hundred copies sold in ten weeks! I should not wonder if I made twenty thousand pounds clear this year by literature. Pretty well, considering that, twenty-two years ago, I 15 had just nothing when my debts were paid; and all that I have, with the exception of a small part left me by my uncle the general, has been made by myself, and made easily and honestly, by pursuits which were a pleasure to me, and without one insinuation from any slanderer 20 that I was not even liberal in all my pecuniary dealings."

The wealth which Macaulay gathered prudently he spent royally; if to spend royally is to spend on others rather than yourself. From the time that he began to feel the money in his purse, almost every page in his 25 diary contains evidence of his inexhaustible, and sometimes rather carelessly regulated, generosity.

"Mrs. X—— applied to me, as she said, and as I believe, without her husband's knowledge, for help in his profession. He is a clergyman; a good one, but too Puri- 30 tanical for my taste. I could not promise to ask any favors from the Government; but I sent him twenty-five pounds to assist him in supporting the orphan daughters

of his brother. I mean to let him have the same sum annually." "I have been forced to refuse any further assistance to a Mrs. Y——, who has had thirty-five pounds from me in the course of a few months, and whose demands
 5 come thicker and thicker. I suppose that she will resent my refusal bitterly. That is all that I ever got by conferring benefits on any but my own nearest relations and friends." "H—— called. I gave him three guineas for his library subscription. I lay out very little money with
 10 so much satisfaction. For three guineas a year, I keep a very good, intelligent young fellow out of a great deal of harm, and do him a great deal of good." "I suppose," he writes to one of his sisters, "that you told Mrs. Z—— that I was not angry with her; for to-day I have a letter from
 15 her begging for money most vehemently, and saying that, if I am obdurate, her husband must go to prison. I have sent her twenty pounds; making up what she has had from me within a few months to a hundred and thirty pounds. But I have told her that her husband must take
 20 the consequences of his own acts, and that she must expect no further assistance from me. This importunity has provoked me not a little." In truth, the tone in which some of Macaulay's most regular pensioners were accustomed to address him contrasts almost absurdly with
 25 the respect paid toward him by the public at large. "That wretched K——," he writes, "has sent a scurrilous begging letter in his usual style. He hears that I have made thirty thousand pounds by my malignant abuse of good men. Will I not send some of it to him?"
 30 To have written, or to pretend to have written, a book, whether good or bad, was the surest and shortest road to Macaulay's pocket. "I sent some money to Miss ——, a middling writer, whom I relieved some time ago. I have

been giving too fast of late — forty pounds in four or five days. I must pull in a little.” “Mrs. — again, begging and praying. ‘This the last time; an execution; etc., etc.’ I will send her five pounds more. This will make fifty pounds in a few months to a bad writer whom I never saw.”

The Rev. Mr. Frederick Arnold tells the story of a German gentleman, the husband of a lady honorably connected with literature, who had fallen from affluence to unexpected poverty. He applied to Macaulay for assistance, and, instead of the guinea for which he had ventured to hope, he was instantly presented with thirty pounds. During the last year of my uncle’s life, I called at Holly Lodge to bid him good-bye before my return to the university. He told me that a person had presented himself that very morning, under the name of a Cambridge fellow of some mark, but no great mark, in the learned world. This gentleman (for such he appeared to be) stated himself to be in distress, and asked for pecuniary aid. Macaulay, then and there, gave him a hundred pounds. The visitor had no sooner left the room than my uncle began to reflect that he had never set eyes on him before. He accordingly desired me, as soon as I got back to Cambridge, to make, with all possible delicacy, such inquiries as might satisfy him that, when wishing to relieve the necessities of a brother scholar, he had not rewarded the audacity of a professional impostor.

If he was such with regard to people whose very faces were strange to him, it may well be believed that every valid claim upon his liberality was readily acknowledged. He was handsome in all his dealings, both great and small. Wherever he went (to use his own phrase), he took care to make his mother’s son welcome. Within his own house-

hold he was positively worshiped, and with good reason ; for Sir Walter Scott himself was not a kinder master.° He cheerfully and habitually submitted to those petty sacrifices by means of which an unselfish man can do so much to secure the comfort and to earn the attachment of those who are around him ; marching off in all weathers to his weekly dinner at the club, in order to give his servants their Sunday evening ; going far out of his way to make such arrangements as would enable them to enjoy and to prolong their holidays ; or permitting them, if so they preferred, to entertain their relations under his roof for a month together. "To-day," he says, "William and Elizabeth went off to fetch William's father. As I write, here come my travelers ; the old man with a stick. Well ? It is good to give pleasure and show sympathy. There is no vanity in saying that I am a good master."

It would be superfluous to dwell upon Macaulay's conduct toward those with whom he was connected by the ties of blood, and by the recollections of early days which had not been exempt from poverty and sorrow. Suffice it to say that he regarded himself as the head of his family ; responsible (to speak plainly) for seeing that all his brothers and sisters were no worse off than if his father had died a prosperous man. It was only in this respect that he assumed the paternal relation. In his ordinary behavior there was nothing which betokened that he was the benefactor of all with whom he had to do. He never interfered ; he never obtruded advice ; he never demanded that his own tastes or views should be consulted, and he was studiously mindful of the feelings, and even the fancies, of others. With the omission of only two words, we may justly apply to him the eulogy pronounced upon another famous author by one who certainly had

the best of reasons for knowing that it was deserved: "It is Southey's almost unexampled felicity to possess the best gifts of talent and genius, free from all their characteristic defects. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary."

It is pleasant to reflect that Macaulay's goodness was repaid, as far as gratitude and affection could suffice to repay it. He was contented with the share of domestic felicity which had fallen to his lot. "To-morrow," he says in one place, "the Trevelyan's go to Weybridge. I feel these separations, though they are for short times, and short distances; but a life is happy of which these are the misfortunes." Already he was painfully aware that the maladies under which he suffered had relaxed the elasticity of his spirits, had sapped his powers of mental endurance, and had rendered his happiness more dependent than ever upon the permanence of blessings which no human foresight could secure. The prayer that most often came to his lips was that he might not survive those whom he loved. "God grant," he writes on the 1st of January, 1858, "that, if my dear little circle is to be diminished this year by any death, it may be by mine!"

He enjoyed the satisfaction of feeling, not only that his affection was appreciated and returned, but that those of whom he was fondest never wearied of his company. Full and diversified always, and often impassioned or profound, his conversation was never beyond the compass of his audience; for his talk, like his writing, was explanatory rather than allusive; and, born orator that he was, he contrived without any apparent effort that every sentence which he uttered should go home to every person who heard it. He was admirable with young people.

Innumerable passages in his journals and correspondence prove how closely he watched them; how completely he understood them; and how, awake or asleep, they were forever in his thoughts.

- 5 It was a grievous loss to Macaulay when we grew too old for sight-seeing; or, at any rate, for seeing the same sight many times over. As the best substitute for Madame Tussaud and the Colosseum he used, in later years, to take his nieces the round of the picture-galleries; and, though far from an unimpeachable authority on matters of art, he was certainly a most agreeable cicerone. In painting, as in most things, he had his likes and dislikes, and had them strongly.

- Macaulay may not have been a reliable guide in the regions of high art, but there was one department of education in which, as an instructor, he might have challenged comparison with the best. A boy whose classical reading he watched, and in some degree directed, might, indeed, be lazy, but could not be indifferent to his work.
- 20 The dullest of tyros would have been inspired by the ardor of one whose thoughts were often for weeks together more in Latium and Attica than in Middlesex; who knew the careers and the characters of the great men who paced the forum, and declaimed in the Temple of Concord,^o as intimately as those of his own rivals in Parliament and his own colleagues in the Cabinet; to whom Cicero was as real as Peel, and Curio^o as Stanley; who was as familiar with his Lucian and his Augustan histories as other men of letters are with their Voltaire and their Pepys; who cried over Homer with emotion, and over Aristophanes^o with laughter, and could not read the "De Coronâ"^o even for the twentieth time without striking his clenched fist at least once a minute on the arm of his

easy-chair. As he himself says of Lord Somers, "he had studied ancient literature like a man;" and he loved it as only a poet could. No words can convey a notion of the glamour which Macaulay's robust and unaffected enthusiasm threw over the books or the events which had aroused and which fed it; or of the permanent impression which that enthusiasm left upon the minds of those who came within its influence.

"*August 28th, 1857.* — A great day in my life. I staid at home, very sad about India." Not that I have any doubt about the result; but the news is heart-breaking. I went, very low, to dinner, and had hardly begun to eat when a messenger came with a letter from Palmerston. An offer of a peerage; the queen's pleasure already taken. I was very much surprised. Perhaps no such offer was ever made without the slightest solicitation, direct or indirect, to a man of humble origin and moderate fortune, who had long quitted public life. I had no hesitation about accepting, with many respectful and grateful expressions; but God knows that the poor women at Delhi and Cawnpore are more in my thoughts than my coronet. It was necessary for me to choose a title off-hand. I determined to be Baron Macaulay of Rothley. I was born there; I have lived much there; I am named from the family which long had the manor; my uncle was rector there. Nobody can complain of my taking a designation from a village which is nobody's property now."

"*October 25th, 1857.* — My birthday. Fifty-seven. I have had a not unpleasant year. My health is not good, but my head is clear and my heart is warm. I receive numerous marks of the good opinion of the public — a large public, including the educated men both of the old and of the new world. I have been made a peer, with, I think, as general an approbation as I remember in the case of any man that in my time has been made a peer. What

is much more important to my happiness than wealth, titles, and even fame, those whom I love are well and happy, and very kind and affectionate to me. These are great things. The Indian Mutiny has now lasted several
 5 months, and may last months still. The emotions which it excites, too, are of a strong kind. I may say that, till this year, I did not know what real vindictive hatred meant.

"October 27th. — Huzza! huzza! Thank God! Delhi
 10 is taken. A great event. Glorious to the nation, and one which will resound through all Christendom and Islam. What an exploit for that handful of Englishmen in the heart of Asia to have performed!"

"November 11th. — Huzza! Good news! Lucknow
 15 relieved. Delhi ours. The old dotard a prisoner. God be praised! Another letter from Longman. They have already sold 7600 more copies. This is near six thousand pounds, as I reckoned, in my pocket. But it gratified me, I am glad to be able to say with truth, far, very far, less
 20 than the Indian news. I could hardly eat my dinner for joy."

From the moment when, in the summer of 1854, Mac-
 aulay had definitely and deliberately braced himself to
 the work of completing the second great instalment of
 25 the "History," he went to his daily labors without inter-
 mission and without reluctance until his allotted task
 had been accomplished. When that result had been
 attained — when his third and fourth volumes were actu-
 ally in the hands of the public — it was not at first that
 30 he became aware how profoundly his already enfeebled
 health had been strained by the prolonged effort which
 the production of those volumes had cost him. At every
 previous epoch in his life the termination of one under-
 taking had been a signal for the immediate commencement

of another; but in 1856 summer succeeded to spring, and gave place to autumn, before he again took pen in hand. Gradually and unwillingly he acquiesced in the conviction that he must submit to leave untold that very portion of English history which he was competent to treat as no man again will treat it.

During the later years of his life, Macaulay sent an occasional article to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." "He had ceased," says Mr. Adam Black, "to write for the reviews or other periodicals, though often earnestly solicited to do so. It is entirely to his friendly feeling that I am indebted for those literary gems, which could not have been purchased with money; and it is but justice to his memory that I should record, as one of the many instances of the kindness and generosity of his heart, that he made it a stipulation of his contributing to the Encyclopædia that remuneration should not be so much as mentioned." The articles in question are those on Atterbury,^o Bunyan, Goldsmith, Doctor Johnson, and William Pitt.

Macaulay was under no temptation to overwrite himself; for his time never hung heavy on his hands. He had a hundred devices for dissipating the monotony of his days. Now that he had ceased to strain his faculties, he thought it necessary to assure himself from time to time that they were not rusting, like an old Greek warrior who continued to exercise in the gymnasium the vigor which he no longer expended in the field. "I walked in the portico," he writes in October, 1857, "and learned by heart the noble fourth act of the 'Merchant of Venice.' There are four hundred lines, of which I knew a hundred and fifty. I made myself perfect master of the whole, the prose letter included, in two hours." And again:

"I learned the passage in which Lucretius^o represents Nature expostulating with men, who complain of the general law of mortality." "I have pretty nearly learned all that I like best in Catullus.^o He grows on me with
 5 intimacy." "I have now gone through the first seven books of Martial,^o and have learned about three hundred and sixty of the best lines."

Macaulay had a very slight acquaintance with the works of some among the best writers of his own genera-
 10 tion. He was not fond of new lights, unless they had been kindled at the ancient beacons; and he was apt to prefer a third-rate author, who had formed himself after some recognized model, to a man of high genius whose style and method were strikingly different from any thing that
 15 had gone before. In books, as in people and places, he loved that, and that only, to which he had been accustomed from boyhood upward. Very few among the students of Macaulay will have detected the intensity, and in some cases (it must be confessed) the wilfulness,
 20 of his literary conservatism; for, with the instinctive self-restraint of a great artist, he permitted no trace of it to appear in his writings. In his character of a responsible critic, he carefully abstained from giving expression to prejudices in which, as a reader, he freely indulged. Those
 25 prejudices injured nobody but himself; and the punishment which befell him, from the very nature of the case, was exactly proportioned to the offence. To be blind to the merits of a great author is a sin which brings its own penalty, and in Macaulay's instance that penalty
 30 was severe indeed. Little as he was aware of it, it was no slight privation that one who had by heart the "Battle of Marathon," as told by Herodotus, and the "Raising of the Siege of Syracuse," as told by Thucydides, should

have passed through life without having felt the glow which Mr. Carlyle's story of the charge across the ravine at Dunbar^o could not fail to awake even in a Jacobite^o; that one who so keenly relished the exquisite trifling of Plato should never have tasted the description of Coleridge's talk in the "Life of John Sterling"^o — a passage which yields to nothing of its own class in the "Protagoras" or the "Symposium"; that one who eagerly and minutely studied all that Lessing^o has written on art, or Goethe on poetry, should have left unread Mr. Ruskin's comparison between the landscape of the "Odyssey" and the landscape of "The Divine Comedy," or his analysis of the effect produced on the imagination by long-continued familiarity with the aspect of the Campanile of Giotto.^o

The writer of a book which had lived was always alive¹⁵ for Macaulay. This sense of personal relation between himself and the men of the past increased as years went on — as he became less able and willing to mix with the world, and more and more thrown back upon the society which he found in his library. His way of life would have²⁰ been deemed solitary by others, but it was not solitary to him. While he had a volume in his hands he never could be without a quaint companion to laugh with or laugh at, an adversary to stimulate his combativeness, a counsellor to suggest wise or lofty thoughts, and a friend with whom²⁵ to share them. When he opened for the tenth or fifteenth time some history, or memoir, or romance — every incident and almost every sentence of which he had by heart — his feeling was precisely that which we experience on meeting an old comrade, whom we like all the³⁰ better because we know the exact lines on which his talk will run. There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at

dinner to the company of Sterne, or Fielding, or Horace Walpole, or Boswell.^o

Of the feelings which he entertained toward the great minds of by-gone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes — comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, “the old friends
10 who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity.” Great as were the honors and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which he gained by his own works
15 were as nothing in the balance as compared with the pleasure which he derived from the works of others. That knowledge has largely contributed to the tenderness with which he had been treated by writers whose views on books, and events, and politics past and present, differ
20 widely from his own. It has been well said that even the most hostile of his critics can not help being “awed and touched by his wonderful devotion to literature.” And, while his ardent and sincere passion for letters has thus served as a protection to his memory, it was likewise the
25 source of much which calls for admiration in his character and conduct. The confidence with which he could rely upon intellectual pursuits for occupation and amusement assisted him not a little to preserve that dignified composure with which he met all the changes and chances
30 of his public career, and that spirit of cheerful and patient endurance which sustained him through years of broken health and enforced seclusion. He had no pressing need to seek for excitement and applause abroad when he had

beneath his own roof a never-failing store of exquisite enjoyment. That "invincible love of reading," which Gibbon declared that he would not exchange for the treasures of India, was with Macaulay a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of a biographer to record.

CHAPTER XV

1859

WHEN the year 1859 opened, it seemed little likely that any event was at hand which would disturb the tranquil course of Macaulay's existence. His ailments, severe as they were, did not render him discontented on his own
5 account, nor diminish the warmth of his interest in the welfare of those who were around him. Toward the close of the preceding year, his niece Margaret Trevelyan had been married to the son of his old friend, Sir Henry Holland; an event which her uncle regarded with heart-felt
10 satisfaction. Mr. Holland resided in London; and consequently the marriage, so far from depriving Macaulay of one whom he looked on as a daughter, gave him another household where he was as much at home as in his own. But a most unexpected circumstance now occurred
15 which changed in a moment the whole complexion of his life. Early in January, 1859, the governorship of Madras was offered to my father. He accepted the post, and sailed for India in the third week of February. My mother remained in England for a while; but she was to follow
20 her husband after no very long interval, and Macaulay was fully convinced that when he and his sister parted they would part forever.

The prospect of a separation from one with whom he had lived in close and uninterrupted companionship since
25 her childhood and his own early manhood — a prospect darkened by the thought that his last hour would surely

come when she was thousands of miles away — was a trial which weighed heavily on Macaulay's sinking health. He endured it manfully, and almost silently; but his spirits never recovered the blow.

In a letter to Mr. Ellis, written on the 24th of October, 5 1859, Macaulay says: "I have been very well in body since we parted; but in mind I have suffered much, and the more because I have had to put a force upon myself in order to appear cheerful. It is at last settled that Hannah and Alice are to go to Madras in February. I 10 can not deny that it is right; and my duty is to avoid whatever can add to the pain which they suffer. But I am very unhappy. However, I read, and write, and contrive to forget my sorrow for whole hours. But it recurs, and will recur." 15

During this period of his life Macaulay certainly was least unhappy when alone in his own library; for, in the society of those whom he was about to lose, the enjoyment of the moment could not fail to be overclouded by sad presentiments. "I could almost wish," he writes, 20 "that what is to be were to be immediately. I dread the next four months more than even the months which will follow the separation. This prolonged parting — this slow sipping of the vinegar and the gall — is terrible." The future was indeed dark before him; but God, who 25 had so blessed him, dealt kindly with him even to the end, and his burden was not permitted to be greater than his strength could bear.

In a contemporary account of Macaulay's last illness it is related that on the morning of Wednesday, the 28th 30 of December, he mustered strength to dictate a letter addressed to a poor curate, enclosing twenty-five pounds; after signing which letter he never wrote his name again.

Late in the afternoon of the same day I called at Holly Lodge, intending to propose myself to dinner; an intention which was abandoned as soon as I entered the library. My uncle was sitting, with his head bent forward on his chest, in a languid and drowsy reverie. The first number of the *Cornhill Magazine* lay unheeded before him, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of "Lovel the Widower." He did not utter a word, except in answer; and the only one of my observations that at this distance of
10 time I can recall suggested to him painful and pathetic reflections which altogether destroyed his self-command.

On hearing my report of his state, my mother resolved to spend the night at Holly Lodge. She had just left the drawing-room to make her preparations for the visit
15 (it being, I suppose, a little before seven in the evening), when a servant arrived with an urgent summons. As we drove up to the porch of my uncle's house, the maids ran, crying, out into the darkness to meet us, and we knew that all was over. We found him in the library, seated
20 in his easy-chair, and dressed as usual; with his book on the table beside him, still open at the same page. He had told his butler that he should go to bed early, as he was very tired. The man proposed his lying on the sofa. He rose as if to move, sat down again, and ceased to breathe.
25 He died as he had always wished to die — without pain; without any formal farewell; preceding to the grave all whom he loved; and leaving behind him a great and honorable name, and the memory of a life every action of which was as clear and transparent as one of his own
30 sentences. It would be unbecoming in me to dwell upon the regretful astonishment with which the tidings of his death were received wherever the English language is read; and quite unnecessary to describe the enduring

grief of those upon whom he had lavished his affection, and for whom life had been brightened by daily converse with his genius, and ennobled by familiarity with his lofty and upright example. "We have lost" (so my mother wrote) "the light of our home, the most tender, loving, 5 generous, unselfish, devoted of friends. What he was to me for fifty years how can I tell? What a world of love he poured out upon me and mine! The blank, the void, he has left — filling, as he did, so entirely both heart and intellect — no one can understand. For who ever knew 10 such a life as mine passed as the cherished companion of such a man?"

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, on the 9th of January, 1860. He rests with his peers in Poets' Corner, near the west wall of the south transept. There, amidst 15 the tombs of Johnson, and Garrick, ° and Handel, ° and Goldsmith, and Gay, ° stands conspicuous the statue of Addison; and at the feet of Addison lies the stone which bears this inscription:

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY 20

BORN AT ROTHLEY TEMPLE, LEICESTERSHIRE,

OCTOBER 25TH, 1800.

DIED AT HOLLY LODGE, CAMPDEN HILL,

DECEMBER 28TH, 1859.

"HIS BODY IS BURIED IN PEACE, 25
BUT HIS NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE."

MACAULAY'S
SPEECHES ON COPYRIGHT

A SPEECH

*Delivered in the House of Commons on the 5th of
February, 1841*

On the twenty-ninth of January, 1841, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the law ⁵ of copyright. The object of this bill was to extend the term of copyright in a book to sixty years, reckoned from the death of the writer.

On the fifth of February Mr. Serjeant Talfourd moved that the bill should be read a second time. In reply to him ¹⁰ the following Speech was made. The bill was rejected by 45 votes to 38.

Though, Sir, it is in some sense agreeable to approach a subject with which political animosities have nothing to do, I offer myself to your notice with some reluctance. ¹⁵ It is painful to me to take a course which may possibly be misunderstood or misrepresented as unfriendly to the interests of literature and literary men. It is painful to me, I will add, to oppose my honorable and learned friend on a question which he has taken up from the purest ²⁰ motives and which he regards with a parental interest. These feelings have hitherto kept me silent when the law of copyright has been under discussion. But as I am, on full consideration, satisfied that the measure before us will, if adopted, inflict grievous injury on the public, with- ²⁵

out conferring any compensating advantage on men of letters, I think it my duty to avow that opinion and to defend it.

The first thing to be done, Sir, is to settle on what
5 principles the question is to be argued. Are we free to legislate for the public good, or are we not? Is this a question of expediency, or is it a question of right? Many of those who have written and petitioned against the existing state of things treat the question as one of right.
10 The law of nature, according to them, gives to every man a sacred and indefeasible property in his own ideas, in the fruits of his own reason and imagination. The legislature has indeed the power to take away this property, just as it has the power to pass an act of attainder for
15 cutting off an innocent man's head without a trial. But as such an act of attainder would be legal murder, so would an act invading the right of an author to his copy be, according to these gentlemen, legal robbery.

Now, Sir, if this be so, let justice be done, cost what it
20 may. I am not prepared, like my honorable and learned friend, to agree to a compromise between right and expediency, and to commit an injustice for the public convenience. But I must say that his theory soars far beyond the reach of my faculties. It is not necessary to
25 go, on the present occasion, into a metaphysical inquiry about the origin of the right of property; and certainly nothing but the strongest necessity would lead me to discuss a subject so likely to be distasteful to the House. I agree, I own, with Paley^o in thinking that property is
30 the creature of the law, and that the law which creates property can be defended only on this ground, that it is a law beneficial to mankind. But it is unnecessary to debate that point; for, even if I believed in a natural

right of property, independent of utility and anterior to legislation, I should still deny that this right could survive the original proprietor. Few, I apprehend, even of those who have studied in the most mystical and sentimental schools of moral philosophy, will be disposed to maintain that there is a natural law of succession older and of higher authority than any human code. If there be, it is quite certain that we have abuses to reform much more serious than any connected with the question of copyright. For this natural law can be only one; and the modes of succession in the Queen's dominions are twenty. To go no farther than England, land generally descends to the eldest son. In Kent the sons share and share alike. In many districts the youngest takes the whole. Formerly a portion of a man's personal property was secured to his family, and it was only of the residue that he could dispose by will. Now he can dispose of the whole by will: but you limited his power, a few years ago, by enacting that the will should not be valid unless there were two witnesses. If a man dies intestate, his personal property generally goes according to the statute of distributions; but there are local customs which modify that statute. Now, which of all these systems is conformed to the eternal standard of right? Is it primogeniture,° or gavelkind,° or borough English°? Are wills *jure divino*°? Are the two witnesses *jure divino*? Might not the *pars rationabilis*° of our old law have as fair a claim to be regarded as of celestial institution? Was the statute of distributions exacted in Heaven long before it was adopted by Parliament? Or is it to custom° of York, or to custom of London, that this pre-eminence belongs? Surely, Sir, even those who hold that there is a natural right of property must admit that rules prescribing the

manner in which the effects of deceased persons shall be distributed are purely arbitrary, and originate altogether in the will of the legislature. If so, Sir, there is no controversy between my honorable and learned friend and myself as to the principles on which this question is to be argued. For the existing law gives an author copyright during his natural life; nor do I propose to invade that privilege, which I should, on the contrary, be prepared to defend strenuously against any assailant. The only point in issue between us is, how long after an author's death the State shall recognize a copyright in his representatives and assigns; and it can, I think, hardly be disputed by any rational man that this is a point which the legislature is free to determine in the way which may appear to be most conducive to the general good.

We may now, therefore, I think, descend from these high regions, where we are in danger of being lost in the clouds, to firm ground and clear light. Let us look at this question like legislators, and after fairly balancing conveniences and inconveniences, pronounce between the existing law of copyright and the law now proposed to us. The question of copyright, Sir, like most questions of civil prudence, is neither black nor white, but grey. The system of copyright has great advantages and great disadvantages; and it is our business to ascertain what these are, and then to make an arrangement under which the advantages may be as far as possible secured, and the disadvantages as far as possible excluded. The charge which I bring against my honorable and learned friend's bill is this, that it leaves the advantages nearly what they are at present, and increases the disadvantages at least four fold.

The advantages arising from a system of copyright are

obvious. It is desirable that we should have a supply of good books: we cannot have such a supply unless men of letters are liberally remunerated; and the least objectionable way of remunerating them is by means of copyright. You cannot depend for literary instruction and amusement on the leisure of men occupied in the pursuits of active life. Such men may occasionally produce compositions of great merit. But you must not look to such men for works which require deep meditation and long research. Works of that kind you can expect only from persons who make literature the business of their lives. Of these persons few will be found among the rich and the noble. The rich and the noble are not impelled to intellectual exertion by necessity. They may be impelled to intellectual exertion by the desire of distinguishing themselves, or by the desire of benefiting the community. But it is generally within these walls that they seek to signalize themselves and to serve their fellow creatures. Both their ambition and their public spirit, in a country like this, naturally take a political turn. It is then on men whose profession is literature, and whose private means are not ample, that you must rely for a supply of valuable books. Such men must be remunerated for their literary labor. And there are only two ways in which they can be remunerated. One of those ways is patronage; the other is copyright.

There have been times in which men of letters looked, not to the public, but to the government, or to a few great men, for the reward of their exertions. It was thus in the time of Mæcenâs° and Polliô° at Rome, of the Medici° at Florence, of Louis the Fourteenth in France, of Lord Halifax° and Lord Oxford° in this country. Now, Sir, I well know that there are cases in which it is fit and

graceful, nay, in which it is a sacred duty, to reward the merits or to relieve the distresses of men of genius by the exercise of this species of liberality. But these cases are exceptions. I can conceive no system more fatal to the
5 integrity and independence of literary men, than one under which they should be taught to look for their daily bread to the favor of ministers and nobles. I can conceive no system more certain to turn those minds which are formed by nature to be the blessings and ornaments of our
10 species into public scandals and pests.

We have then only one resource left. We must betake ourselves to copyright, be the inconveniences of copyright what they may. Those inconveniences, in truth, are neither few nor small. Copyright is monopoly, and pro-
15 duces all the effects which the general voice of mankind attributes to monopoly. My honorable and learned friend talks very contemptuously of those who are led away by the theory that monopoly makes things dear. That monopoly makes things dear is certainly a theory,
20 as all the great truths which have been established by the experience of all ages and nations, and which are taken for granted in all reasonings, may be said to be theories. It is a theory in the same sense in which it is a theory that day and night follow each other, that lead is heavier than
25 water, that bread nourishes, that arsenic poisons, that alcohol intoxicates. If, as my honorable and learned friend seems to think, the whole world is in the wrong on this point, if the real effect of monopoly is to make articles good and cheap, why does he stop short in his career of
30 change? Why does he limit the operation of so salutary a principle to sixty years? Why does he consent to anything short of a perpetuity? He told us that in consenting to anything short of a perpetuity he was making a

compromise between extreme right and expediency. But if his opinion about monopoly be correct, extreme right and expediency would coincide. Or rather why should we not restore the monopoly of the East-India trade to the East-India Company? Why should we not revive all those old monopolies which, in Elizabeth's reign, galled our fathers so severely that, maddened by intolerable wrong, they opposed to their sovereign a resistance before which her haughty spirit quailed for the first and for the last time? Was it the cheapness and excellence of 10 commodities that then so violently stirred the indignation of the English people? I believe, Sir, that I may safely take it for granted that the effect of monopoly generally is to make articles scarce, to make them dear, and to make them bad. And I may with equal safety challenge my honorable friend to find out any distinction between copyright and other privileges of the same kind; any reason why a monopoly of books should produce an effect directly the reverse of that which was produced by the East-India Company's monopoly of tea, or by Lord 20 Essex's monopoly of sweet wines. Thus, then, stands the case. It is good, that authors should be remunerated; and the least exceptionable way of remunerating them is by a monopoly. Yet monopoly is an evil. For the sake of the good we must submit to the evil; but the evil 25 ought not to last a day longer than is necessary for the purpose of securing the good.

Now, I will not affirm that the existing law is perfect, that it exactly hits the point at which the monopoly ought to cease; but this I confidently say, that the existing law 30 is very much nearer that point than the law proposed by my honorable and learned friend. For consider this; the evil effects of the monopoly are proportioned to the

length of its duration. But the good effects for the sake of which we bear with the evil effects are by no means proportioned to the length of its duration. A monopoly of sixty years produces twice as much evil as a monopoly of thirty years, and thrice as much evil as a monopoly of twenty years. But it is by no means the fact that a posthumous monopoly of sixty years, gives to an author thrice as much pleasure and thrice as strong a motive as a posthumous monopoly of twenty years. On the contrary, the difference is so small as to be hardly perceptible. We all know how faintly we are affected by the prospect of very distant advantages, even when they are advantages which we may reasonably hope that we shall ourselves enjoy. But an advantage that is to be enjoyed more than half a century after we are dead, by somebody, we know not by whom, perhaps by somebody unborn, by somebody utterly unconnected with us, is really no motive at all to action. It is very probable, that in the course of some generations, land in the unexplored and unmapped heart of the Australasian continent will be very valuable. But there is none of us who would lay down five pounds for a whole province in the heart of the Australasian continent. We know that neither we, nor anybody for whom we care, will ever receive a farthing of rent from such a province. And a man is very little moved by the thought that in the year 2000 or 2100, somebody who claims through him, will employ more shepherds than Prince Esterhazy,^o and will have the finest house and gallery of pictures at Victoria or Sydney. Now, this is the sort of boon which my honorable and learned friend holds out to authors. Considered as a boon to them, it is a mere nullity; but, considered as an impost on the public, it is no nullity, but a very serious and pernicious reality.

I will take an example. Dr. Johnson died fifty-six years ago. If the law were what my honorable and learned friend wishes to make it, somebody would now have the monopoly of Dr. Johnson's works. Who that somebody would be it is impossible to say; but we may venture to 5 guess. I guess, then, that it would have been some bookseller, who was the assign of another bookseller, who was the grandson of a third bookseller, who had bought the copyright from Black Frank, the Doctor's servant and residuary legatee, in 1785 or 1786. Now, would the 10 knowledge that this copyright would exist in 1841 have been a source of gratification to Johnson? Would it have stimulated his exertions? Would it have once drawn him out of his bed before noon? Would it have once cheered him under a fit of the spleen? Would it have induced 15 him to give us one more allegory, one more life of a poet, one more imitation of Juvenal? I firmly believe not. I firmly believe that a hundred years ago, when he was writing our debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine*,^o he would very much rather have had twopence to buy a 20 plate of shin of beef at a cook's shop underground. Considered as a reward to him, the difference between a twenty years' term, and a sixty years' term of posthumous copyright, would have been nothing or next to nothing. But is the difference nothing to us? I can buy "*Rasselas*"^o 25 for sixpence; I might have had to give five shillings for it. I can buy the Dictionary,^o the entire genuine Dictionary, for two guineas, perhaps for less; I might have had to give five or six guineas for it. Do I grudge this to a man like Dr. Johnson? Not at all. Show me that 30 the prospect of this boon roused him to any vigorous effort, or sustained his spirits under depressing circumstances, and I am quite willing to pay the price of such an object,

heavy as that price is. But what I do complain of is that my circumstances are to be worse, and Johnson's none the better; that I am to give five pounds for what to him was not worth a farthing.

- 5 The principle of copyright is this. It is a tax on readers for the purpose of giving a bounty to writers. The tax is an exceedingly bad one; it is a tax on one of the most innocent and most salutary of human pleasures; and never let us forget, that a tax on innocent pleasures is a
10 premium on vicious pleasures. I admit, however, the necessity of giving a bounty to genius and learning. In order to give such a bounty, I willingly submit even to this severe and burdensome tax. Nay, I am ready to increase the tax, if it can be shown that by so doing I
15 should proportionally increase the bounty. My complaint is, that my honorable and learned friend doubles, triples, quadruples the tax, and makes scarcely any perceptible addition to the bounty. Why, Sir, what is the additional amount of taxation which would have been
20 levied on the public for Dr. Johnson's works alone, if my honorable and learned friend's bill had been the law of the land? I have not data sufficient to form an opinion. But I am confident that the taxation on his Dictionary alone would have amounted to many thousands of pounds.
25 In reckoning the whole additional sum which the holders of his copyrights would have taken out of the pockets of the public during the last half century at twenty thousand pounds, I feel satisfied that I very greatly underrate it. Now, I again say, that I think it but fair that we should
30 pay twenty thousand pounds in consideration of twenty thousand pounds' worth of pleasure and encouragement received by Dr. Johnson. But I think it very hard that we should pay twenty thousand pounds for what he would not have valued at five shillings.

My honorable and learned friend dwells on the claims of the posterity of great writers. Undoubtedly, Sir, it would be very pleasing to see a descendant of Shakespeare living in opulence, on the fruits of his great ancestor's genius. A house maintained in splendor by such a ⁵ patrimony would be a more interesting and striking object than Blenheim^o is to us, or than Strathfieldsaye^o will be to our children. But, unhappily, it is scarcely possible that, under any system, such a thing can come to pass. My honorable and learned friend does not propose that ¹⁰ copyright shall descend to the eldest son, or shall be bound up by irrevocable entail. It is to be mere personal property. It is therefore highly improbable that it will descend during sixty years or half that term from parent to child. The chance is that more people than one will ¹⁵ have an interest in it. They will in all probability sell it and divide the proceeds. The price which a bookseller will give for it will bear no proportion to the sum which he will afterwards draw from the public, if his speculation proves successful. He will give little, if anything, ²⁰ more for a term of sixty years than for a term of thirty or five-and-twenty. The present value of a distant advantage is always small; but when there is great room to doubt whether a distant advantage will be any advantage at all, the present value sinks to almost nothing. Such ²⁵ is the inconstancy of the public taste, that no sensible man will venture to pronounce, with confidence, what the sale of any book published in our days will be in the years between 1890 and 1900. The whole fashion of thinking and writing has often undergone a change in a much shorter ³⁰ period than that to which my honorable and learned friend would extend posthumous copyright. What would have been considered the best literary property in the earlier

part of Charles the Second's reign? I imagine Cowley's^o poems. Overleap sixty years, and you are in the generation of which Pope asked, "who now reads Cowley?" What works were ever expected with more impatience
5 by the public than those of Lord Bolingbroke,^o which appeared, I think, in 1754. In 1814, no bookseller would have thanked you for the copyright of them all, if you had offered it to him for nothing. What would Paternoster Row give now for the copyright of Hayley's^o "Triumphs
10 of Temper," so much admired within the memory of many people still living? I say, therefore, that, from the very nature of literary property, it will almost always pass away from an author's family; and I say that the price given for it to the family will bear a very small proportion
15 to the tax which the purchaser, if his speculation turns out well, will in the course of a long series of years levy on the public.

If, Sir, I wished to find a strong and perfect illustration of the effects which I anticipate from long copyright, I
20 should select — my honorable and learned friend will be surprised — I should select the case of Milton's granddaughter. As often as this bill has been under discussion, the fate of Milton's granddaughter^o has been brought forward by the advocates of monopoly. My honorable
25 and learned friend has repeatedly told the story with great eloquence and effect. He has dilated on the sufferings, on the abject poverty, of this ill-fated woman, the last of an illustrious race. He tells us that, in the extremity of her distress, Garrick^o gave her a benefit, that Johnson wrote a prologue, and that the public contributed
30 some hundreds of pounds. Was it fit, he asks, that she should receive, in this eleemosynary form, a small portion of what was in truth a debt? Why, he asks, instead

of obtaining a pittance from charity, did she not live in comfort and luxury on the proceeds of the sale of her ancestor's works? But, Sir, will my honorable and learned friend tell me that this event, which he has so often and so pathetically described, was caused by the shortness 5 of the term of copyright? Why, at that time, the duration of copyright was longer, than even he, at present, proposes to make it. The monopoly lasted not sixty years, but forever. At the time at which Milton's granddaughter asked charity, Milton's works were the exclu- 10 sive property of a bookseller. Within a few months of the day on which the benefit was given at Garrick's theatre, the holder of the copyright of "Paradise Lost" — I think it was Tonson^o — applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction against a bookseller, who had published a 15 cheap edition of the great epic poem, and obtained the injunction. The representation of "Comus" was, if I remember rightly, in 1750; the injunction in 1752. Here, then, is a perfect illustration of the effect of long copyright. Milton's works are the property of a single pub- 20 lisher. Everybody who wants them must buy them at Tonson's shop, and at Tonson's price. Whoever attempts to undersell Tonson is harassed with legal proceedings. Thousands who would gladly possess a copy of "Paradise Lost," must forego that great enjoyment. And what, in 25 the meantime, is the situation of the only person for whom we can suppose that the author, protected at such a cost to the public, was at all interested? She is reduced to utter destitution. Milton's works are under a monopoly. Milton's granddaughter is starving. The reader is 30 pillaged; but the writer's family is not enriched. Society is taxed doubly. It has to give an exorbitant price for the poems; and it has at the same time to give alms to the only surviving descendant of the poet.

But this is not all. I think it right, Sir, to call the attention of the House to an evil, which is perhaps more to be apprehended when an author's copyright remains in the hands of his family, than when it is transferred to
5 booksellers. I seriously fear, that if such a measure as this should be adopted, many valuable works will be either totally suppressed or grievously mutilated. I can prove that this danger is not chimerical; and I am quite certain that, if the danger be real, the safeguards which my
10 honorable and learned friend has devised are altogether nugatory. That the danger is not chimerical may easily be shown. Most of us, I am sure, have known persons who, very erroneously, as I think, but from the best motives, would not choose to reprint Fielding's novels, or
15 Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Some gentlemen may perhaps be of opinion, that it would be as well if "Tom Jones" and Gibbon's "History" were never reprinted. I will not, then, dwell on these or similar cases. I will take cases respecting which
20 it is not likely that there will be any difference of opinion here; cases too in which the danger of which I now speak is not matter of supposition, but matter of fact. Take Richardson's novels. Whatever I may, on the present occasion, think of my honorable and learned friend's
25 judgment as a legislator, I must always respect his judgment as a critic. He will, I am sure, say that Richardson's novels are among the most valuable, among the most original works in our language. No writings have done more to raise the fame of English genius in foreign
30 countries. No writings are more deeply pathetic. No writings, - those of Shakespeare excepted, show more profound knowledge of the human heart. As to their moral tendency, I can cite the most respectable testi-

mony. Dr. Johnson describes Richardson as one who had taught the passions to move at the command of virtue. My dear and honored friend, Mr. Wilberforce,^o in his celebrated religious treatise, when speaking of the unchristian tendency of the fashionable novels of the eighteenth century, distinctly excepts Richardson from the censure. Another excellent person whom I can never mention without respect and kindness, Mrs. Hannah More, often declared in conversation, and has declared in one of her published poems, that she first learned from the writings of Richardson those principles of piety, by which her life was guided. I may safely say that books celebrated as works of art through the whole civilized world, and praised for their moral tendency by Dr. Johnson, by Mr. Wilberforce, by Mrs. Hannah More, ought not to be suppressed. Sir, it is my firm belief, that if the law had been what my honorable and learned friend proposes to make it, they would have been suppressed. I remember Richardson's grandson well; he was a clergyman in the city of London; he was a most upright and excellent man; but he had conceived a strong prejudice against works of fiction. He thought all novel-reading not only frivolous but sinful. He said — this I state on the authority of one of his clerical brethren who is now a bishop — he said that he had never thought it right to read one of his grandfather's books. Suppose, Sir, that the law had been what my honorable and learned friend would make it. Suppose that the copyright of Richardson's novels had descended, as might well have been the case, to this gentleman. I firmly believe that he would have thought it sinful to give them a wide circulation. I firmly believe that he would not for a hundred thousand pounds have deliberately done what he thought sinful.

He would not have reprinted them. And what protection does my honorable and learned friend give to the public in such a case? Why, Sir, what he proposes is this: if a book is not reprinted during five years, any person who wishes to reprint it may give notice in the *London Gazette*: the advertisement must be repeated three times: a year must elapse; and then, if the proprietor of the copyright does not put forth a new edition, he loses his exclusive privilege. Now, what protection is this to the public? What is a new edition? Does the law define the number of copies that make an edition? Does it limit the price of a copy? Are twelve copies on large paper, charged at thirty guineas each, an edition? It has been usual, when monopolies have been granted, to prescribe numbers and to limit prices. But I do not find that my honorable and learned friend proposes to do so in the present case. And, without some such provision, the security which he offers is manifestly illusory. It is my conviction, that under such a system as that which he recommends to us, a copy of "*Clarissa*"^o would have been as rare as an Aldus^o or a Caxton.^o

I will give another instance. One of the most instructive, interesting, and delightful books in our language is Boswell's "*Life of Johnson*." Now it is well known that Boswell's eldest son considered this book, considered the whole relation of Boswell to Johnson, as a blot in the escutcheon of the family. He thought, not perhaps altogether without reason, that his father had exhibited himself in a ludicrous and degrading light. And thus he became so sore and irritable that at last he could not bear to hear the "*Life of Johnson*" mentioned. Suppose that the law had been what my honorable and learned friend wishes to make it. Suppose that the copyright of Boswell's "*Life*

of Johnson" had belonged, as it well might, during sixty years, to Boswell's eldest son. What would have been the consequence? An unadulterated copy of the finest biographical work in the world would have been as scarce as the first edition of Camden's "Britannia."⁵

These are strong cases. I have shown you that, if the law had been what you are now going to make it, the finest prose work of fiction in the language, the finest biographical work in the language, would very probably have been suppressed. But I have stated my case weakly. The 10 books which I have mentioned are singularly inoffensive books, books not touching on any of those questions which drive even wise men beyond the bounds of wisdom. There are books of a very different kind, books which are the rallying-points of great political and religious parties. 15 What is likely to happen if the copyright of one of these books should by descent or transfer come into the possession of some hostile zealot? I will take a single instance. It is only fifty years since John Wesley^o died; and all his works, if the law had been what my honorable and 20 learned friend wishes to make it, would now have been the property of some person or other. The sect founded by Wesley is the most numerous, the wealthiest, the most powerful, the most zealous, of sects. In every parliamentary election it is a matter of the greatest importance 25 to obtain the support of the Wesleyan Methodists. Their numerical strength is reckoned by hundreds of thousands. They hold the memory of their founder in the greatest reverence; and not without reason, for he was unquestionably a great and a good man. To his authority they 30 constantly appeal. His works are in their eyes of the highest value. His doctrinal writings they regard as containing the best system of theology ever deduced from

Scripture. His journals, interesting even to the common reader, are peculiarly interesting to the Methodist; for they contain the whole history of that singular polity which, weak and despised in its beginning, is now, after
5 the lapse of a century, so strong, so flourishing, and so formidable. The hymns to which he gave his imprimatur are a most important part of the public worship of his followers. Now, suppose that the copyright of these works should belong to some person who holds the memory
10 of Wesley and the doctrines and discipline of the Methodists in abhorrence. There are many such persons. The Ecclesiastical Courts are at this very time sitting on the case of a clergyman of the Established Church who refused Christian burial to a child baptized by a Methodist
15 preacher. I took up the other day a work which is considered as among the most respectable organs of a large and growing party in the Church of England, and there I saw John Wesley designated as a forsworn priest. Suppose that the works of Wesley were suppressed. Why,
20 Sir, such a grievance would be enough to shake the foundations of government. Let gentlemen who are attached to the Church reflect for a moment what their feelings would be if the Book of Common Prayer were not to be reprinted for thirty or forty years, if the price of a Book of
25 Common Prayer were run up to five or ten guineas. And then let them determine whether they will pass a law under which it is possible, under which it is probable, that so intolerable a wrong may be done to some sect consisting perhaps of half a million of persons.

30 I am so sensible, Sir, of the kindness with which the House has listened to me, that I will not detain you longer. I will only say this, that if the measure before us should pass, and should produce one tenth part of the evil which

it is calculated to produce, and which I fully expect it to produce, there will soon be a remedy, though of a very objectionable kind. Just as the absurd acts which prohibited the sale of game were virtually repealed by the poacher, just as many absurd revenue acts have been 5 virtually repealed by the smuggler, so will this law be virtually repealed by piratical booksellers. At present the holder of copyright has the public feeling on his side. Those who invade copyright are regarded as knaves who take the bread out of the mouth of deserving men. Every- 10 body is well pleased to see them restrained by the law and compelled to refund their ill-gotten gains. No tradesmen of good repute will have anything to do with such disgraceful transactions. Pass this law, and that feeling is at an end. Men very different from the present race 15 of piratical booksellers will soon infringe this intolerable monopoly. Great masses of capital will be constantly employed in the violation of the law. Every art will be employed to evade legal pursuit; and the whole nation will be in the plot. On which side indeed should the public 20 sympathy be when the question is whether some book as popular as "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Pilgrim's Progress," shall be in every cottage, or whether it shall be confined to the libraries of the rich for the advantage of the great grandson of a bookseller who, a hundred years before, 25 drove a hard bargain for the copyright with the author when in great distress? Remember too that, when once it ceases to be considered as wrong and discreditable to invade literary property, no person can say where the invasion will stop. The public seldom makes nice dis- 30 tinctions. The wholesome copyright which now exists will share in the disgrace and danger of the new copyright which you are about to create. And you will find that,

in attempting to impose unreasonable restraints on the reprinting of the works of the dead, you have, to a great extent, annulled those restraints which now prevent men from pillaging and defrauding the living. If I saw, Sir, 5 any probability that this bill could be so amended in the committee that my objections might be removed, I would not divide the House in this stage. But I am so fully convinced that no alteration which would not seem insupportable to my honorable and learned friend, could 10 render his measure supportable to me, that I must move, though with regret, that this bill be read a second time this day six months.

A SPEECH

*Delivered in a committee of the House of Commons on
the 6th day of April, 1842*

On the third of March, 1842, Lord Mahon obtained permission to bring in a bill to amend the Law of Copyright. 5
This bill extended the term of Copyright in a book to twenty-five years, reckoned from the death of the author.
On the sixth of April the House went into Committee on the bill, and Mr. Greene took the Chair. Several divisions took place, of which the result was that the plan 10 suggested in the following Speech was, with some modifications, adopted.

MR. GREENE, —

I have been amused and gratified by the remarks which my noble friend^o has made on the arguments 15 by which I prevailed on the last House of Commons to reject the bill introduced by a very able and accomplished man, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.^o My noble friend has done me a high and rare honor. For this is, I believe, the first occasion on which a speech made in one Parliament 20 has been answered in another. I should not find it difficult to vindicate the soundness of the reasons which I formerly urged, to set them in a clearer light, and to fortify them by additional facts. But it seems to me that we had better discuss the bill which is now on our 25

table than the bill which was there fourteen months ago. Glad I am to find that there is a very wide difference between the two bills, and that my noble friend, though he has tried to refute my arguments, has acted as if he had
5 been convinced by them. I objected to the term of sixty years as far too long. My noble friend has cut that term down to twenty-five years. I warned the House that, under the provisions of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's bill, valuable works might not improbably be suppressed by
10 the representatives of authors. My noble friend has prepared a clause which, as he thinks, will guard against that danger. I will not therefore waste the time of the Committee by debating points which he has conceded, but will proceed at once to the proper business of this
15 evening.

Sir, I have no objection to the principle of my noble friend's bill. Indeed, I had no objection to the principle of the bill of last year. I have long thought that the term of copyright ought to be extended. When Mr.
20 Serjeant Talfourd moved for leave to bring in his bill, I did not oppose the motion. Indeed I meant to vote for the second reading, and to reserve what I had to say for the Committee. But the learned Serjeant left me no choice. He, in strong language, begged that nobody
25 who was disposed to reduce the term of sixty years would divide with him. "Do not," he said, "give me your support if all that you mean to grant to men of letters is a miserable addition of fourteen or fifteen years to the present term. I do not wish for such support. I despise
30 it." Not wishing to obtrude on the learned Serjeant a support which he despised, I had no course left but to take the sense of the House on the second reading. The circumstances are now different. My noble friend's

bill is not at present a good bill ; but it may be improved into a very good bill ; nor will he, I am persuaded, withdraw it if it should be so improved. He and I have the same object in view ; but we differ as to the best mode of attaining that object. We are equally desirous to extend the protection now enjoyed by writers. In what way it may be extended with most benefit to them and with least inconvenience to the public, is the question.

The present state of the law is this. The author of a work has a certain copyright in that work for a term of 10 twenty-eight years. If he should live more than twenty-eight years after the publication of the work, he retains the copyright to the end of his life.

My noble friend does not propose to make any addition to the term of twenty-eight years. But he proposes 15 that the copyright shall last twenty-five years after the author's death. Thus my noble friend makes no addition to that term which is certain, but makes a very large addition to that term which is uncertain.

My plan is different. I would make no addition to 20 the uncertain term ; but I would make a large addition to the certain term. I propose to add fourteen years to the twenty-eight years which the law now allows to an author. His copyright will, in this way, last till his death, or till the expiration of forty-two years, whichever shall 25 first happen. And I think that I shall be able to prove to the satisfaction of the Committee that my plan will be more beneficial to literature and to literary men than the plan of my noble friend.

It must surely, Sir, be admitted that the protection 30 which we give to books ought to be distributed as evenly as possible, that every book should have a fair share of that protection, and no book more than a fair share. It

would evidently be absurd to put tickets into a wheel, with different numbers marked upon them, and to make writers draw, one a term of twenty-eight years, another a term of fifty, another a term of ninety. And yet this
5 sort of lottery is what my noble friend proposes to establish. I know that we cannot altogether exclude chance. You have two terms of copyright; one certain, the other uncertain; and we cannot, I admit, get rid of the uncertain term. It is proper, no doubt, that an author's copy-
10 right should last during his life. But, Sir, though we cannot altogether exclude chance, we can very much diminish the share which chance must have in distributing the recompense which we wish to give to genius and learning. By every addition which we make to the cer-
15 tain term we diminish the influence of chance; by every addition which we make to the uncertain term we increase the influence of chance. I shall make myself best understood by putting cases. Take two eminent female writers, who died within our own memory, Madame D'Arblay°
20 and Miss Austen.° As the law now stands, Miss Austen's charming novels would have only from twenty-eight to thirty-three years of copyright. For that extraordinary woman died young: she died before her genius was fully appreciated by the world. Madame D'Arblay outlived
25 the whole generation to which she belonged. The copyright of her celebrated novel, "Evelina," lasted, under the present law, sixty-two years. Surely this inequality is sufficiently great, sixty-two years of copyright for "Evelina," only twenty-eight for "Persuasion." But to my noble
30 friend this inequality seems not great enough. He proposes to add twenty-five years to Madame D'Arblay's term, and not a single day to Miss Austen's term. He would give to "Persuasion" a copyright of only twenty-eight

years, as at present, and to "Evelina" a copyright more than three times as long, a copyright of eighty-seven years. Now, is this reasonable? See, on the other hand, the operation of my plan. I make no addition at all to Madame D'Arblay's term of sixty-two years, which is, in my opinion, quite long enough; but I extend Miss Austen's term to forty-two years, which is, in my opinion, not too much. You see, Sir, that at present chance has too much sway in this matter; that at present the protection which the state gives to letters is very unequally given. You see ¹⁰ that if my noble friend's plan be adopted, more will be left to chance than under the present system, and you will have such inequalities as are unknown under the present system. You see also that, under the system which I recommend, we shall have, not perfect certainty, ¹⁵ not perfect equality, but much less uncertainty and inequality than at present.

But this is not all. My noble friend's plan is not merely to institute a lottery in which some writers will draw prizes and some will draw blanks. It is much worse ²⁰ than this: His lottery is so contrived that, in the vast majority of cases, the blanks will fall to the best books, and the prizes to books of inferior merit.

Take Shakespeare.^o My noble friend gives a longer protection than I should give to "Love's Labour's Lost," ²⁵ and "Pericles, Prince of Tyre"; but he gives a shorter protection than I should give to "Othello" and "Macbeth."

Take Milton. Milton died in 1674. The copyrights of Milton's great works would, according to my noble friend's plan, expire in 1699. "Comus" appeared in ³⁰ 1634, the "Paradise Lost" in 1668. To "Comus," then, my noble friend would give sixty-five years of copyright, and to the "Paradise Lost" only thirty-one years. Is

that reasonable? "Comus" is a noble poem: but who would rank it with the "Paradise Lost"? My plan would give forty-two years both to the "Paradise Lost" and to "Comus."

- 5 Let us pass on from Milton to Dryden.^o My noble friend would give more than sixty years of copyright to Dryden's worst works; to the encomiastic verses on "Oliver Cromwell," to the "Wild Gallant," to the "Rival Ladies," to other wretched pieces as bad as anything
10 written by Flecknoe^o or Settle^o: but for "Theodore and Honoria," for "Tancred and Sigismunda," for "Cimon and Iphigenia," for "Palamon and Arcite," for "Alexander's Feast," my noble friend thinks a copyright of twenty-eight years sufficient. Of all Pope's works, that
15 to which my noble friend would give the largest measure of protection is the volume of "Pastorals,"^o remarkable only as the production of a boy. Johnson's first work was a "Translation of a Book of Travels in Abyssinia," published in 1735. It was so poorly executed that in his later
20 years he did not like to hear it mentioned. Boswell once picked up a copy of it, and told his friend that he had done so. "Do not talk about it," said Johnson: "it is a thing to be forgotten." To this performance my noble friend would give protection during the enormous term
25 of seventy-five years. To the "Lives of the Poets"^o he would give protection during about thirty years. Well, take Henry Fielding^o; it matters not whom I take, but take Fielding. His early works are read only by the curious, and would not be read even by the curious, but for
30 the fame which he acquired in the later part of his life by works of a very different kind. What is the value of the "Temple Beau," of the "Intriguing Chambermaid," of half a dozen other plays of which few gentlemen have

even heard the names? Yet to these worthless pieces my noble friend would give a term of copyright longer by more than twenty years than that which he would give to "Tom Jones" and "Amelia."

Go on to Burke.^o His little tract, entitled "The Vindication of Natural Society," is certainly not without merit; but it would not be remembered in our days if it did not bear the name of Burke. To this tract my noble friend would give a copyright of near seventy years. But to the great work on the French Revolution, to the "Appeal 10 from the New to the Old Whigs," to the letters on the Regicide Peace, he would give a copyright of thirty years or little more.

And, Sir, observe that I am not selecting here and there extraordinary instances in order to make up the semblance 15 of a case. I am taking the greatest names of our literature in chronological order. Go to other nations, go to remote ages; you will still find the general rule the same. There was no copyright at Athens or Rome; but the history of the Greek and Latin literature illustrates my 20 argument quite as well as if copyright had existed in ancient times. Of all the plays of Sophocles,^o the one to which the plan of my noble friend would have given the most scanty recompense would have been that wonderful masterpiece, the "Edipus at Colonos." Who would 25 class together the speech of Demosthenes^o "Against his Guardians," and the speech "For the Crown"? My noble friend, indeed, would not class them together. For to the speech "Against his Guardians" he would give a copyright of near seventy years; and to the incompar- 30 able speech "For the Crown" a copyright of less than half that length. Go to Rome. My noble friend would give more than twice as long a term to Cicero's^o juvenile

declamation in defence of Roscius Amerinus as to the "Second Philippic." Go to France. My noble friend would give a far longer term to Racine's^o "Frères Ennemis" than to "Athalie," and to Molière's^o "Étourdi" 5 than to "Tartuffe." Go to Spain. My noble friend would give a longer term to forgotten works of Cervantes,^o works which nobody now reads, than to "Don Quixote." Go to Germany. According to my noble friend's plan, of all the works of Schiller^o the "Robbers" would be the 10 most favored: of all the works of Goethe,^o the "Sorrows of Werther" would be the most favored. I thank the Committee for listening so kindly to this long enumeration. Gentlemen will perceive, I am sure, that it is not from pedantry that I mention the names of so many books and 15 authors. But just as, in our debates on civil affairs, we constantly draw illustrations from civil history, we must, in a debate about literary property, draw our illustrations from literary history. Now, Sir, I have, I think, shown from literary history that the effect of my noble friend's 20 plan would be to give to crude and imperfect works, to third-rate and fourth-rate works, a great advantage over the highest productions of genius. It is impossible to account for the facts which I have laid before you by attributing them to mere accident. Their number is too 25 great, their character too uniform. We must seek for some other explanation; and we shall easily find one.

It is the law of our nature that the mind shall attain its full power by slow degrees; and this is especially true of the most vigorous minds. Young men, no doubt, have 30 often produced works of great merit; but it would be impossible to name any writer of the first order whose juvenile performances were his best. That all the most valuable books of history, of philology, of physical and

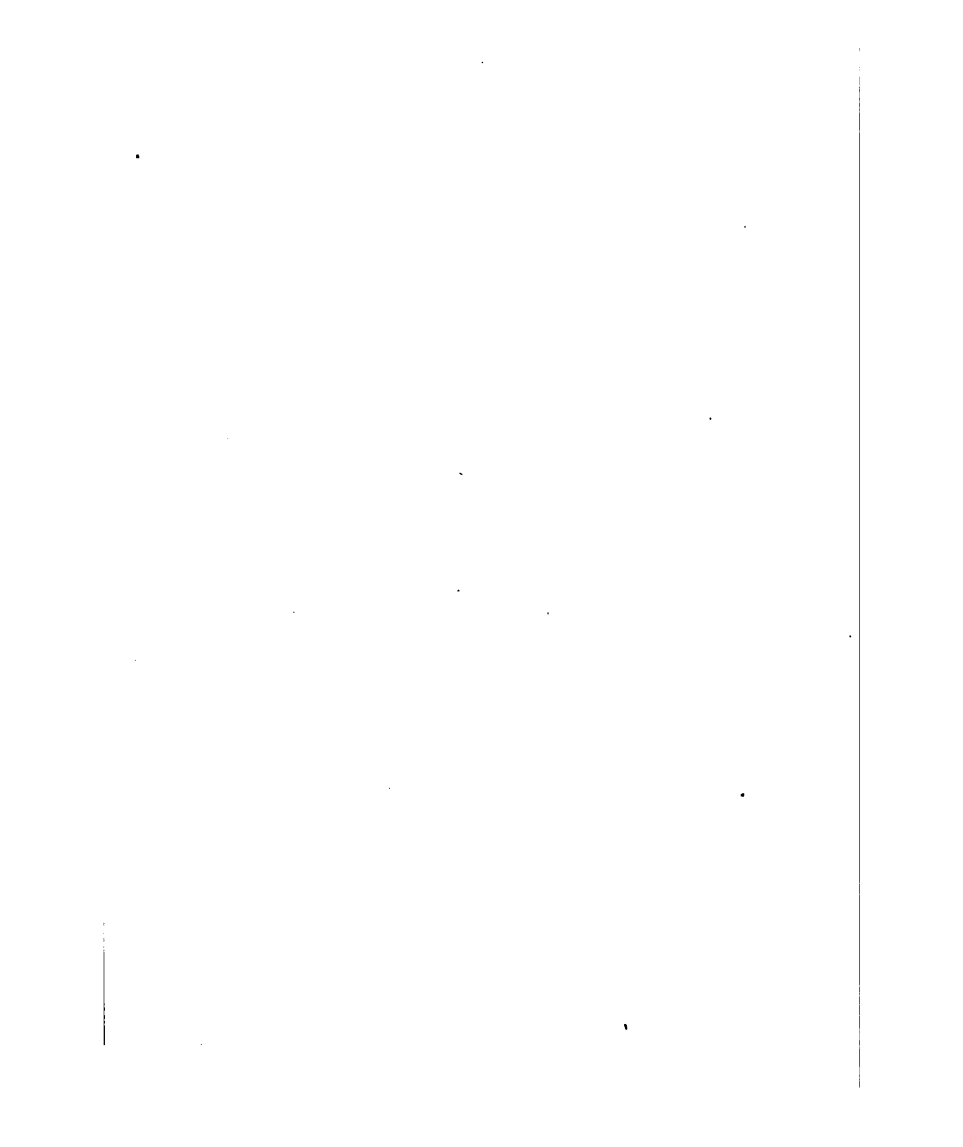
metaphysical science, of divinity, of political economy, have been produced by men of mature years, will hardly be disputed.

The case may not be quite so clear as respects works of the imagination. And yet I know no work of the imagination of the very highest class that was ever, in any age or country, produced by a man under thirty-five. Whatever powers a youth may have received from nature, it is impossible that his taste and judgment can be ripe, that his mind can be richly stored with images, that he 10 can have observed the vicissitudes of life, that he can have studied the nicer shades of character. How, as Marmontel^o very sensibly said, is a person to paint portraits who has never seen faces? On the whole I believe that I may, without fear of contradiction, affirm this, that of 15 the good books now extant in the world more than nineteen-twentieths were published after the writers had attained the age of forty. If this be so, it is evident that the plan of my noble friend is framed on a vicious principle. For, while he gives to juvenile productions a very 20 much larger protection than they now enjoy, he does comparatively little for the works of men in the full maturity of their powers, and absolutely nothing for any work which is published during the last three years of the life of the writer. For, by the existing law, the copyright 25 of such a work lasts twenty-eight years from the publication; and my noble friend gives only twenty-five years to be reckoned from the writer's death.

What I recommend is, that the certain term, reckoned from the date of publication, shall be forty-two years 30 instead of twenty-eight years. In this arrangement there is no uncertainty, no inequality. The advantage which I propose to give will be the same to every book. No work

will have so long a copyright as my noble friend gives to some books, or so short a copyright as he gives to others. No copyright will last ninety years. No copyright will end in twenty-eight years. To every book published in the course of the last seventeen years of a writer's life I give a longer term of copyright than my noble friend gives; and I am confident that no person versed in literary history will deny this, — that in general the most valuable works of an author are published in the course of the last seventeen years of his life. I will rapidly enumerate a few, and but a few, of the great works of English writers to which my plan is more favorable than my noble friend's plan. To "Lear," to "Macbeth," to "Othello," to the "Fairy Queen," to the "Paradise Lost," to Bacon's "Novum Organum" and "De Augmentis," to Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," to Clarendon's "History," to Hume's "History," to Gibbon's "History," to Smith's "Wealth of Nations," to Addison's "Spectator," to almost all the great works of Burke, to "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison," to "Joseph Andrews," to "Tom Jones," and "Amelia," and, with the single exception of "Waverley," to all the novels of Sir Walter Scott, I give a longer term of copyright than my noble friend gives. Can he match that list? Does not that list contain what England has produced greatest in many various ways, — poetry, philosophy, history, eloquence, wit, skilful portraiture of life and manners? I confidently, therefore, call on the Committee to take my plan in preference to the plan of my noble friend. I have shown that the protection which he proposes to give to letters is unequal, and unequal in the worst way. I have shown that his plan is to give protection to books in inverse proportion to their merit. I shall move when

we come to the third clause of the bill to omit the words "twenty-five years," and in a subsequent part of the same clause I shall move to substitute for the words "twenty-eight years" the words "forty-two years." I earnestly hope that the Committee will adopt these amendments; and I feel the firmest conviction that my noble friend's bill, so amended, will confer a great boon on men of letters with the smallest possible inconvenience to the public.



NOTES

1: 25. **Thackeray.** William Makepeace Thackeray, the great English novelist, was born July 18, 1811, at Calcutta, India, where his father was in the service of the East India Company. In 1816 his father died, and at the tender age of six the little boy was sent on his long journey to England, where he was placed in charge of an aunt.

3: 7. **Rothley Temple.** The house of Macaulay's uncle, Thomas Babington, in Leicestershire.

3: 12. **St. Crispin.** Crispinos and his brother Crispianos at the beginning of the fourth century went as Christian missionaries to Soissons, France, where they worked at the shoemaker's trade for a livelihood. The governor of the town, being opposed to Christianity, had the two brothers beheaded, and they at once became the patron saints of shoemakers, "the gentle craft."

This day is called the feast of Crispian.

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered.

—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V*, Act IV, Scene 3.

3: 13. **Agincourt.** A decisive battle of the Hundred Years' War between the English and the French, in which the former were victorious. It was fought October 25, 1415.

3:29. **sponsors.** Thomas Babington was Macaulay's uncle by marriage, and the Rev. Aulay Macaulay was his paternal uncle.

3:31. **Sierra Leone Company.** In 1787 a company called the Sierra Leone Company was organized to establish an asylum for free negroes in Sierra Leone, a small country on the west coast of Africa. Zachary Macaulay, whose life was spent in the cause of slavery abolition, was appointed governor of the country, and lived there several years. The company maintained a London office.

5:28. **Hannah More (1745-1833).** A religious writer of very strong puritanical tendencies, though, paradoxically, a dramatist of some repute in her time. The most famous of her books was *Cælebs in Search of a Wife*, in which the model Stanley children have been said to be drawn from Thomas Babington Macaulay and one of his sisters. Miss More was in helpful sympathy with Zachary Macaulay in his agitation against slavery, and corresponded with him at length on the subject (*Letters of Hannah More to Zachary Macaulay*, ed. Roberts, 1860). She was also intimately acquainted with Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, and others of the "Club" circle.

6:7. **Strawberry Hill.** The country house of Horace Walpole in Surrey, near Pope's villa, Twickenham Park. The Waldegrave family inherited from Walpole this residence famous for its literary associations and for its valuable art treasures. (See Catalogue in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1842). This building is said to have been without a parallel in Europe. Here Walpole installed his famous press on which were printed some of Gray's poems, reprints of the *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*, and other literary productions.

7:11. **Cursed is he . . . Deuteronomy 27:17.**

8:14. Travancore. A small native state of India in the southwestern corner of the peninsula. It is controlled by the English. Malabar is a district of Madras, British India, and includes Travancore. The name of Malabar Coast is frequently given to that part of British India along the Arabian Sea. The native language of this whole district is Malabar.

8:18. Marmion. Published in 1808. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in 1805. To the intrinsic value of these poems there must be added in the case of the boy Macaulay the interest of contemporaneity and novelty. They were just such poems as would enkindle the desire for imitation.

8:30. hero. Macaulay's uncle, General Colin Macaulay, who had served in India under the administration of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington. The particular engagement referred to in the text is that in which Tippee, the "tyrant of Mysore," broke faith with the English, which cost him his crown and his life.

8:33. another of his race. Macaulay's father, whose interest was almost completely absorbed in the slavery issue.

9:17. foaming main. Comparison should be made between these lines and the poems of Sir Walter Scott, mentioned in the text, to see young Macaulay's facility in imitation. Compare especially with the opening lines of *Marmion*:—

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep," etc.

12:23. Harrow. This and Westminster are two of the great public schools of England, the former being founded in 1571 with a charter from Queen Elizabeth, and the

latter during the reign of Henry VIII, refounded by Elizabeth in 1560.

12: 29. Von Ranke. A celebrated German historian who died in 1886. His works practically cover the range of modern European history, the most important of which are studies in the Reformation period embodied in his *History of the Popes*.

13: 11. Jacobins. Those politicians who held extreme radical views. The name was originally given to the body of French revolutionists who organized in 1789, under the name of Society of Friends of the Constitution and who met in the Jacobin Convent in Paris. They supported Robespierre in the violent measures which later led to the Reign of Terror.

13: 16-17. before kings . . . mean men. *Proverbs* 22: 29.

17: 24. My mind to me . . . A beautiful lyric by Sir Edward Dyer, an Elizabethan poet, whose poetical reputation rests on this one poem.

17: 27. Decameron. A collection of one hundred stories by the Italian writer Boccaccio (1313-1375), told during ten days to beguile the time by a party of ten persons who, to escape the plague in Florence, had retired to a villa outside the city. The *Decameron* has been a mine of source material for many later authors.

17: 30. Le Sage. A French novelist and dramatist (1668-1747). *Gil Blas* is his most famous novel.

18: 1. Curse of Kehama, Thalaba. Two poems by Robert Southey. The latter was published in 1801, the former in 1810.

18: 4. Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Elizabeth Montague (1720-1800). Her home, in Mayfair, was the centre of literary society of the day.

18: 5. Gibbon. The greatest historian of the eigh-

teenth century. The book referred to by Macaulay is the well-known *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

18:8. **Fingal.** The mythical hero of *Fingal*, one of the Ossianic poems, a pretended translation by James MacPherson of Ossian, a supposed Gaelic poet of the third century.

18:33. **Saturnalia.** Unconstrained, noisy revelry. In Roman antiquity the Saturnalia was the festival of Saturn celebrated as a harvest-home observance. It was a period of feasting and mirthful license. — *Century Dictionary*.

19:4. **Sir Charles Grandison.** A novel by Samuel Richardson, published in 1753.

19:6. **Clarendon.** The Earl of Clarendon was a celebrated courtier, statesman, and author of the seventeenth century. He wrote an historical memoir of the Puritan struggle in England, commonly known as the *History of the Great Rebellion*. This famous work is a composite product of a *Life* written by himself, covering a period from 1609 to 1660, and a *History of the Great Rebellion*, which he had written by 1648. The work as we have it to-day was not published until 1759.

19:6. **Burnet.** Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715), an English bishop and historian.

19:7. **Miss Edgeworth.** A prolific novel writer of the early nineteenth century. The great part of her work deals with contemporary English manners, though her two most important novels, *The Absentee* and *Castle Rackrent*, are of Irish life.

19:8. **'Lounger' and 'Mirror'.** These periodicals were somewhat late representatives of the type originally begun by Steele and Addison in their famous *Tatler* and *Spectator*. The *Lounger* was published weekly, beginning in

1785 and continuing for nearly two years, while the *Mirror* ran from January 23, 1779, to May 27, 1780, also published weekly.

19:9. **Edinburgh Review.** A famous magazine begun in October, 1802, which espoused the cause of the Whig party. The first editor was Lord Jeffrey, who was soon succeeded by Napier. Both of these names appear frequently in Macaulay's correspondence. The **Quarterly Review** was begun in February, 1809. Both of these magazines are current at the present time.

19:10. **Crabbe** (1754-1832). The most realistic of English poets. His reputation rests on *The Village*, a poem descriptive of the life of a small fishing hamlet on the Suffolk coast.

19:21. **Christian Observer.** The organ of the "Clapham Sect" of Evangelicals, of which Henry Thornton, Charles Grant, James Stephen, and Zachary Macaulay were the leaders.

19:22. **Smollett.** A novelist of the eighteenth century, contemporary with Richardson and Fielding. His best production is *Humphrey Clinker*, published in 1771. Fielding's most famous novel is *Tom Jones*.

20:8. **Wilberforce.** William Wilberforce (1759-1833) was closely associated with Zachary Macaulay, Pitt, and Clarkson in the struggle for the abolition of slavery. He did not live to see his efforts rewarded with fruition, as he died a month before the Emancipation Bill was passed, a measure of which he had so long been the champion in the House of Commons.

23:4. **Downing Street.** A street in London where some of the government buildings are located. From this the term has come to stand for the administration.

23:32. **Sydney Smith.** An eminent divine and writer

of the first half of the nineteenth century. His most famous literary production is the *Peter Plymley Letters* on the subject of Catholic emancipation.

24: 13. Trinity wranglers. In Cambridge University, England, those who have attained the first class in the elementary division of the public examination for honors in pure and mixed mathematics, commonly called the *mathematical tripos*. Those who compose the second rank of honors are designated *senior optimes*, and those of the third order *junior optimes*. The name is derived from the public disputations in which candidates for degrees were until recently required to exhibit their powers.

26: 25. the poet. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

27: 17. This quotation is from John Stuart Mill.

27: 23. Utilitarian. The prime teaching of this philosophy is the "greatest good to the greatest number." It asserts that conduct is morally good according as it promotes the greatest happiness to the greatest number of people. The term came into general use in 1822-1823 when John Stuart Mill named a society which he organized for the promulgation of his views on this subject the Utilitarian Society. Mill himself says that he took the term from the Scotch novelist, Galt (1779-1839). It was perhaps first used by the English philosopher, Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832).

28: 33. Cantabs. An abbreviation of the Latin adjective *Cantabrigiensis*. It means, of course, the students or graduates of the University of Cambridge.

30: 17. Farewell, happy fields. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I, lines 250-252.

31: 1. Plato (429-7?-347 B.C.). A famous Greek philosopher. His philosophy of idealism has had great influence on thought, and is still felt.

32: 15. senior wrangler. The student of Cambridge University, England, who took absolutely the first place in the mathematical tripos. See note, p. 279.

34: 14. admire. A use of the word now obsolete. From Latin *admirari*, to wonder, to marvel, to be surprised.

34: 20. Antilles. A general name for the West Indies, including Porto Rico, Cuba, Haiti, and Jamaica; but not the Bahamas.

34: 31. Smith. During the agitation for the abolition of slavery in her colonies, the British government adopted certain measures of reform. The planters in Demarara, a crown colony in Guiana, tried to keep these measures secret from the slaves; but the slaves got the impression that they had been freed, and rebelled. The disturbances were put down with great severity. The missionary Smith was accused of inciting the slaves to rebellion and was treated with harshness and brutality. He was denied all forms of justice and was sentenced to death, but escaped, dying, however, of the injuries he had received. His case was taken up in Parliament by Brougham, and a feeling almost national in scope was aroused against the planters and consequently against the institution of slavery.

34: 33. John Brown. Brown became impressed with the idea that God had specially called him to abolish slavery in the United States. In 1859, with the aid of a small body of men, he captured the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, to furnish negroes with arms, and in this way incite them to insurrection. He was captured, tried, and afterwards hanged.

Brown's act created much excitement in the South, while the North, especially the Abolitionists, regarded

him a martyr. One sufficiently acquainted with the facts can scarcely subscribe to the statement in the text that the execution of Brown was the death-blow to slavery. This act of Brown and his execution had little or no influence on the subsequent course of events.

35:8. Star Chamber. An English court of very ancient origin, having jurisdiction over both civil and criminal cases and held without jury trial. During the reign of Charles I, in the hands of Charles's unscrupulous agent, Wentworth, this court became very oppressive and objectionable, being used to impose fines for the replenishing of the king's exchequer. It was abolished by the Long Parliament in 1640.

35:11. I will curse your blessings. *Malachi 2:2.*

38:1. Prophecy of Capys. A poem in the *Lays of Ancient Rome* by Macaulay, published in 1842.

38:2. Phalaris controversy. This was a dispute between the scholars of the early eighteenth century over the genuineness of the *Epistles of Phalaris* which had been edited by Richard Boyle. Sir William Temple's essay on the superiority of the ancients over the moderns had given some popularity to Boyle's work. Swift, it will be remembered, took part in the general discussion, in his *Battle of the Books*, taking the side of Temple. Macaulay, in his essay on Sir William Temple, discusses the "Phalaris" question in his usual brilliant style and with fine scholarship.

39:1. Jeffrey. A Scotch critic and essayist (1773-1850). He with others founded the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802, of which he became editor. Macaulay contributed many of his best and most charming essays to this magazine.

39:12. awoke one morning and found himself famous. The first two cantos of Byron's *Childe Harold* were pub-

lished in February, 1812. They immediately made his reputation, and he himself said: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

39: 19. **Life of Milton.** Doctor Samuel Johnson was the author of *Lives of the English Poets*, a volume containing all together the lives of fifty-two English poets, of which that of Milton was one. Johnson's critical perception was at times very narrow, and the author's remark in the text is, in this instance, scarcely unjust.

39: 26. **Robert Hall** (1764-1831). A Baptist divine of considerable contemporary repute.

39: 28. **long disease.** Looking back upon his life in after years, Pope called it a "long disease."

39: 31. **Dante** (1265-1321). A great Italian poet, author of *Divina Commedia* (Divine Comedy). It was from this poem that Macaulay drew his parallel with Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

40: 20. **Holland House.** Lord Holland's home in Kensington, London. Lord Holland was a patron of literature and a zealous Whig. His house was the rendezvous of the statesmen and men of letters of the time.

41: 23. **Windsor.** The seat of the royal residence, about twenty-three miles from London on the Thames.

43: 17. **to eat salt with a man is to sit at his table as a guest.**

45: 1. **Eldest son.** Under the old law of primogeniture introduced into England by the Normans, the oldest son succeeded to the paternal estate to the exclusion of the younger brothers and sisters. See 243: 25.

45: 6. **Bond Street.** One of the important thoroughfares of London. In times past it was a fashionable promenade, but is now given up to shops and places of business.

45: 16. taking pupils.

"Cambridge, July 26th, 1832.

"My dear Father, — I have been engaged to take two pupils for nine months of the next year. They are brothers whose father, a Mr. Stoddart, resides at Cambridge. I am to give them an hour a day each, and am to receive a hundred guineas. It gives me great pleasure to be able even in this degree to relieve you from the burden of my expenses here. . . .
T. B. M."

46: 17. Master of the revels. An allusion to the officer who supervised the licensing of plays in the early English drama.

47: 6. Lord Lyndhurst. The Lord Chancellor of England, 1827–1830, 1834, and 1841–1845.

47: 12. Canning. The Prime Minister of England for a brief time during 1827. He died soon after.

47: 13. Test Act. This act was passed in 1673 during the reign of Charles II. It was directed primarily against the Catholics, and by its terms no one could hold office who refused to take the test; that is, to declare that he did not believe in the doctrine of transubstantiation and to receive the sacrament in conformity with the rites of the Church of England. The act was not repealed until 1828, and then only in part. The next year, however, it was annulled, except in the case of a few offices, by the bill which brought about Catholic emancipation.

47: 18. Lord Lansdowne. Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice (1780–1863) was a leading Whig statesman. He entered the House of Commons in 1802 from the family borough of Calne. During his career he held several of the highest offices in the English government. He was the unceasing champion of Catholic emancipation, and strongly in

sympathy with Macaulay and others who were striving to abolish the slave trade.

47: 19. Mill. James Mill (1783-1836), a Utilitarian philosopher and the father of the famous John Stuart Mill. Mill had written some essays on government for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and in 1828 had reprinted them. Macaulay wrote a review of these essays.

49: 16. Sheridan. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, besides writing plays which are masterpieces and which are to-day frequently performed (*The School for Scandal* and *The Rivals*), was an orator and statesman of the late eighteenth century. He took a leading part in the trial of Warren Hastings, which is brilliantly described by Macaulay in his essay *Warren Hastings*. He was a friend and ally of Fox.

49: 17. Habeas Corpus. *Habeas*, second person, singular subjunctive (with imperative force) of *habere*, to have; *corpus*, body. In law a writ issued by a judge or court, requiring the body of a person to be brought into the court; specifically, such a writ requiring the body of a person restrained of liberty to be brought before the judge or into court, that the lawfulness of the restraint may be investigated and determined. — *Century Dictionary*.

Cf. *Constitution of the United States*, Art. I., Sec. 9: The right of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it. During the period spoken of in the text, *habeas corpus* was suspended in 1794 and annually until 1801.

49: 19. Fox. Charles James Fox (1749-1806), a great English statesman and leader of the Whig party in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

49: 26. introduction of a measure. The measure referred to here and the one just above it in the text

were known as the Sedition Act and the Treason Act. Popular uprisings had become very common in England, owing to the discontent which had arisen over the attitude of the government toward the Revolutionists in France, and on one occasion a bullet had passed through the carriage of George III while he was driving through the streets of London. The Sedition Act forbade all political gatherings that had not been advertised, while the Treason Act declared that writing or speaking against the authority of the king was treason, and fomenting hatred against the king or the government was a punishable offence. It was against these bills that Fox directed his attack, and it was in support of them that Bishop Horsley uttered his dictum that "the people had nothing to do with the laws but obey them."

50: 8. June 18, 1815. The battle of Waterloo.

50: 27. Catholic emancipation. See note on the Test Act, p. 47 of the text.

51: 3. Jewish disabilities. Macaulay's speech stated the legal status of the Jew in England. Grant's bill was the first to be offered in Parliament for the amelioration of their political condition.

51: 24. Lord John Russell (1792-1878). A Whig statesman and the ardent champion of parliamentary reform, for which he began agitation as early as 1819. He introduced the Reform Bill in 1831 and advocated it unceasingly until its passage in 1832. For this very important measure see any standard English History; especially Morris's *Epoch of Reform in Epochs of History* series.

51: 25. Reform Bill. A measure passed in 1832 enlarging the number of voters in elections for members of the House of Commons, and removing inequalities in representation.

51:31. last thirty sentences. "What is become of the Test and Corporation Acts? They are repealed. By whom? By the late Administration. What has become of the Catholic disabilities? They are removed. By whom? By the late Administration. The question of Parliamentary Reform is still behind. But signs, of which it is impossible to misconceive the import, do most clearly indicate that, unless that question also be speedily settled, property and order, and all the institutions of this great monarchy, will be exposed to fearful peril. Is it possible, that Gentlemen long versed in high political affairs cannot read these signs? Is it possible that they can really believe that the Representative system of England, such as it now is, will last till the year 1860? If not, for what would they have us wait? Would they have us wait merely that we may show to all the world how little we have profited by our own recent experience? Would they have us wait, that we may once again hit the exact point where we can neither refuse with authority, nor concede with grace? Would they have us wait, that the numbers of the discontented party may become larger, its demands higher, its feelings more acrimonious, its organization more complete? Would they have us wait till the whole tragi-comedy of 1827 has been acted over again; till they have been brought into office by a cry of "No Reform!" to be reformers, as they were once before brought into office by a cry of "No Popery!" to be emancipators? Have they obliterated from their minds — gladly perhaps would some among them obliterate from their minds — the transactions of that year? And have they forgotten all the transactions of the succeeding year? Have they forgotten how the spirit of liberty in Ireland, debarred from its natural outlet, found

a vent by forbidden passages? Have they forgotten how we were forced to indulge the Catholics in all the license of rebels, merely because we chose to withhold from them the liberties of subjects? Do they wait for associations more formidable than that of the Corn Exchange, — for contributions larger than the Rent, — for agitators more violent than those who, three years ago, divided with the King and the Parliament, the sovereignty of Ireland? Do they wait for that last and most dreadful paroxysm of popular rage, — for that last and most cruel test of military fidelity? Let them wait, if their past experience shall induce them to think that any high honour or any exquisite pleasure is to be obtained by a policy like this. Let them wait, if this strange and fearful infatuation be indeed upon them, — That they should not see with their eyes, or hear with their ears, or understand with their heart. But let us know our interest and our duty better. Turn where we may, — within, — around, — the voice of great events is proclaiming to us, Reform, that you may preserve. Now, therefore, while everything at home and abroad forebodes ruin to those who persist in a hopeless struggle against the spirit of the age, — now, while the crash of the proudest throne of the continent is still resounding in our ears, — now, while the roof of a British palace affords an ignominious shelter to the exiled heir of forty kings, — now, while we see on every side ancient institutions subverted, and great societies dissolved, — now, while the heart of England is still sound, — now, while the old feelings and the old associations retain a power and a charm which may too soon pass away, — now, in this your accepted time, — now, in this your day of salvation, — take counsel, not of prejudice, — not of party spirit, — not of the ignominious pride of a fatal

consistency, — but of history, — of reason, — of the ages which are past, — of the signs of this most portentous times. Pronounce in a manner worthy of the expectation with which this great Debate has been anticipated, and of the long remembrance which it will leave behind. Renew the youth of the State. Save property divided against itself. Save the multitude, endangered by their own ungovernable passions. Save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power. Save the greatest, the fairest, and the most highly civilized community that ever existed, from calamities which may in a few days sweep away the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this Bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing regret, amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order."

52: 3. Sir Thomas Denman (1779-1854). An English jurist, being Attorney-General of England from 1830-1832, and Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench from 1832-1850.

52: 11. Sir Robert Peel. A noted English statesman of the Tory party. He introduced the bill for Catholic emancipation in 1829, but he was an avowed and continuous opponent of the Reform Bill. After the passage of this measure he and his adherents formed what is now known as the Conservative party. He was Prime Minister in 1834 and in 1841. It was under his advocacy that the Corn-laws were repealed.

52: 13. Burke. Edmund Burke, the great statesman, writer, and orator. He conducted the impeachment pro-

ceedings against Hastings during the length of that famous trial (1786-1794). His best-known writings are the *Speech on Conciliation* (1775) and *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790).

52: 16. Lord Plunket. An Irish lawyer, and one of the greatest orators of his day.

53: 13. member of Parliament. It must be remembered that members of Parliament serve without pay.

53: 28. Wiltshire constituents. Wiltshire is well known for its dairy products.

53: 29. audit ale. It was formerly a custom in the English Universities to make a great feast on the day on which the accounts were audited, and the best ale was brought out for the occasion. — *Century Dictionary*.

54: 25. Rogers. Samuel Rogers (1763-1855), an English writer whose house in London was a famous literary centre.

54: 30. Conversation Sharp. Richard Sharp (1759-1835) was a wealthy business man of London who entertained many leading statesmen and men of letters. Among his friends may be mentioned Wordsworth, Coleridge, Mill, Burke, and Samuel Johnson.

55: 19. King's Bench. The oldest court in England, dating back at least to the time of King Alfred (d. 901). Its name is derived from the fact that the king himself used to preside. Before 1873 it was the supreme court of common law, but at that date it was made a division of the High Court of Justice.

55: 29. love of the classics. See Macaulay's letter to his friend Ellis, page 122, and the notes thereto.

56: 2. Mr. Babington. The uncle from whom Macaulay had his middle name. It will be remembered that Macaulay was born in this uncle's home, Rothley Temple.

56: 18. **Armada.** The name of the fleet sent against England by Spain in 1588.

56: 30. **Pascal . . . Boileau.** Noted French writers. Pascal (1623-1662); Racine (1639-1699), a tragic poet; Corneille (1606-1684), dramatist; Molière (1622-1673), dramatist and actor and the greatest of French comedy writers; Boileau (1636-1711), critic and poet, who wielded a large influence over Pope and his contemporaries in the eighteenth century.

58: 37. **speech to a lady.** Mrs. Hannah More.

59: 34. **Pepys Diary.** Samuel Pepys (1633-1703), whose diary extends from January, 1660, to May, 1669, and is a chief authority on the Restoration. It was written in cipher.

59: 36. **Whitehall Palace,** through which runs the great thoroughfare of Whitehall, was built originally in the reign of Henry III.

59: 36. **Holbein.** Hans Holbein the Younger (1497-1543). A German painter and wood-engraver who went to England and became the court painter of Henry VIII.

60: 8. **wander about Paris.** Macaulay spent some time in Paris in 1830.

60: 16. **two unidea'd girls.** Boswell relates in his tenth chapter how Johnson scolded Langton for leaving "his social friends, to go sit with a set of wretched unidea'd girls." — TREVELYAN'S NOTE.

60: 17. **Why walk ye here . . . idle.** See *Matthew* 20: 6-7.

61: 28. **Newton . . . Voltaire.** Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), besides serving in Parliament, was warden and master of the mint and later president of the Royal Society.

Voltaire (1694-1778). A French philosopher and man

of letters, who amassed a great fortune in business undertakings, especially in landed estates and iron foundries.

62:17. Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832). Scotch philosopher. He wrote his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* in reply to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*. Macaulay made him and his work the subject of an essay.

62:18. Stanley. The fourteenth Earl of Derby (1799-1869), a great debater who very materially aided in the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 and the West India Bill abolishing the slave-trade. Later in his career he deserted the ranks of the Whig party when it advocated the repeal of the corn laws.

66:5. Basinghall Street. The street in which Macaulay had his office while he was Commissioner of Bankruptcy.

66:31. Lawrence. Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830) was a noted portrait-painter. Among other famous men who sat for him was George III. He was at one time president of the Royal Academy.

67:3. Machiavelli (1469-1527). An Italian statesman and the author of a well-known book, *The Prince*, the main opinions of which have been crystallized in the term *Machiavellism*, a word which connotes sagacity and duplicity in politics and diplomacy. This book has had a far-reaching influence.

68:7. Stothard (1755-1834). Best known for his illustrations for *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Shakespeare*. His best painting is the "Canterbury Pilgrims."

68:17. Reynolds. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great portrait-painter of the eighteenth century. His *Essay on the Idea of Beauty* contributed to Johnson's *Idler*, in which he asserts that the *general* is the basic element in all art,

had strong influence on both the painting and poetry of the time. Reynolds was the friend of Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and other literary men of the day, and founded the famous Literary Club, usually known as Dr. Johnson's Club.

68 : 27. Pope's sing-song couplet. The heroic couplet, two rimed iambic pentameter lines, the favorite measure of the eighteenth century poets and versifiers. Nearly all of Pope's poetry is written in this couplet. Its "sing-song" quality is poorly adapted to bring out the animation and fire of Homer, whose *Iliad* and *Odyssey* he translated.

73 : 9. That passage. "His knowledge of India was such as few, even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained; and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry, such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials; but the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information, which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or to delight. His reason analyzed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and colored them. Out of darkness, and dulness, and confusion, he drew a rich abundance of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty, whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant

and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun; the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa trees; the rice-field and the tank; the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble; the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, and the rich tracery of the mosque, where the imaum prayed with his face to Mecca; the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols; the devotee swinging in the air; the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side; the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect; the turbans and the flowing robes; the spears and silver maces; the elephants with their canopies of state; the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady — all those things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed — as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James's Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns, to the wild moor where the gypsy-camp was pitched — from the bazaars, humming like beehives with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London."

74:8. Napier. The successor of Lord Jeffrey as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

74:9. Horace Walpole (1717-1797). Well known in eighteenth century literature for his friendship with the

poet Gray, and for his famous printing press at Strawberry Hill.

74:9. Lord Chatham. William Pitt, the great Whig statesman who directed the political affairs of England during the Napoleonic wars. See Macaulay's essay on Lord Chatham.

74:12. Lord Mahon (1805-1875). Philip Henry Stanhope, called by courtesy Lord Mahon, before he succeeded to the earldom. His *History of the War of the Succession in Spain* was published in 1832.

74:20. Life of Mirabeau. Dumont had written a life of Mirabeau which Macaulay was reviewing for the *Edinburgh Review*.

74:30. Quakers. Macaulay's sisters, Nancy and Margaret, were staying in the home of a Quaker family, that of Mr. John Cropper of Liverpool. Shortly after the date of Macaulay's letter, Margaret was married to Mr. Cropper's brother, Edward.

75:18. Sir Joshua's picture. For Sir Joshua Reynolds see note to page 68:17. Garrick was a famous actor of the eighteenth century who played both tragedy and comedy rôles.

75:19. Hyderabad with variant spellings, Hyderabad, Haidarabad, and The Nizan or Nizam's Dominions were different names for the chief native state of India. It was in close alliance with England.

75:21. Sir Walter Scott. Much broken in health, Scott had been taken on a cruise in the Mediterranean with the hope that he might be benefited. Finding, however, that the end was near, he desired to return to his home at Abbotsford. He died here in 1832.

The break in Scott's health was in large measure due to the unceasing labor he performed in the effort to liqui-

date the debt of £130,000 for which he was liable as a partner in the publishing firm of Ballantyne and Company, which had become insolvent. This struggle, carried on under almost insuperable obstacles, is one of the most familiar and pathetic facts of literary history.

76: 5. Glendower Arms. The name of an inn. Formerly the custom existed of designating inns and taverns with a pictorial representation of the name. Familiar examples are the Mermaid Tavern, the Dog, the Sun, the Triple Tun, the Boar's Head, of Elizabethan times. Cf. Herrick's *Ode for Ben Jonson* and Shakespeare's *Henry IV* for the names just mentioned. Cf. also Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* for an instance of the custom in America.

76: 10. Miss Byron. One of the characters in Richardson's novel, *Sir Charles Grandison*.

77: 19. Calderon (1600-1681). Spanish poet and dramatist.

85: 5. yesterday night. The night of the first reading of the India Bill. — TREVELYAN'S NOTE.

85: 30. Theodore Hook. A voluminous English novelist of no high order (1788-1841). He is said to be the original of Mr. Wagg in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

86: 23. fortune's buffets, etc. *Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 2, lines 62-63 (*Variorum Edition*).

89: 27. Lord Althorp. A Whig leader in the House of Commons in 1832-1834 who was very influential in having the Reform Bill passed.

90: 32. Buxton. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was leader of the antislavery forces in Parliament.

93: 7. Fleet. A famous prison in London. It was nearly 800 years old when it was destroyed in 1846.

94: 32. India House. The London office of the East India Company. Students of literature will remember

that Charles Lamb held a clerkship in this company for more than thirty years.

101: 1. **Falmouth.** A seaport on Falmouth Bay, Cornwall.

103: 21. **brilliant studies.** The essays on Clive and Warren Hastings.

104: 3. **Gil Blas.** A romance by the French writer Le Sage, named for its hero.

105: 4. **Carnatic.** A name formerly given to a district on the eastern coast of British India.

105: 12. **Borradaile.** Another spelling of Barrowdale, a valley in northwestern England in the Lake district.

105: 20. **Saxe-Weimar.** A small state in Germany. **Lucca.** Formerly a small principality in Italy, now a part of Tuscany.

105: 23. **Dominie Sampson.** A character in Sir Walter Scott's *Guy Mannering*.

106: 15. **uncle Colin.** See page 8 of the text and the note thereto.

106: 28. **Anglo-Indian Richardson.** Minuteness of detail resulting in prolixity is a characteristic of Samuel Richardson (1689-1761), whose novels, for the most part, are series of letters with a plot.

107: 1. **Windsor Forest** is near the town of Windsor, where the royal residence is situated.

107: 2. **Blenheim** is the magnificent country seat in Oxfordshire built by the nation for the Duke of Marlborough.

107: 2. **Cumberland** is a county in northwest England noted for its beautiful mountains and lakes.

107: 20. **estimate.** "Nor will she (history) deny to the reformer [Clive] a share of that veneration with

which France cherishes the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generation of Hindoos will contemplate the name of Lord William Bentinck."

108: 12. **A dead Indian.** Speaking of Caliban, Trinculo says: " . . . were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would give a peece of silver: there, would this monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*" — *The Tempest*, Act II., Scene 2, lines 30 ff. (*Variorum Edition*).

108: 26. **Petrarch, Ariosto, etc.** Petrarch, a famous Italian poet whose influence on English literature of the Elizabethan period is marked, especially on the form and content of the sonnet. Ariosto (1474–1533). An Italian poet, author of *Orlando Furioso*. The Elizabethan dramatist Greene based his play, *Orlando Furioso*, on an episode of Ariosto's epic. Tasso (1544–1595). An Italian poet, chiefly noted for his *Gerusalemme Liberata* (Jerusalem Delivered), many times translated into English and other languages. **Don Quixote.** A romance by the great Spanish writer, Cervantes. It was printed in 1605–1615 and has been translated into every European language.

108: 27. **Mill.** James Mill (1773–1836) was the author of the *History of India*.

108: 28. **Sismondi** (1773–1842). Swiss historian.

110: 26. **Madeira.** The most important of the Madeira Islands, and noted as a health-resort.

110: 27. **Braemar.** A district in Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

111: 26. **Clarissa Harlowe.** The greatest novel of Samuel Richardson, published in 1748 in seven volumes.

112: 18. darkest episode. The Afghan War (1838–1842), between England and Russia, over Afghanistan. The “dark episode” was the entrapping and murdering of 20,000 men, women, and children, the whole British force of Kabul, in Khyber Pass. Sir William McNaghten, one of the British generals of the war, was assassinated in 1841.

112: 30. Lusiad. The national epic of Portugal. It was written by Camoens, and was published in 1572.

113: 1. Hooghly or Hugli: the channel of the Ganges delta on which Calcutta is situated.

113: 21. Trevelyan. The father of G. Otto Trevelyan, the author of the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, selections from which compose this book.

113: 22. Charter-house. Now one of the great public schools of England. It was originally built (1371) as a Carthusian monastery.

120: 10. Fitzjames Stephen (1829–1894). An eminent English jurist.

121: 6. Cato. A tragedy by Joseph Addison, produced in 1713. It was very popular at that time, but has not lived in literature as has the same author's *Spectator* and *De Coverley Papers*. Macaulay wrote one of his best essays on Addison.

122: 23. Philoctetes. A tragedy by Sophocles.

122: 23. De Finibus. A work written by Cicero in which he treats of the various doctrines of good and evil held by the Greek philosophers.

123: 4. Leisure . . . search after truth. Further on in this letter Macaulay writes: “I have cast up my reading account, and brought it to the end of the year 1835. During the last thirteen months I have read Æschylus twice; Sophocles twice; Euripides once;

Pindar twice; Callimachus; Apollonius Rhodius; Quintus Calaber; Theocritus twice; Herodotus; Thucydides; almost all Xenophon's works; almost all Plato; Aristotle's *Politics*, and a good deal of his *Organon*, besides dipping elsewhere in him; the whole of Plutarch's *Lives*; about half of Lucian; two or three books of Athenæus; Plautus twice; Terence twice; Lucretius twice; Catullus; Tibullus; Propertius; Lucan; Statius; Silius Italicus; Livy; Velleius Paterculus; Sallust; Cæsar; and lastly, Cicero."

Again on May 30, 1836, he writes: "My mornings, from five to nine, are quite my own. I still give them to ancient literature. I have read Aristophanes twice through since Christmas; and have also read Herodotus and Thucydides again. I got into a way last year of reading a Greek play every Sunday."

123: 23. Schiller (1759-1805). A leading poet, dramatist, and historian of Germany. His best-known dramas are *Die Jungfrau von Orleans* (The Maid of Orleans), *Maria Stuart*, *Die Braut von Messina* (The Bride of Messina), and *Wilhelm Tell*. His chief historical work is *Die Geschichte des dreißigjährigen Krieges* (History of the Thirty Years' War).

123: 23. Goethe (1749-1832). Germany's greatest man of letters. His *Götz von Berlichingen*, *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* (The Sorrows of Young Werther), *Hermann and Dorothea*, *Wilhelm Meister*, and *Faust* are his most important productions.

123: 24. Niebuhr. A German historian, known to students of history for his *Römische Geschichte* (Roman History).

123: 32. German. Writing to Mr. Ellis under date of March 8, 1837, Macaulay says: "I intend to learn

German on my voyage home. . . . People tell me that it is a hard language; but I cannot easily believe that there is a language which I cannot master in four months, by working ten hours a day."

124: 15. Scribe (1791-1861). A French dramatist and novelist. Saint Simon (1675-1755). A French statesman and writer whose *Memoirs* is an important source for the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV and the early part of that of Louis XV.

126: 9. Burleigh. The palatial home of the Cecil family.

126: 9. Chatsworth. The magnificent country-seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

127: 7. Lloyd's. Headquarters in London for marine insurance and shipping news. The firm was founded by Edward Lloyd, who kept a coffee-house in London in the eighteenth century. The firm is now large and wealthy and does a vast business.

128: 9. Westminster Abbey. A famous church, and the burial-place of many of England's great men. Macaulay is buried there in the Poets' Corner. The Abbey was founded by Edward the Confessor.

129: 17. History. The limits of the first part of the *History* would be, then, from 1688, when James II was driven from the throne, to 1721, the year in which Walpole began his long term as Prime Minister. The American War began in 1775. George IV died in 1830.

The Stuart kings had always opposed the interference of Parliament in their government and had sought to establish a rule of absolutism. James II carried his opposition so far that he became intolerable to the nation. He was deposed by the Revolution of 1688.

Before the Reform Bill of 1832, only the upper classes

had enjoyed the privilege of suffrage in choosing members of Parliament, but the passage of this measure extended the franchise to the middle classes.

129: 25. Coalition. Reference to the ministry formed in 1783 between Lord North and Fox, two leaders who before that time had been opposed to each other in political policies.

130: 11. Winckelmann. A German archæologist (1717-1768), who visited Italy and became an acknowledged authority on classic art.

130: 32. Turner. An English landscape-painter (1775-1851). Ruskin often refers to him in his writings with great praise.

131: 1. Richardson. See page 106: 28. See also Macaulay's letters to his sister Hannah about his visits to Holland House, which he describes with true Richardsonian quality.

131: 10. Mont Cenis. A mountain in the Alps between France and Italy about 11,000 feet high.

131: 12. Holly Lodge. The house that Macaulay took in Kensington, London, when he left his apartments in the Albany. Holly Lodge was his last home and the place where he died.

131: 14. Surrey hills. In the county of Surrey in southeast England.

131: 15. English lakes. A beautiful lake district in the northwestern part of England, famous in literature as the home of Wordsworth, De Quincey, Southey, and other writers.

131: 16. What went ye out for to see? *Matthew 11: 7-9.*

131: 19. Horatius. A poem in the *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

131: 31. Neilgherries. See page 102.

132:32. Luxembourg . . . St. James. The Luxembourg is a palace in Paris, formerly built for Maria de Medici (1573-1642). St. James is a palace in London, formerly the residence of royalty. It still gives its name to the Court.

133:18. Sismondi. See page 108 and note.

133:34. Thrasymenus. The battle of Trasimenus was fought on the shores of the lake of that name in Perugia, Italy, in 217 B.C. between Hannibal and the Roman forces.

134:9. Hannibal (247-183? B.C.). The Carthaginian general in the Roman-Carthaginian War.

137:3. Gladstone's book. *The State in its Relations with the Church.* By W. E. Gladstone. London, 1838. Gladstone became one of England's most famous statesmen. He was Prime Minister four times in his career, besides holding many offices of less importance. Because he refused a peerage, he was called "the Great Commoner." He was also affectionately styled the "Grand Old Man." He died in 1898 at the age of ninety.

137:4. Shrove-tide cock. Reference to the old custom in England of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday. Sometimes the cock was fastened to a stake and thrown at. Sometimes he was put into an earthen vessel with only his head and tail showing, and the one who broke the vessel got the cock as his reward. The custom perhaps had its origin in the prejudice against the cock for crowing when Peter denied the Savior. See Rolfe, *Shakespeare the Boy*, page 138. Shrove Tuesday immediately preceded the first day of Lent.

139:25. Sir Robert Walpole (1676-1745). The Earl of Oxford. He was Prime Minister of England from 1715 to 1717 and again from 1721 to 1742. His official career

may be judged by his motto: "Every man has his price."

140: 8. Bed-chamber difficulty. In 1839 the Melbourne ministry resigned, and Sir Robert Peel was directed to form a new ministry. He proceeded to do so, but demanded of the Queen that she dismiss some of the ladies who were wives of Whigs from high offices in her household. This the Queen refused to do, whereupon Peel declined to form the ministry. At this juncture, Melbourne was recalled and resumed office.

140: 28. Montrose (1612-1650). An ardent supporter of King Charles I in his struggle with the Puritans.

140: 28. Carnot (1753-1823). One of the Republican leaders in the French Revolution. For Jacobin, see note on the word, page 276.

141: 21. Clive. Macaulay's essay on Malcolm's *Life of Clive* appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1840.

142: 26. Privy Council. The Cabinet. The Council, however, contains men not members of the Cabinet; but their membership is only titular, that of Right Honorable.

142: 28. The Times. The leading English newspaper of the Conservative party. It was founded in 1785.

143: 6. Sheil. An Irish dramatist and politician (1791-1851). He represented various English and Irish boroughs in Parliament and was given a place in Lord Melbourne's ministry.

143: 19. Windsor Castle. The royal residence in the town of Windsor, twenty-three miles from London.

144: 9. Austerlitz. A town in Austria-Hungary, where in 1805 Napoleon overthrew the Russo-Austrian army.

144: 10. Schönbrunn. An imperial castle near Vienna, occupied at different times by Napoleon, and the place where he concluded some of his treaties.

146:6. **Hume.** A member of Parliament who became the "self-elected guardian of the public purse."

146:18. **Sir James Graham** (1792-1861) was first Lord of the Admiralty from 1830 to 1834, and Home Secretary from 1841 to 1846.

147:9. **failure.** In 1853 Macaulay was correcting his speeches for publication. On the 28th of July of that year, he writes in his journal: "I worked hard, but without much heart; for it was that unfortunate speech on Buller's motion in 1840, one of the few unlucky things in a lucky life. I cannot conceive why it failed. It is far superior to many of my speeches which have succeeded. But, as old Demosthenes said, the power of oratory is as much in the ear as in the tongue." — TREVELYAN'S NOTE.

147:18. **war with China.** In 1840 a war broke out between the English and the Chinese over the question of the importation of opium into China, a traffic which brought a large revenue into the English treasury. The war was very unpopular in England from a moral viewpoint.

148:2. **satisfied.** This refers to the article on Von Ranke's *History of the Popes*. — TREVELYAN'S NOTE.

148:10. **Leigh Hunt.** An English essayist and poet.

148:10. **Congreve, Wycherley, and Farquhar** were dramatists of the Restoration period.

148:14. **Collier's controversy.** In 1698 Jeremy Collier published his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, a book which had great influence in eliminating much of the coarseness to which the stage of Restoration times was addicted.

149:13. **Warren Hastings.** *Memoirs of the Life of Warren Hastings, etc.* By the Rev. G. R. Gleig. London, 1841.

150:7. **Corn Laws.** Laws placing a duty or tariff

on grain imported into England. Such measures were not new in England, as they had been in vogue in one form or another since the fourteenth century. During the decade from 1830 to 1840, there was much suffering among the people, owing to the high price of food and the lack of employment. It has been estimated that nearly one-tenth of the population was given public aid. The discontent manifested itself in the demand that all duties on grain be abolished so that it would be cheaper.

150:11. Free-traders. Those who are opposed to duties on imported goods.

151:16. hip and thigh. *Judges* 15:8.

151:29. conscience' sake. The disruption of the Scotch Church took place on the 18th of May, 1843.
—TREVELYAN'S NOTE.

151:31. St. Stephen's. A term sometimes applied to both Houses of Parliament, though, in fact, it belongs to the House of Commons only. St. Stephen's Chapel, built by King Stephen, was fitted up for the use of the House of Commons during the reign of Edward IV.

152:9. Patroclus. One of the heroes of the Trojan War, killed by Hector. See the *Iliad*, Book XVI.

152:29. the House of Hanover succeeded to the throne of England in 1714. The Revolution was in 1688.

153:5. Ips, Gips, and Johnson were three Northumbrian butchers, who, when riding from market, heard a cry for help, and came upon a woman who had been reduced to the distressful plight in which ladies were so often discovered by knights-errant.

Then Johnson, being a valiant man, a man of courage bold,
He took his coat from off his back to keep her from the cold.

As they rode over Northumberland, as hard as they could ride,
She put her fingers in her ears, and dismally she cried.

Then up there start ten swaggering blades, with weapons in their hands,

And riding up to Johnson they bid him for to stand.

"It's I'll not stand," says Ipsen: "Then no, indeed, not I."

"Nor I'll not stand," says Gipson: "I'll sooner live than die."

"Then I will stand," says Johnson: "I'll stand the while I can, I never yet was daunted, nor afraid of any man."

Johnson thereupon drew his sword, and had disposed of eight out of his ten assailants, when he was stabbed from behind by the woman, and died, upbraiding her with having killed

The finest butcher that ever the sun shone on.

—TREVELYAN'S NOTE.

156: 15. *Piccadilly*. A thoroughfare in London, named from a famous house of the time of Charles I.

156: 23. *Rousseau* (1712-1788). A famous philosopher of France whose writings exerted a powerful influence on the thought of his own and succeeding times. His most important writings are *Le Contrat Social* (The Social Contract) and *Émile*. The latter book holds an important place in the history of education.

157: 26. *terra incognita*. Unknown land.

158: 3. *Frederic the Great* (1712-1786). King of Prussia from 1740 to 1786, and one of the world's great rulers and generals. Prussia and England were allies in the Seven Years' War, 1756-1763.

158: 3. *Campbell* (1777-1844). An English poet well known for his poems, *Hohenlinden*, *Battle of the Baltic*, *Mariners of England*, and others.

158: 29. *Plutarch* (c. 46-120 A.D.). The author of the well-known *Parallel Lives*, a book which to-day has by no means lost its value. Plutarch wrote the "Lives" the

in pairs; that is, the life of a Greek, and the life of a Roman.

159:6. Madame D'Arblay. Fanny Burney, famous in the eighteenth century for her novel *Evelina* and for her diary and letters.

159:7. Leigh Hunt. See note, page 304. It was at Macaulay's suggestion that Hunt began to write for the *Edinburgh Review*. Frequently during his life Hunt was in straitened circumstances, due to his inability in money matters. His greatest difficulties in this respect came about 1840, approximately the time of Macaulay's letter concerning him. Hunt was intimate with the literary men of his day and closely associated with Byron, Shelley, and Keats, especially with Keats.

159:10. Brougham (1778-1868). An English statesman and orator of considerable repute. He was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802.

159:21. Monmouth. An illegitimate son of Charles II. Setting up his claim to the throne of England upon the death of his father, Monmouth headed an insurrection in 1685 against James II, who had been proclaimed king. He was captured soon after the battle of Sedgemoor (July 6, 1685), and executed.

159:25. Perizonius. A Dutch classical scholar of the seventeenth century.

159:27. Thomas Arnold was a celebrated educator and from 1828 to 1842 Master of Rugby, one of England's famous preparatory schools.

159:29. Remus. Romulus and Remus, the former the legendary founder of Rome, were the mythical sons of Mars and the Vestal Rhea Silvia.

159:30. Curatii. Legend has it that the Horatii and the Curatii were born on the same day of two mothers

who were twin sisters, the former a Roman, the latter an Alban. When war broke out between Rome and Alba Longa, it was decided to settle the contest by a combat between the two sets of brothers. Two of the Horatii were soon slain, but the third, feigning flight, slew in turn each of the Curatii who pursued him.

160: 1. Livy (59 B.C.-17 A.D.). A great Roman writer well known to-day to students in classical schools.

160: 25. Little Craft. The volume *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

160: 22. ostrich leaves her eggs. According to naturalists, the ostriches do not leave their eggs, as is implied here. On the other hand, they are careful to protect them, "the male always brooding on the eggs at night while the hens take turns in the daytime, not sitting upon the eggs, but around the nest to keep away enemies that may come around."

— A. NEWTON in *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

160: 29. Professor Wilson (1785-1854), the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the organ of the Tory party in direct opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*, the organ of the Whig party. Wilson was intimate with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and especially with De Quincey.

162: 20. Bunyan. In 1830 Robert Southey, the poet laureate of England, brought out an edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which Macaulay reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* the next year.

162: 21. Dissenters. Protestants who dissent from the doctrines of the Established Church of England.

165: 8. Copyright Act. See Macaulay's speeches in the volume.

165: 15. Miss Martineau (1802-1876). The author

of the *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*.

166: 28. Sergeant Talfourd (1795-1854). An English jurist and author. He is known chiefly for his tragedy, *Ion*, and for his studies in the life and work of Charles Lamb. He introduced the International Copyright Bill in the House of Commons.

167: 3. lifted up his heel. *Proverbs* 41: 9; *John* 13: 8.

167: 21. Speech. See pages 241-260 of this volume.

167: 22. Elia. The pen name of Charles Lamb.

167: 22. Euclid. The famous Greek geometer of the third century B.C.

168: 3. Hansard. The *Journal of the House of Commons*. So called from the firm of Hansard, who did the printing.

168: 9. Afghan war. See page 112: 18 and note.

168: 11. Lord Ellenborough was governor-general of India from 1841-1844.

171: 15. Thackeray's book. *A History of the Right Honorable William Pitt, etc.* By the Rev. Francis Thackeray, 2 vols. London, 1827.

171: 25. Assault upon the Church of Ireland. "I am not speaking in anger, or with any wish to excite anger in others; I am not speaking with rhetorical exaggeration; I am calmly and deliberately expressing, in the most appropriate terms, an opinion which I formed many years ago, which all my observations and reflections have confirmed, and which I am prepared to support by reasons, when I say that, of all the institutions of the civilized world, the Established Church of Ireland seems to me the most absurd."

— *Macaulay's Speech*, quoted by Trevelyan.

172: 5. Maynooth College. An Irish institution for

the training of Roman Catholic Clergy. The attempt at this time to give the College a permanent endowment met with widespread opposition, more than six thousand petitions being sent to Parliament against it.

172:13. university career. "When I think of the spacious and stately mansions of the heads of houses, of the commodious chambers of the fellows and scholars, of the refectories, the combination rooms, the bowling-greens, the stabling, of the state and luxury of, the great feast-days, of the piles of old plate on the tables, of the savory steam of the kitchens, of the multitude of geese and capons which turn at once on the spits, of the oceans of excellent ale in the butteries; and when I remember from whom all this splendor and plenty are derived; . . . when I remember what we have taken from the Roman Catholics — King's College, New College, Christ Church, my own Trinity; and when I look at the miserable Dotheboys Hall which we have given them in exchange, I feel, I must own, less proud than I could wish of being a Protestant and a Cambridge man."

— Quoted by Trevelyan from *Macaulay's Speeches*.

173:20. land-owners. The farmers were opposed to the abolition of the corn laws, as foreign grain would be brought into England to compete in the market with their own products, thereby lowering the price.

173:29. Corn Laws. See note to page 150:7.

173:31. coup de grâce. Literally, a stroke of mercy. The decisive, finishing stroke.

175:10. Ten Hours' Bill. An act prohibiting the employment of women and children in all factories for more than ten hours a day.

175:20. Welsh Chartists. Chartism was a widespread movement on the part of the lower classes of Eng-

land for political power. The middle classes had been given the right of suffrage by the Reform Bill of 1832, and the lower classes now claimed the same benefit. They promulgated what is familiarly called the People's Charter, the main demands of which were manhood suffrage, the abolition of the property qualification to be eligible to Parliament, payment for members of the House of Commons, and annual parliaments. Cf. Carlyle's *Chartism*, 1839, and Disraeli's *Sybil*, 1845.

An attempt was made by some Welsh Chartists to seize the town of Newport in Monmouthshire. The attack was repulsed by the military, and the leaders were tried for treason and transported.

175: 22. Bloody Assize. Reference to the trial of those who took part in the Duke of Monmouth's attempt to get the throne from James II in 1685. The trial judge was Lord Jeffreys, infamous for the unfairness and brutality with which he conducted the trial. He condemned more than three hundred to execution. At the abdication of James in 1688, Jeffreys was imprisoned in the Tower, where he died.

. 175: 23. Disraeli (1804-1881). The Earl of Beaconsfield, an English statesman who entered Parliament in 1837, in which he held various offices, becoming Premier in 1868, and again in 1874. He was also a novelist, his best-known productions being *Coningsby* (1844) and *Sybil* (1845), in both of which he expounded his theories of Government.

176: 7. the disruption of the Scotch Church was due to the opposition against the system of appointment to church livings by lay patrons. This opposition culminated in 474 ministers resigning their livings and forming the Free Church of Scotland.

177:9. Cobbett, Hunt. William Cobbett was a radical opposed to the policies of the government. Upon several occasions he was fined for libel, and in 1810 was sentenced to imprisonment for two years. Leigh Hunt, in the *Examiner*, which he edited, attacked the Prince Regent, for which he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

177:11. People's Charter. See note to page **175:20.**

177:32. Erastian. One who believes in the supremacy of the state in ecclesiastical matters.

178:4. Lord Cockburn entered Parliament in 1847, and later became Lord Chief Justice of England.

179:15. Bull to bait. The attacking of bulls with dogs, a sport which, with bear-baiting, was once very popular in England. It was legally prohibited in 1835.

179:25. Chiltern Hundreds. The established method by which a member of Parliament may resign his seat. According to an old law a member could not resign unless he accepted an office of profit. The Chiltern Hundreds were those of Stoke, Desborough, and Bodenham, in Buckinghamshire. To resign from Parliament the member applied for the stewardship of these Hundreds, which was an office in name only. Macaulay made application for the Chiltern Hundreds, January 21, 1856.

181:8. Wild Voluntaries. Those who believed in "the principle of unrestricted personal liberty in matters of religion — this involving on the one hand the obligation of church-members to support and maintain religious ordinances, and on the other the church's entire freedom from state patronage, support, and control."

182:3. Modern Athens. So called from its topography, and as an educational centre. At the close of the

eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, it was famous for its men of letters, — Burns, Scott, Wilson, Robertson, Hume, Adam Smith, and others.

184: 26. Frowning peers on Bacon's side. Francis Bacon while Lord Chancellor of England was tried by the House of Lords on the charge of receiving bribes which perhaps influenced his decisions.

184: 28. Hyde. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1609–1674). A great English statesman and writer. The latter part of his life was spent in banishment. His health gave way, and he endured much physical and mental suffering.

185: 2. Sir Walter Raleigh. (c. 1552–1618). The noted Elizabethan courtier and explorer. At the accession of James I in 1603, Raleigh was accused of various conspiracies and was thrust into the Tower. Upon his release in 1616 he undertook an expedition to Guiana. When he returned to England, he was arrested and again put into the Tower. He was executed in 1618.

185: 3. Milton. It will be remembered that Milton was totally blind by 1652.

187: 28. Casaubon (1559–1614). A noted classical scholar whose death was hastened by overstudy.

189: 4. Baba was a pet name for Macaulay's niece Margaret, derived from the Indian nursery.

— TREVELYAN'S NOTE.

189: 19. little Paul. Paul Dombey, a character in Dickens's novel *Dombey and Son*. The "little girl" mentioned by Macaulay is Paul's sister Florence.

190: 4. Masks and Faces. The dramatized version of Charles Reade's novel *Peg Woffington*, in which Mrs. Stirling played the part of Peg Woffington. This actress was celebrated in her day, playing with Irving in *Romeo and Juliet* and in *Faust*.

190: 6. Grub Street. A street in London formerly the abode of poor writers. The student should read Macaulay's essay on Johnson for a description of Grub Street.

190: 8. Mrs. Stirling (1815-1895) was an actress of considerable ability. Her chief roles were Celia in *As You Like It*, the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Peg Woffington in Reade and Taylor's *Masks and Faces*.

190: 25. Monomotapa. An ancient kingdom in Africa. Macaulay perhaps found the name in readings in Portuguese.

191: 24. Madame Tussaud. Famous for her collection of wax-works of many of the notable personages of her time. The "Chamber of Horrors" was a collection of the casts and relics of executed criminals.

192: 22. Fielding, Sterne, and Smollett were novelists of the latter part of the eighteenth century, whose work is realistic and at times coarse. The most famous novel of Fielding is *Tom Jones*; of Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*; and of Smollett, *Roderick Random*.

194: 18. shoe-latchet. Cf. *Mark* 1: 7.

195: 31. Stradivarius (1644-1737). The famous Italian violin maker. A genuine *Stradivarius* commands a high price.

196: 1. Leonardo da Vinci. An Italian painter and sculptor (1452-1519). His most famous picture is the "Last Supper" painted on the refectory wall in the Convent of Santa Marie delle Grazie.

197: 15. Herodotus (484?-424? B.C.). A Greek historian who has been termed the "Father of History."

197: 16. Thucydides. See note to page 123: 4.

203: 20. Nil amplius . . . faxis. My only prayer is, O Son of Maia, that thou wilt make these blessings my own. — Translation given by Trevelyan.

204: 22. Mæcenas (d. 8 B.C.). A man of highly cultivated literary tastes whose name has become a household word as a patron of the Latin poets Horace and Virgil, to the former of whom he gave a villa in the Sabine Hills.

204: 23. Frederick Denison Maurice was a noted English minister and writer. He was godfather at the birth of Tennyson's son Hallam. See Tennyson's poem, *To the Reverend F. D. Maurice*.

205: 2. Fra Paolo (1552-1623). Pietro or Paolo Sarpi, affectionately called Fra Paolo (Brother Paul). He is known for his *History of the Council of Trent*.

206: 3. The Messiah. A musical composition by Handel.

206: 10. Diomede and Ulysses. Entering Troy in the Trojan horse. See Virgil's *Æneid*, Book II.

206: 28. Lord John. Lord John Russell. See note to page 51: 24.

210: 32. Coriolanus. The chief character in Shakespeare's play of that name. Coriolanus was a proud, haughty aristocrat who hated the common people, and would make no concessions to them to obtain their goodwill and suffrage. Cf. *Coriolanus*, Act II., Scene III., or, better, read the whole play.

211: 31. Clifton. A health resort near Bristol, noted for its mineral springs.

213: 19. la maison d'Aristippe, etc. Literally, the home of Aristippus, the garden of Epicurus. The Greek philosopher Aristippus taught the doctrine that pleasure was the only criterion of life and that "whatever gave one the greatest amount of pleasure was good." Epicurus taught that "pleasure was the only possible end of action, and that ultimate pleasure was freedom."

213: 29. Westminster. As used here, the term means Parliament. Westminster is that part of London which contains the Abbey and the government buildings.

214: 25. Sainte-Beuve. A French critic (1804-1869).

215: 28. Crimea. The peninsula in southern Russia formed by the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof. In 1853, a war broke out between Russia on the one hand and England and her allies on the other over questions relating to Palestine. The most important engagements were those at Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol.

217: 16. at this moment. The first edition of Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* was published in 1876.

217: 21. Order of Merit. An order founded in 1667 by Frederick I of Prussia as the *Order of Generosity*. In 1740 Frederick the Great rechristened it the *Order of Merit*, restricting its membership to military men. In 1840 membership was extended to embrace merit in the Arts and Sciences. The Order is limited to thirty German and thirty foreign members.

217: 24. Guizot. A French historian known for his *History of Civilization*.

218: 9. British Museum. A great library in London. Besides its vast art collections, there are almost two million printed books on its shelves and great numbers of manuscripts.

218: 30. battle of the Nile. In 1798 Lord Nelson destroyed the French fleet in the harbor of Abukir, near the mouth of the Nile.

218: 31. Wellington. One of England's great generals. He was commander-in-chief at the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, in which Napoleon was defeated.

218: 33. Locke. An English philosopher (1632-1704).

His chief work is the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*.

219: 1. Irene. A tragedy by Samuel Johnson. **Masque of Queens.** One of Ben Jonson's best productions in this type of drama.

220: 18. Chiltern Hundreds. See note to page 179: 25.

221: 8. Dean Milman (1791-1868). An English clergyman, Dean of St. Paul's, and author of the *History of Latin Christianity*.

222: 19. Michaelmas-day. The twenty-ninth of September. An important feast day both in the Catholic Church and in the Church of England. It is usually the day in England on which quarterly rents are paid and on which the towns elect their officers. The custom of having a goose for dinner on that day is a widely prevalent one in England. — CHAMBERS, *Book of Days*.

222: 25. grand déjeuner. Literally, a fine breakfast served in style.

226: 2. kinder master. When Scott's fortunes fell, owing to the failure of the publishing firm in which he was a stockholder, it is said that not one of his servants left him, so great was the attachment of servant to master. He was equally kind to his animals. Hutton, in his *Life of Scott*, in *English Men of Letters Series*, says that Scott's life may be divided like history into reigns by the succession of dogs and horses. The "Bevis" of *Woodstock* is his dog Maida. Scott once recalled a dinner invitation because an old friend had died. It was his dog Camp. When Scott returned to Abbotsford to die, the servants met him with joy, and the dogs surrounded him, licking his hands. See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, and the *Life* by Hutton referred to above.

228: 24. the Temple of Concord was an ancient temple in Girgenti, Sicily.

228: 27. Curio. A famous orator and a close friend of Cicero.

228: 31. Aristophanes (446?-380 B.C.). A Greek comic poet whose works, especially his *Birds* and *Frogs*, are read to-day in classical courses.

228: 32. De Corona. An oration by Demosthenes.

229: 10. sad about India. The Sepoy Mutiny had broken out in 1856. The most important events were the battles at Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow. Cf. Tennyson's poem *The Defence of Lucknow*.

231: 19. Atterbury (1662-1732). A Bishop of the English Church, one of the "wits" of the Queen Anne age, and a close friend of Alexander Pope.

232: 1. Lucretius. A Roman philosophical poet (96-55 B.C.).

232: 4. Catullus. A Roman lyric poet who lived in the first century B.C.

232: 6. Martial (43-104 A.D.). A Latin poet famous for his *Epigrams*.

233: 3. Dunbar. The famous battle between the English under Cromwell and the Scots in September, 1650. Carlyle was also the author of the *Life of John Sterling*. Jacobite. A partisan of James II.

233: 6. Life of John Sterling. Thomas Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, published in 1851.

233: 8. The Symposium and the Protagoras are two of Plato's well-known works.

233: 9. Lessing (1729-1781). A German critic and dramatist. His *Laokoön* is famous as a piece of criticism, and his *Minna von Barnhelm* and *Nathan der Weise* are well-known dramas.

233: 14. Giotto (1276–1337). An Italian painter, sculptor, and architect. His famous Campanile (bell-tower) is at Florence.

234: 2. Boswell. The author of the famous *Life of Johnson*, perhaps the best biography ever written.

239: 16. Garrick (1717–1779). A celebrated English actor. Handel. A well-known German composer of the eighteenth century. Some of his famous oratorios are *Saul*, *The Messiah*, and *Samson*.

239: 17. Gay. An eighteenth century poet known for his *Beggar's Opera* (1738).

242: 29. Paley, William (1743–1805). An English philosophical writer and theologian.

243: 25. primogeniture is the principle or right by which (under the Norman law introduced in England) the oldest son of a family succeeds to the father's real estate in preference to, and to the absolute exclusion of, the younger sons and daughters. — *Century Dictionary*.

The law of primogeniture in England has been modified in practice to the extent that land is inherited by both sons and daughters with preference for the oldest son, while personal property goes to wife and children without such preference. *gavelkind*. The most important incident of this tenure was that upon the death of the tenant all his sons inherited equal shares; if he left no sons, the daughters; if neither, then all his brothers inherited equal shares. When the law of primogeniture came in with the Norman Conquest (1066), *gavelkind* was succeeded by it, except in Kent. — *Century Dictionary*. **borough English**. A customary descent of some estates in England to the youngest son instead of the eldest, or, if the owner leave no son, to the youngest brother.

243: 26. *jure divino*. By divine law.

243: 27. pars rationabilis. A law phrase, meaning the reasonable part.

243: 30. custom. A legal term meaning "such long-continued usage as has by common consent become a rule of conduct." In the history of France the term *custom* was given to those special usages of different districts which had grown up into the body of common law, as "the custom of Paris," the "custom of Normandy." — *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This is the meaning of the term as used by Macaulay.

245: 30. Mæcenæ. See note, page 313. **Pollio** (B.C. 76–A.D. 4). An orator and historian of Rome's Augustan age. He is best known as the patron of Virgil and Horace, and as the founder of the first public library at Rome.

245: 31. Medici. A Florentine family of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, famous for its patronage of art and letters.

245: 32. Lord Halifax. Charles Montague (1661–1715), the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Treasury, was a liberal patron of the writers of the Restoration and the Queen Anne periods of literature. He very materially aided Pope with the latter's *Homer*, but the ungrateful poet afterwards satirized him as "full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill," because he also aided Tickell, another writer of the day. **Lord Oxford.** Robert Harley (1661–1724). A famous statesman and the friend of Dryden, Swift, and Pope.

247: 5. East-India Company. See note, page 295.

247: 6. monopolies. England's ruthless conquest of Ireland in 1601–1603 had proved a very expensive undertaking, and Queen Elizabeth was compelled to summon Parliament to ask for supplies. The Commons took this opportunity to make a vigorous protest against the oppres-

sive monopolies whereupon Elizabeth revoked those that were burdensome. One of these was the monopoly of importation of sweet wines, held by Lord Essex, for a long time the Queen's favorite courtier.

248: 28. Prince Esterhazy (1786-1866). The Esterhazy estate comprises twenty-nine lordships, with twenty-one castles, sixty market towns, and four hundred and fourteen villages in Hungary, besides other holdings in Bavaria and in Austria. Prince Esterhazy was known to England, as he represented the Austrian government in the diplomatic service at the Court of St. James in 1842.

249: 17. Juvenal. Johnson's poem *London* is written in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, a Roman poet and satirist who died in 140 A.D.

249: 19. The Gentleman's Magazine was founded in 1731. Johnson was employed by the editor, Edward Cave, to compile the notes furnished him of the debates in Parliament. As direct reporting was not allowed, these notes were often incomplete; but Johnson filled in the gaps by drawing on his imagination, being careful, as he said later, "that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it." Johnson was a radical Tory.

249: 25. Rasselas. A kind of allegorical romance which Johnson wrote during the evenings of one week to defray the funeral expenses of his mother. He received £100 for the story.

249: 27. Dictionary. Johnson, acting upon the suggestion of the bookseller, Dodsley, set about compiling a dictionary of the English language, a task which occupied him for eight years, from 1747 to 1755.

251: 7. Blenheim. See note, page 296. **Strathfield-saye.** An estate in Hampshire with a fine house in the style of Queen Anne architecture. In 1817 it was pur-

chased by the English government and presented to the Duke of Wellington.

252: 1. Cowley, Abraham (1618-1667). A poet and dramatist whose reputation far exceeded his merits as a writer. At his death, many writers of the day paid him glowing tributes, and the King, Charles II, declared that "he had not left behind him a better man in England."

252: 5. Lord Bolingbroke, Henry St. John (1678-1751). An English politician and a writer of essays on philosophy and religion. Pope made use of several of these essays in his *Essay on Man*.

252: 9. Paternoster Row. A street in London for a long time the centre of book publishing. It is said to be so named from the prayer-books or rosaries formerly sold in it. — *Century Dictionary*.

252: 9. Hayley, William (1745-1820). A prolific writer, and the friend and biographer of the poet Cowper. His *Triumphs of Temper* was published in 1781.

252: 23. Milton's granddaughter. Elizabeth Clarke, the daughter of Milton's third daughter, Deborah. Elizabeth Clarke married Thomas Foster, who kept a chandler's shop in London. She died in 1754 soon after a benefit performance of her grandfather's *Comus* had been gotten up by Dr. Johnson and given by Garrick.

252: 29. Garrick. See note, page 318.

253: 14. Tonson, Jacob (1656-1736). A famous bookseller, well known as the publisher of Dryden's works.

255: 3. Wilberforce. See note, page 278.

256: 20. Clarissa. See note, page 297.

256: 21. Aldus (Minutius) (1450-1515). A printer, and the founder of the famous Aldine press at Venice on which he printed many of the classics, among which may

be mentioned the works of Demosthenes, Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

256: 21. Caxton, William (1422-1491). Famous as the first English printer. He set up his press at Westminster in 1476.

257: 5. Camden, William (1551-1623). An English antiquary. *The Britannia*, published in 1586, is a survey of Great Britain. It was originally written in Latin and was first translated in 1610.

257: 19. John Wesley (1703-1791). The founder of Methodism.

261: 15. noble friend. Lord Mahon. See note, page 294.

261: 18. Sergeant Talfourd. See note, page 308.

264: 19. Madame D'Arblay. See note, page 307.

264: 20. Miss Jane Austen (1775-1817) was the author of six well-known novels portraying middle-class English society: *Sense and Sensibility*, published, 1811; *Pride and Prejudice*, 1813; *Mansfield Park*, 1814; *Emma*, 1816; *Persuasion*, and *Northanger Abbey*, posthumously, 1818. Though *Pride and Prejudice* is the best known of these novels, *Mansfield Park* and *Emma* better represent her powers in character analysis and literary achievement.

265: 24. Shakespeare. Dowden, in his chronology of Shakespeare's plays, places *Love's Labour's Lost* in 1590; *Pericles*, 1608; *Othello*, 1604; and *Macbeth*, 1606.

266: 5. Dryden's Verses on Cromwell, Heroic Stanzas, bear date of 1659; *The Wild Gallant*, and *The Rival Ladies*, two plays, were produced in 1663; *Theodore and Honoria*, *Tancred and Sigismunda*, *Cimon and Iphigenia*, three *Fables* drawn from Boccaccio, and *Palamon and Arcite*, a version of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, were published in 1699; *Alexander's Feast*, Dryden's best lyric, was written in 1697.

266: 10. Flecknoe, Richard (c. 1600–1678?), a poet and dramatist who scarcely deserves the satirical attacks made on him by Dryden. Cf. Dryden's poem *MacFlecknoe*. Flecknoe manifested dislike for the stage, at this time Dryden's main support, writing a play, *Love's Dominion*, as a "pattern for the reformed stage" and thereby gaining Dryden's hatred.

266: 10. Settle, Elkanah (1648–1724), a very mediocre writer who attacked Dryden for the dedications the latter so frequently prefixed to his plays. Settle's best dramas are perhaps *Cambyzes*, 1667, and *Empress of Morocco*, 1671.

266: 16. Pastorals. Some of Pope's pastoral poetry was written before he was eighteen years old.

266: 25. Lives of the Poets by Johnson appeared, the first four volumes in 1779, and the remaining six in 1781.

266: 27. Fielding. See note, page 313. *Temple Beau* was produced in 1730; *The Intriguing Chambermaid* in 1734. Other plays of Fielding are the *Coffee-House Politician*, 1730; *The Letter Writers*, 1731; *The Modern Husband*, 1732. *Tom Jones* was published in 1749, and *Amelia* in 1751.

267: 5. Burke (1729–1797). *A Vindication of Natural Society* appeared in 1756; *Reflections on the French Revolution*, 1790; *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*, 1791; *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, 1796.

267: 22. Sophocles' *Œdipus at Colonus* is said to have been brought out 402 B.C. by his grandson.

267: 26. Demosthenes (384–3—322 B.C.). The Speech against his Guardians, Aphobus, Demophon, and Theripides is dated 364 B.C., when Demosthenes was only twenty years old. The Speech for the Crown, Professor Jebb dates 330 B.C.

267:33. Cicero's *Second Philippic* against Mark Antony was not delivered, but was circulated privately in the latter part of 44 B.C.

268:3. Racine (1639-1690). *Frères Ennemis*, a tragedy, was produced 1664, while *Athalie*, a tragedy, and his greatest work, was published in 1691.

268:4. Molière's *Étourdi*, a comedy, was produced in 1653 or 1655, and *Tartuffe*, a comedy, in 1667.

268:6. Cervantes (1547-1616). The great Spanish novelist, whose *Don Quixote* was published, the first part in 1605, the second, in 1615.

268:9. Schiller's *Robbers*, the tragedy with which he began his literary career, was published in 1781. For other works by Schiller, see note, page 299.

268:10. Goethe's *Sorrows of Young Werther*, a novel, appeared in 1774. See further on Goethe, page 299.

269:13. Marmontel (1723-1799), a French tragedy and comic opera writer.

270:16. Clarendon. See note, page 277.

270:17. Hume, David (1711-1776). His *History of England* was published 1754-1761.

270:18. Smith, Adam (1723-1790). A Scotch political economist noted for his *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* (1776).

270:19. *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison* are novels by Samuel Richardson, the former in 1751, the latter in 1754.

270:20. *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*, novels by Fielding, were published respectively in 1742, 1749, and 1751.

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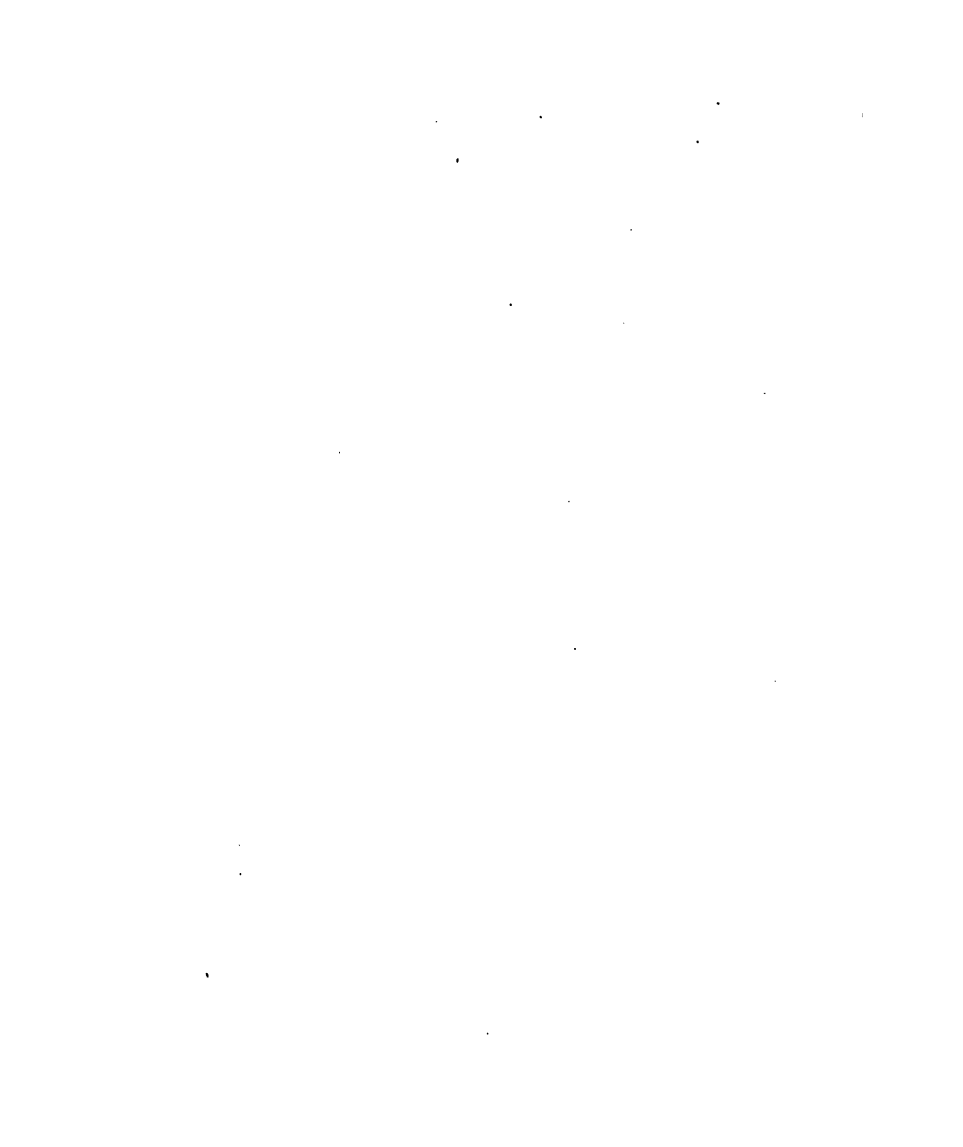
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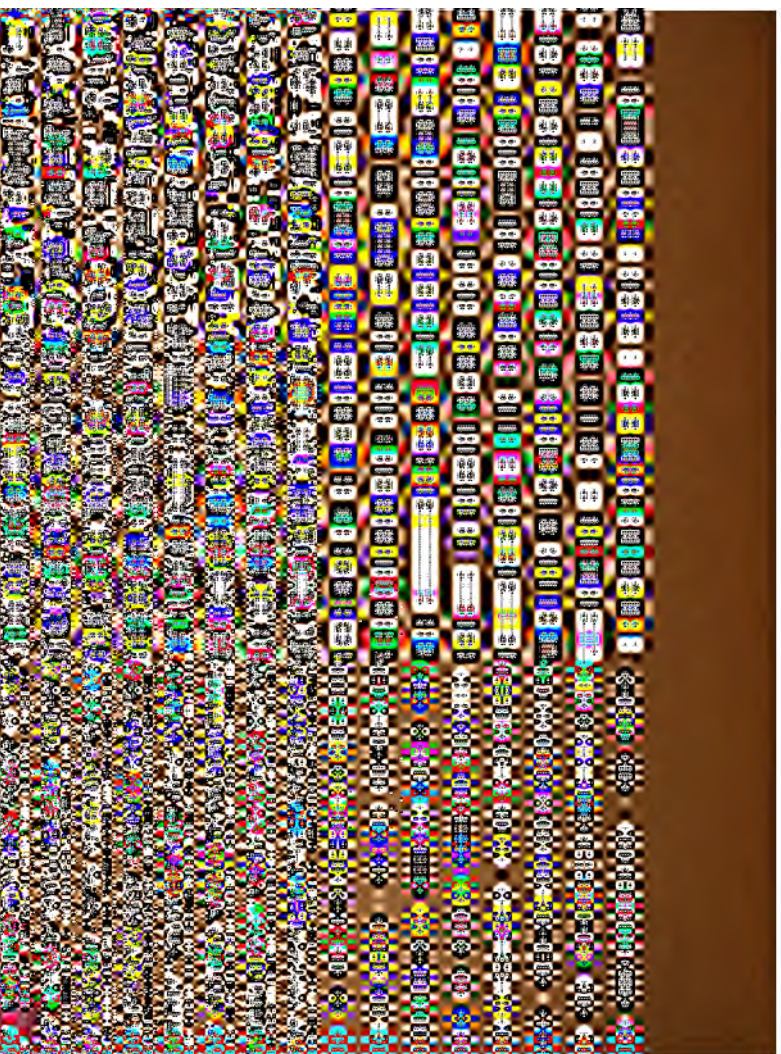
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